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No. CXC.

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ART. I.—*England as it is; Political, Social, and Industrial, in the Middle of the Nineteenth Century.* By WILLIAM JOHNSTON, Barrister at Law. London: 1851.

THIS book is a somewhat undigested mass of valuable matter, interspersed occasionally with reflections of much interest, and observations of considerable originality. The author is unquestionably a man of talent; he writes with vigour and smartness; he has taken pains in the collection of most of his materials; and his statistics are arranged with great care, and managed with unusual skill. In this point he is much superior to his prototype and apparent master, Mr. Alison. But his range of topics is too wide to allow of his doing justice to any one of them, and his book is disfigured with an unwieldy series of quotations from blue books, newspapers, and reviews; from publications that never had authority, and publications that have long been superseded. An enumeration of the heads of some of his chapters will give an idea of the extent of ground which he careers over:—‘Population;’ ‘Occupations of the People;’ ‘Taxation, Revenue, Expenditure;’ ‘Theory of Progress;’ ‘Condition of the People;’ ‘Crime;’ ‘Manners, Conversation;’ ‘Rich and Poor;’ ‘Railways;’ ‘Sir Robert Peel;’ ‘The Press;’ ‘The Tenth of April;’ ‘The Church;’ ‘Solicitors and Attorneys;’ ‘Supply of London with Meat;’ ‘Drinking Habits;’ ‘The Poor Law;’ and many others. All these grave topics are disposed of in a positive off-hand manner, and in the tone we might expect from a man of lively and

inquiring mind, whose Tory predilections and protectionist opinions are often so one-sided as to show us as much of 'England as it is not,' as of 'England as it is.'

The book, on the whole, however, is decidedly readable, though, besides its discursiveness, it has two rather serious faults. If we except two or three chapters, the writer has no personal or practical knowledge of any of the subjects which he treats. The chapters devoted to law and the legal profession will be interesting to the unlearned, because there the author is comparatively *en pays de connaissance*; and from the same cause the chapters on Manners and Conversation are about the best in the book, because society—that is, London literary, legal, and political society—at least in one of its many-coloured aspects, appears to be familiar to him; not so life in the provinces and society among the middle classes. While, of the people—of the component parts of our social structure in detail; of the character, feelings, and position of the masses—he knows practically nothing, having looked at them through the medium of books alone. His source of information on these points is sometimes the 'Times' newspaper; sometimes an obscure pamphlet; sometimes a party review; sometimes a blue book. He speaks as a barrister from his brief, who makes the most of the materials furnished to him, but who has never come into personal communication with his client, or seen the premises or machine on which he descants so fluently to the jury.

The second great fault of the book is the absence of any distinct purpose or object. It is not easy to understand why the author should have been at the pains of writing it, unless with the view (which he seems to have entertained at the beginning) of giving a general picture of England to some foreign friend. For this, however, the work would be at once redundant and imperfect. For any more definite aim it is decidedly defective. The want of a back-bone—of a central idea, to connect and bind together the miscellaneous matter of which the book consists—of some clear principle or set of opinions to be illustrated and enforced—of some distinct object to be achieved,—is strongly felt by the reader as he goes on; and we wonder it did not manifest itself to the writer likewise.

As far, however, as any one prevailing idea can be detected in the book, it is that England is going to the dogs: as far as any distinct purpose can be traced, it is to prove our national peril and retrogression. It would be unjust to class 'England as it is,' with the absurd and malignant work of Ledru Rollin ('*La Décadence de l'Angleterre*'); but there are some undeniable resemblances between them. Both authors are disposed

to paint English society *en noir*, to think that our imperial star is on the wane, that our national maturity is past, and that old age and decrepitude are at hand. It is natural that a foreigner of virulent passions and disappointed am'ition, an exile and a fugitive, should thus gloat over the fancied ruin of a rival nation, even while he owes to its generous and powerful hospitality his security from the vengeance of his own countrymen: it is, perhaps, natural also that an English politician, seriously attached to the party so long dominant, and so recently and signally defeated, should distrust the success and dread the consequences of a course of policy which he has all his life conscientiously opposed, and that he should be seen mistaking the discomfiture of his party for the ruin of his country; but we were scarcely prepared for the easy indifference with which Mr. Johnston enumerates the symptoms of our national decay, and the quiet complacency with which he accepts our decline as a settled historical fact. For ourselves, we have better trust and stronger faith: we believe that we flourished and advanced under Tory ministers and a restrictive tariff; and we are not without hopes that we shall continue to flourish and advance even under a Whig Government and a free commercial policy. And since we entirely disagree with Mr. Johnston as to the decay, both actual and prospective, of Great Britain, we propose to join issue with him on this, the prominent conception of his book.

His idea concerning our national prospects and condition may be gathered from the following laboured prophecy which he quotes from Mr. Alison, and seems to adopt in its entirety:—

'A survey of the fate of all the great empires of antiquity, and a consideration of the close resemblance which the vices and passions by which they were distinguished at the commencement of their decline bear to those by which we are agitated, leads (?) to the melancholy conclusion that we are fast approaching, if we have not already attained, the utmost limit of our greatness; and that a long decay is destined to precede the fall of the British empire. During that period our population will remain stationary or recede; our courage will, perhaps, abate; our wealth will certainly diminish; our ascendancy will disappear; and at length the queen of the waves will sink into an eternal, though not forgotten, slumber. It is more likely than that these islands will ever contain human beings for whom sustenance cannot be obtained, that its fields will return, in the revolutions of society, to their pristine desolation, and the forest resume its wonted domain, and savage animals regain their long lost habitations; that a few fishermen will spread their nets on the ruins of Plymouth, and the beaver construct his little dwelling under the arches of Waterloo Bridge: the towers of York arise in dark magnificence amid an aged forest, and the red deer sport in savage independence round the Athenian pillars of the Scottish metropolis.'

The warning symptoms of this impending desolation Mr. Johnston traces in the deteriorating material position of our working classes; in the decay of friendly intercourse between them and their superiors; in the increase of crime; in the excessive toil and struggle for existence everywhere manifest around us; in the scoffing and frivolous tone of society: and in the dwarfed and degraded spirit of our statesmanship;—signs and menaces which, if their existence could be clearly proved, would go far to justify his gloomiest and worst surmises. In most of these points, however, we differ with him as to fact; in some as to causes; in others as to the inference to be drawn from them. Let us take them in succession.

First, as to the *Physical Condition of the Masses*.—Mr. Johnston quotes largely from a pamphlet by Dr. Kay, published *twenty years ago*, describing the unpaved streets and unhealthy dwellings of the poor in many parts of Manchester, at a time when sanatory arrangements had not yet commanded that degree of public attention which they have now received; from a report by Mr. Symons, published *fifteen years ago*, depicting a similar state of things in Glasgow; from a statistical inquiry about the same date, showing that 35,000 of the population of Liverpool lived in cellars, *which have since been prohibited as dwellings* by Act of Parliament most injudiciously; and after adding a few similar testimonies, he proceeds,—

‘From all this evidence I conclude that, as regards the great mass of the people, there is no reason for congratulation upon the progress of wealth, virtue, or happiness. The mercantile middle class become opulent through the use of cheap substitutes for labour, but the labourers sink in the scale of social existence. In the acquisition of wealth the nation has made great progress, but in that distribution of it which seems best calculated to impart moderate comfort on the one hand, and to abate the pomp of superior position and the insolence of riches on the other, the science of modern times is at fault, while the selfishness connected with it revels, for the present, in unabated triumph.’

In another place he says:—

‘We regard with admiring wonder the inventions of science, and our respect for human ingenuity is vastly increased; but when we inquire how far the use of them has benefited the great mass of the people, we are compelled to dismiss all sense of triumph in their achievements. . . . It seems to me that there can be no doubt of the total failure of the working class to accomplish any advance at all. . . . I do not find it specifically denied by any class of politicians that since 1819 the rich have been growing richer and the poor more poor.’

Now all these statements we hold to be utterly untrue. Mr. Johnston has fallen into the common error of writers who treat of subjects of which they have not enough personal cognisance to enable them to read with judgment and discrimination. There is evidence enough—that is, printed assertions—always to be found in favour of every theory and every opinion; and an advocate therefore who merely pleads from his brief, is at the mercy of the particular set of documents which may chance to be put into his hands, since he has no independent knowledge in virtue of which he can decide upon their value. He may form a perfectly honest and a perfectly sound judgment as far as the data before him are concerned; but unless these data contain all that is required for the formation of a just opinion, or unless his own acquaintance with the case can supply the deficiency of the documentary evidence supplied him, he may be led into the strangest fallacies, and his decision may be utterly worthless. From Mr. Busfield Ferrand's harangues, from Mr. Sadler's Committee, and even from Lord Ashley's speeches, Mr. Johnston might derive, by the strictest and fairest process of deduction, notions upon the wretchedness and sickness of the factory population, which a walk through a cotton mill, a conversation with an operative, or a study of the blue books issued by the Factory Commission and the Factory Inspectors, would dissipate into thin air. Written evidence, whether statistical or other, is only available and safe in the hands of a man who can sift and test it. In the present case it has led Mr. Johnston grievously astray;—for it is not difficult to show that the inventions of science, so far from having been turned to the exclusive service of the rich and great, have been directed in a paramount and peculiar manner to comfort and facilitate the daily existence of the working classes;—that the augmentation of national wealth has been participated in to a remarkable degree by all ranks in the community, and has added greatly to the comforts of the poor and needy;—and that there is abundant reason for suspecting the common assertion of 'the rich growing richer, and the poor poorer,' to be the reverse of true.

We are not disposed to draw a picture *couleur de rose* of the condition of our people, any more than we are willing to accept our author's *silhouette en noir*. We have been too long and too near witnesses of their struggles and their sorrows, to feel any temptation to ignore them, or make light of them. But we must remember that the question is not now,—whether our present state is satisfactory? but, Is it improving or deteriorating? Are we advancing, or retrograding in civilisation and well-being? Is our actual progress so slow, as to make us



despair about the future? or, worse still, Is our improvement confined to the outside, the surface, and the summit, while all within is hollow, and a varnished decay is busy at our vitals? Admitting then, and deploring, as we do, that the condition of the masses is far from the ideal we might form, far even from a point at once desirable, attainable, and due, — we affirm that it has improved, and is still improving, with a rapidity and in a direction, which, viewed aright, justify the most sanguine anticipations.

‘The inventions of science have not benefited the poorer classes.’ — Have they not? Look at railroads, the great scientific marvel of the age, which in the course of twenty years have brought the remotest parts of our islands within twenty-four hours of each other, which have quintupled our locomotive speed, and multiplied the amount of our locomotion in a ratio that baffles calculation. Who have been the chief gainers by them? Clearly the poor, to whom, formerly, locomotion was a thing almost impossible; who, for the most part, passed the whole of life in the narrow circuit of their native hamlet, or the town in which they were apprenticed; who frequently lived and died without visiting the next valley, or crossing the range of low hills which were ever before their eyes; who, if compelled by dire necessity to travel, trudged painfully on foot, weary, limping, and heavy-laden; who, on their rare holidays, could find no recreation but wandering in familiar fields, or boozing at the wonted tavern. The wealthy could always travel in luxurious carriages with spirited post-horses, which carried them along at the rate of eighteen pence a mile. The middle classes indulged their restless or curious propensities on the top of the mail coach, a mode of conveyance to which even now they look back with affection and regret. But the poor, till this great application of science to their use, were absolutely rooted to their place of birth: they heard of London, or York, or the mountains, or the lakes, as distant scenes replete with wonders and attractions, but as inaccessible as Paradise to them. Now, every fine Sunday, every summer holiday, sees hundreds of thousands of artisans rush from the smoky recesses of Liverpool or London to make merry with their friends, or refresh themselves after a week of toil with the gay verdure and invigorating air of the country. For the smallest sums, they are carried in cheap trips to see York minster, or to wander on the cliffs of Scarborough, or bathe in the sea at Dover; — they are poured out in multitudes on the shores of Windermere; and conveyed almost without any intervention of their own, to London, to Dublin, to Paris, at a cost which few among them

cannot, by an effort, manage to afford. What these new facilities must have done to counterbalance and compete with the low pleasures of intemperance and gambling, how they have interfered with the cock-fight, and unpeopled the race-course, and replaced the bull-bait, may be easily conceived. A 'cheap trip' is now, with the artisan class, the established mode of passing a leisure day. In 1848, the number who left Manchester alone, in Whitsun week, by these excursion trains was 116,000; in 1849 it had risen to 150,000; and last year it reached 202,000. Mr. Johnston himself gives a table (vol. i. p. 285.) which should have prevented him from penning the rash sentence we have quoted from him on the uselessness of scientific improvements to the poor. In 1849 the number who travelled by railway were as follows:—

	Passengers.	Receipts.
First Class - - -	7,292,811	£1,927,768
Second - - -	23,521,650	2,530,968
Third and Parliamentary -	32,890,323	1,816,476

Thus it appears that the poorer classes travelled by railway to the number of nearly 33,000,000, and could afford to spend in that mode of recreation nearly 2,000,000*l*. They outnumbered the middle classes in the proportion of *four to three*, and the wealthier classes in the proportion of *four to one*.

'The condition of the working classes has deteriorated, and 'their command over the comforts of life has diminished.'—Has it? Let us look at facts again. At the close of the last century, rye, oats, and barley bread were extensively consumed throughout the country: according to one authority, rye bread was the habitual food of one-seventh of the population: it is now entirely disused, and the use of wheaten bread is almost universal among even the poorest classes. To what extent their consumption of this has increased, we have no means of knowing with any approach to accuracy. According to the calculation of Lord Hawkesbury, the consumption of wheat in the kingdom in 1796 was 6,000,000 quarters; it is now estimated by the most careful authorities (but of course, as we have no agricultural statistics, this is merely an estimate) at 15,200,000 quarters. The growth of wheat in England is known to have enormously increased; and besides this, the amount of wheat and wheat-flour imported and retained for home consumption, which was 2,317,480 quarters in the five years ending with 1800, had increased in the five years ending with 1850 to 15,463,530 quarters. Vast as has been our importation since, it, has all gone into consumption as fast

as it was landed. Of course, the difference between our population at the several periods is to be taken into account. But, all things considered, probably the price of grain may be the best proximate test of the command of the working classes over this the first necessary of life. Now, a comparison of the past and present gives us a conclusive result; and it is a fair comparison, because the potato-disease and the famine of 1847 form an ample set-off against the bad harvests at the beginning of the century. The average price of wheat during the first ten years of the century was 83s. 6d.; during the last ten years it was only 53s. 4d. The same earnings therefore which in the last generation could command only five quartern loaves would now purchase eight. The fall in the cost of other articles of daily consumption among the poor has been nearly, if not quite, as great. Coffee, which fifty years ago was selling at 200s. a cwt., may now be purchased, of equal quality, at 117s.; tea, in the same period, has fallen from 5s. to 3s. 4d. a lb.; and sugar from 80s. to 41s. a cwt. In articles of clothing the reduction is even more remarkable: a piece of printing calico, 29 yards long, which is made into three gowns, and which as late even as 1814, cost 28s. in the wholesale warehouse, is now sold for 6s. 6d., and two years ago sold as low as 5s. A piece of good 4-quarter Irish linen (13<sup>00</sup> quality) bleached, sold in 1800 at 3s. 2d. a yard. Goods, the nearest to the same kind now made, sell at 14d. Grey 4-quarter shirting (20<sup>00</sup> quality), which cost 5s. 6d. a yard in 1800, and 3s. 6d. in 1830, now sells for 1s. 6d.; and the cost of bleaching it is reduced in the same proportion, viz., from 12s. a piece in 1800 and 8s. in 1830, to 3s. 6d. in the present year.

These facts prove that the poor have the power of purchasing a larger quantity of food and clothing than formerly with the same sum. But we can go a step further than this, and can show, in the case of many articles, that they actually *do* supply themselves more liberally than formerly. We have seen that they do so with wheat. The average consumption of coffee (in spite of the great adulteration with chicory) has risen from one ounce and a tenth per head in 1801 to twenty-eight ounces in 1849; tea from 19 oz. to 23 oz.; sugar from 15 lbs., which it was in 1821, to 24 lbs. in 1849, against 22½ lbs. in 1801.

Now it needs no elaborate argument to show, that increased cheapness of the principal necessaries of life must redound to the essential benefit of the poorest and most numerous section of the community. Of such articles as bread, sugar, coffee, calico and linen, the wealthy and easy classes will always allow themselves as much as they desire or need; and a reduction in price will seldom induce them, as individuals (apart, that is, from

their servants and household), to increase their consumption. It allows them, indeed, a larger surplus to spend on luxuries or elegancies; but that is the sum of its benefit to them: to the poor it makes all the difference of a scanty or an ample meal, of warm or insufficient clothing, of an anxious or a care-free mind, of a vigorous and healthy or a pining and sickly family. Mr. Johnston, indeed, seems disposed to deny these conclusions; and has made a curious discovery. 'If the labourer,' says he (i. 136.), 'were more a consumer than a producer, this cheapening of the produce of labour would be a prudent policy; but as the labourer is more a producer than a consumer, the policy is manifestly inimical to his interests.'

As this is a fallacy which, though not often so clearly expressed, is at the root of many of the notions and feelings of conservatives and protectionists, it may be worth while to spend a few sentences upon it, though it has been already frequently exposed. In what way is the labourer — in what way can he be — more a producer than a consumer? Is he not a consumer *par excellence*? Is not a larger proportion of his total income expended in articles of consumption than is the case with any other class? The middle class man purchases out of his earnings books for his library, ornaments for his chimney-piece, railway certificates for the investment of his savings. The nobleman spends half his income in foreign tours, in costly pictures, in vast conservatories, in strange exotics. The poor man spends *all* his income in food, in clothing, or in rent. How should he not be more benefited than any other, when these are cheap and plentiful? 'Because,' says Mr. Johnston, 'he is himself the producer of them.' Here lies the fallacy. In what sense, producer? When a poor man is working on his own account and not for wages, he is owner of the article which he produces, and it is in his character of owner, and not as the instrument of production, that he has a direct interest in its price. Suppose him to be a maker of calico, and that calico and all other articles fall equally. He makes and *sells* calico; but he *purchases* hats, shoes, bread, bacon, sugar, and tea. He exchanges a piece of cheap calico against cheap hats, cheap bread, cheap sugar; instead of exchanging a piece of dear calico against dear hats, dear bread, dear sugar: this is the most favourable statement of the case for Mr. Johnston's theory. Yet, even on this statement cheapness could be no 'imprudent policy' for the poor man, since, in both cases, he exchanges what have been *his whole earnings for his whole expenditure*; and a man who does this can never be more a producer than a consumer. But take the case of a poor man working for wages. The only way in which the cheapness of the article he produces can be a disadvantage to him, is in the degree to which

his wages are affected by it. We will not stop to inquire at present, whether the employer of manufacturing labour or of agricultural is most likely, under a general fall of prices, to be able to meet the fall in the article which he produces without a reduction in the money wages of his labours. The question before us, on a comparison of prices and wages, is one of fact. Have the wages of the labourer fallen, *pari passu*, with the price of the article at which he labours or of the main articles of his consumption? Now, will any one pretend to say that this has been the case? Have the wages of the agricultural peasant fallen in the proportion of 83 to 53? Have the wages of the calico weaver fallen in the proportion of 28 to 6? Have the wages of either of them fallen in the proportion of tea, coffee, or sugar? Is there any ground for believing that their wages have fallen at all? Let us inquire a little into this.

We admit at once that this is a point on which we cannot speak with the authoritativeness of distinct and positive knowledge: neither can our opponents. We have our strong convictions, as they may have theirs; but neither we nor they have any documents by which we can force others to adopt them. The inquiry into the relative earnings of different trades and occupations in this and the last generation is one of singular difficulty, and one respecting the results of which those who have taken the most pains with it will speak with the most diffidence. We have examined all the information which Mr. McCulloch and Mr. Porter have been able to collect, and all which we ourselves have been able, from various sources, to bring to bear upon the question; and we avow ourselves quite unprepared to speak dogmatically. The following, we believe to be the truth:—The wages of agricultural labour have fluctuated greatly at different times, and even now vary immensely in different counties, and for different qualifications; but we question whether any general change has taken place either for better or worse. There is no rule respecting them. There are districts where the earnings are only 7s. a week; there are others where they are 12s.; some where they are 15s.; and we have heard of cases where a first-rate ploughman or thresher received 20s., and where the farmer said it answered to him to pay this. There are certain occupations in which wages have fallen from special causes,—as that of the hand-loom weavers, where ignorance, want of enterprise, and love of a domestic occupation have combined to induce them to continue a hopeless competition against improved machinery;—as that of the tailors, deranged in some degree, some years since, by the consequences of foolish and unwarrantable strikes, but affected seri-

ously, we believe, only in the case of show shops and the like; — as that of bad needlework, where the ease and collateral advantages of the employment have tempted into it excessive numbers. With these exceptions, we believe that the wages of labour — *i. e.* the amount earnable in a given number of hours — have rather risen than fallen during the last fifty years. — So much for our belief, — which perhaps may be worth no more than the belief of others. The following, however, are facts; and comprise, we believe, all the actual information extant, and to be relied on. Mr. Porter has ascertained from the Tables kept at Greenwich Hospital, that the wages of *carpenters* had risen from 18s. a week in 1800, to 29s. 3d. in 1836; — of *bricklayers*, from 18s. to 26s. 9d.; — of *plumbers*, from 19s. to 30s. In the same period the earnings of *London compositors* in the book trade had risen from 33s. to 36s.: we have ascertained that they remain the same. The earnings of compositors employed on the Morning Papers had risen from 40s. to 48s. a week: they are now at the latter amount. From evidence published by a Committee of the House of Commons in 1833, added to such information as we have been enabled to obtain up to the present period, we give, as fully reliable, the following table of the earnings of a spinner of cotton yarn No. 200 — at these several dates.

	Weekly net Earning.	Pounds of Flour these would purchase.	Pounds of Flesh Meat these would purchase.	Hours of Work.
	<i>s.</i> <i>d.</i>			
In the year 1804	32 6	117	62	74
„ 1833	42 9	267	85	69
„ 1850	40 0	320	85	60

In this case we see that in a trade more exposed than almost any other to severity of competition, a gradual rise of wages has been accompanied by a gradual reduction in the hours of labour, and a gradual, but decided, fall in the price of food. These we believe comprise all the facts known and to be trusted; and assuredly they fully make good our position.

Mr. Johnston returns to the charge (i. 136.) thus: — ‘The working classes have allowed themselves to be made the instrument of the middle orders or men of business, and have been led away by the delusion of accomplishing political changes, from which practically *they* could derive no advantage.’ — Is this true? Have they derived no advantage from

the political changes which have taken place during the last twenty years? Has Parliamentary reform led to the remission of no taxation which pressed heavily upon them? Has commercial reform, rendered possible only by the great Act of 1832, brought no addition to their comforts, no plenty to their hearths, no spring to their industry, no demand for their productions? In what state would they have been, if our exports in 1850 had been the same as our exports in 1840? Has municipal reform relieved them from no burden and no injustice? Have the county courts afforded them no facility for the recovery of their small debts? Has the increasing attention now paid to those sanatory arrangements which peculiarly concern the poor, no connexion with the augmentation of the popular element in our government consequent upon Parliamentary reform? Is the vast improvement which has taken place in the schools for the working classes in no degree traceable to the same influence? Has not, in fact, the whole of our legislation for the last fifteen years been marked above all other characteristics by attention to the wants, interests, and comforts of the poor? Let Mr. Johnston look at our fiscal legislation alone, and blush for the injustice of his charge.

It is scarcely too much to say, that since 1830 the chief occupation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been the removal or reduction of taxes which pressed upon the mass of the people. We know how distasteful figures generally are both to hearers and readers, and we shall therefore be merciful in our use of them; but we have collected a few which are too speaking to be withheld. Since the peace in 1815 (leaving out that year), we have repealed, up to 1846, taxes which produced annually 53,046,000*l.*; and we have imposed taxes to the amount of 13,496,000*l.*; leaving a clear balance of relief to the country of 39,550,000*l.* a year. From 1830 to 1850, 21,568,000*l.* of taxes have been repealed, and 7,925,000*l.* imposed, showing a relief to the country since that period of not less than 13,643,000*l.* But these figures, though showing the extent to which the country has been eased, give a very inadequate conception of the extent to which the working classes have participated in that relief. Of the 7,925,000*l.* of taxation imposed since 1830, 5,100,000*l.* is furnished by the income tax, from which they are wholly exempted. In 1830, there were taxes on all the raw materials of our industry; *now*, all these come in free. In 1830, there was a prohibitory duty on foreign grain, foreign meat was excluded, and heavy customs' duties were levied on all imported articles of food. *Now* corn comes in free; butchers'-meat comes in free; the duty on colo-

nial coffee has been reduced from 9d. and 6d. per lb. to 4d.; the duty on foreign sugar was prohibitory, it is now 15s. 6d. a cwt.; the duty on colonial sugar was 24s. a cwt., it is now 11s. In 1830, the poor man's letter cost him from 6d. to 13½d., he now gets it from the furthest extremity of the island for a penny. In fact, with the single exception of soap, *no tax is now levied on any one of the necessaries of life*; and if a working man chooses to confine himself to these, he may escape taxation altogether. Whatever he contributes to the revenue is a purely voluntary contribution. If he confines himself to a strictly wholesome and nutritious diet, and to an ample supply of neat and comfortable clothing, — if he is content, as so many of the best, and wisest, and strongest, and longest-lived men have been before him, to live on bread and meat and milk and butter, and to drink only water; to clothe himself in woollen, linen, and cotton; to forego the pleasant luxuries of sugar, coffee, and tea, and to eschew the noxious ones of wine, beer, spirits, and tobacco, — he may pass through life without ever paying one shilling of taxation, except for the soap he requires for washing — an exception which is not likely to remain long upon our statute-book. Of what other country in the world can the same be said? The discontented, the factious, and the agitating still go about, telling the working man that he, the heavily-taxed Englishman, cannot compete with the lightly-taxed foreigner; speaking, as they might have been justified in some respects in speaking in 1800, or in 1815, or in 1829; using language which may have been true then, but which is simply false now. But in a work like Mr. Johnston's, carefully prepared for the press, such unfairness and unveracity should, in common decency, have been avoided. In no country in Europe is the peasant and artisan so free from all enforced taxation as in England. The French peasant pays a salt-tax, a *contribution personnelle et mobilière*; a licence tax; and, if he live in a town, the vexatious and burdensome *octroi*. The German labouring man pays a poll-tax, a class tax, a trade-tax, and sometimes a meat-tax; and in certain parts an *octroi* also. *The English working man pays no direct taxes whatever.* He is taxed only for his luxuries; he pays only on the pleasures of the palate; if he chooses to dispense with luxuries, none of which are essential and few of which are harmless, he dispenses with taxation too; if, on the contrary, he chooses to smoke his pipe and drink his glass, to sip tea from China, and sweeten it with sugar from Jamaica, he at once puts himself into the category of the rich, who can afford these superfluities; *he voluntarily steps into the tax-paying class, and forfeits all title to sue or to complain in formâ pau-*



*peris.* • We are far from wishing to intimate that he should not indulge in all harmless luxuries to the utmost limit that he can afford; but most indisputably, in thus leaving it optional with him whether he will contribute to the revenue or not — and subjecting him to no actual privations if he decline to do so — Parliament is favouring him to an extent which it vouchsafes to no other class in the community, and to which no other land affords a parallel. His earnings are decimated by no income-tax, like those of the clerk; his cottage is subject to no window-tax, like that of the struggling professional aspirant; very generally he does not even contribute to the poor-rat. — he pays, like the rich man, to the State only when he chooses to imitate the rich man in his living.

In a very valuable paper, read by Mr. Porter before the British Association last August, on ‘the self-imposed taxation of the working classes,’ he shows in a very striking manner how far less liberally they are treated by themselves than by the government which their advocates so unfairly accuse of neglect and injustice. He there clearly proves that the working classes tax themselves every year, in three needless and noxious articles alone, to an extent equal to the whole yearly revenue of the kingdom: these articles, too, (which is the worst and most selfish feature of the case) being consumed almost entirely by the heads of families, to the exclusion of their wives and children. Mr. Porter, after a careful calculation, in which all exaggeration is anxiously eliminated, gives us the yearly expenditure of the people in the items of British and Colonial spirits, beer and porter, tobacco and snuff; leaving out brandy, as mainly used by the rich; leaving out all beer brewed in private families; leaving out English-made cigars, and all foreign manufactured tobacco, which is chiefly the higher priced snuff and Havannah cigars, not used by the poor. The sum total is as follows: —

Rum, gin. and whiskey	-	-	-	£20,810,208
Beer and porter	-	-	-	25,383,165
Tobacco and snuff	-	-	-	7,218,242
				£53,411,615

Let those who speak of working men as an oppressed, impoverished, and extortionised class, reflect what a magical change in their condition a very few years would effect were this vast sum, thus worse than thrown away, either expended in adding to their comforts, or laid by to raise them into the class of capitalists, whom they so much envy and so thoughtlessly malign.

‘Vast as has been the increase of the national wealth of late years, its distribution has been far less satisfactory.’ So avers Mr. Johnston. ‘Property is more and more coagulating into large masses. The rich are becoming richer, and the poor poorer. No class of politicians denies this.’—We deny it *in toto*: there is no evidence to support the assertion; and, thanks to Mr. Porter’s industry and research, there is considerable evidence to disprove it. It is obvious that when the savings of the working classes—the sums they accumulate and lay by—are increasing, it cannot be said, with any truth, that the poor are becoming poorer. Now, we have no means of knowing, with any certainty, what the total amount of these savings are, because so large a portion of them are in the hands of friendly societies and Odd Fellows’ clubs, of whose investments no summary is published. We only know that they are largely increasing. The number of these friendly societies registered was, in 1846, not less than 10,995; and the amount deposited by them in savings’ banks, and directly in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners, was 3,301,560*l.* In 1849, in spite of the severe pressure and high prices of 1847 and 1848, this sum had increased to 3,356,000*l.* This, however, by no means comprises the whole.—Mr. McCulloch informs us that, in 1815, these societies were said to have numbered 925,429 members. If this be correct, they must now, he says, reach 1,200,000. But leaving these figures, over which some doubt may be thrown, let us come to Savings’ Banks, where we have official documents to rely upon. In England, Wales, and Ireland, the depositors, who numbered 412,217 in 1830, had increased to 970,825 in 1848; and the amount deposited had sprung up from 13,507,568*l.* to 27,034,026*l.* The following will show the increase in the deposits as compared with the population, for England, Wales, and Ireland. In Scotland, owing to the greater facilities and the more liberal interest afforded by the ordinary banks, savings’ banks have not till recently been much used.

			<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	
In 1831	the amount deposited was	-	12	8	per head.
1836	“ “ “	-	16	4	“
1841	“ “ “	-	19	10	“
1846	“ “ “	-	24	0	“

In 1848, the amount had fallen off to 20*s.* 11*d.*, owing to the distress occasioned by the potato-rot, and the high price of provisions: it has since again increased.

It is, however, sometimes asserted that the bulk of depositors in these institutions do not belong, properly speaking, to the

working classes, but are composed of domestic servants and small tradesmen. As regards friendly societies this assertion is certainly not true: as regards savings' banks we cannot speak so decidedly, since the callings of the depositors are not regularly classified and published. But we have lying before us a return from the Manchester and Salford Savings' Bank in 1842 — from which it appears that out of 14,937 depositors, 3,063 were domestic servants, 3,033 children, whose parents had invested money for them, only 2,372 tradesmen, clerks, warehousemen, porters, artists and professional teachers, and the remainder were labourers and handicraftsmen in various branches of industry.

The official accounts of the dividends paid to fundholders afford much valuable information, strongly controverting the idea of the present tendency of property to concentrate itself into few hands. They show that while the larger fundholders are diminishing, the smaller are increasing. More persons hold to the half-yearly value of 5*l.*; fewer to the half-yearly value of 500*l.*

Fundholders receiving at each Payment.	1831.	1848.	Increase per Cent.	Diminution per Cent.
Not exceeding 5 <i>£</i>	88,170	96,415	9.35	
„ 10	44,790	44,937	0.33	
„ 50	98,320	96,024	-	2.33
„ 100	25,694	24,462	-	4.79
„ 200	14,772	13,882	-	6.02
„ 300	4,527	4,032	-	10.93
„ 500	2,890	2,647	-	8.41
„ 1000	1,398	1,222	-	12.59
„ 2000	412	328	-	20.38
Exceeding 2000	172	177	2.90	
	281,145	284,127		

The increase in the last item is caused by the insurance offices, which invest largely in the funds.

The income-tax returns lead to a similar conclusion: the smaller incomes have increased faster than the larger. While the number assessed between 150*l.* and 500*l.* have increased between 1812 and 1848, 196 per cent.; those assessed upwards of 500*l.* have increased only 147 per cent. The probate duty lists give the same result. Between 1833 and 1848

	Per cent.
The amount assessed on estates up to - £1,500 had increased	15·56
„ „ between £1,500 and £5,000	9·21
„ „ £5,000 and £10,000	16·38
• „ „ £10,000 and £15,000	6·36
„ „ of upwards of £15,000	7·20

While the amount of duty received on estates of 30,000*l.* and upwards has been steadily though slowly decreasing.

Driven from all these lugubrious and malcontent positions, Mr. Johnston takes refuge in the assertion that, in spite of wealth, in spite of civilisation, in spite of education, the moral condition of the people of England has retrograded in recent years. We will not now follow him through all the details he brings forward in proof of his statement. We will give one as a sample of the rest. He affirms, first, (vol. ii. p. 247.) as a matter which has fallen under his personal observation, that the greatest curse and source of crime and degradation among the labouring classes of England is drunkenness; and secondly, that this vice is on the increase, and ‘that from whatever cause, the consumption of ardent spirits has far from diminished.’—We admit his first assertion: we entirely deny the second. The decrease of habits of drinking among the middle and higher classes has long been matter of notoriety and of congratulation. Mr. McCulloch states the average consumption of wine in the United Kingdom to have fallen since the close of the last century from *three* bottles a man to *one and one-third*; and from the last returns published we deduce the following figures:—

	Per head.
From 1795—1804 we consumed	0·52 gallons of wine a-year.
1821—1824	0·22 „ „
„ —1842	0·18 „ „
„ —1849	0·22 „ „

This is a most satisfactory result; but it is not generally known that the official documents relating to the consumption of beer and ardent spirits show one not less satisfactory with regard to the increasing temperance of the poor. For the first quarter of this century the high duties on British spirits caused such an enormous amount of illicit distillation that no comparison can be instituted with that period. Since 1830 the following table shows the annual consumption per head in the kingdom.

	1831.	1841.	1849.
British Spirits drunk per head -	·90	·77	·84
Colonial - - - -	·15	·09	·11
Foreign - - - -	·05	·04	·08
	1·10	·90	1·03

The following table is still more clear and satisfactory, as showing that there has been a large and, on the whole, a continuous decrease in the use of ardent spirits in England and Ireland, and that the sole increase has been in Scotland.

Home-made Spirits charged with Duty.	1831.	1836.	1843.	1846.	1849.
	£	£	£	£	£
England -	7,732,000	7,875,000	7,720,000	5,634,000	5,318,000
Scotland -	6,007,000	6,621,000	5,593,000	9,560,000	10,445,000
Ireland -	9,004,000	12,249,000	5,546,000	8,333,000	8,117,000
U. Kingdom	22,743,000	26,745,000	18,859,000	23,527,000	23,880,000

The diminution in the consumption of malt liquor appears to have kept pace with that in the use of spirits. In 1830 the beer duty was taken off, and a great increase in the number of licences was the result. The beer shops increased till 1838, when they reached their maximum. Since that time they have steadily declined. The licences granted in that year were 45,717, or one for every 566 persons; in 1849, they were 38,200, or one for every 720 persons.

Consumption per Head in the United Kingdom.	British Spirits Gallons.	Bushels of Malt.
In the year 1831	·90	1·63
„ 1841	·77	1·35
„ 1849	·84	1·32

It will be allowed, we think, that these figures effectually dispose of Mr. Johnston's rash assertion as to the increase in the consumption of intoxicating liquors among our increasing population.

We trust that the picture we have drawn of the undeniable improvement of our population as a whole, and of our progress in all the departments of national well-being, will not be held to indicate want of knowledge of the amount of social suffering which still exists, nor want of the deepest sympathy with the sufferers. We are fully cognisant of the existence in our great towns of a class of beings *below* the working classes, permanently and almost hopelessly degraded. We are not blind to the pressure, the privation, the penury, the occasional star-

vation, even, prevalent among many craftsmen, especially perhaps, among sempstresses and tailors. We admit and deplore the depressed and impoverished condition of the agricultural labourers over many parts of England; and we look upon this feature in the social state of England with almost more anxiety than any other, because, more than any other, an air of wretchedness and of inability to rise would here appear to be characteristic of a whole section of our population. But we do not dwell upon these painful facts here, not from wishing to ignore them, nor from feeling them to be irreconcilable with our theory of progress, but because — unless they can be shown to spring out of our advancing civilisation, or to prevail now to a greater degree than formerly — they are, in our controversy with the asserters of our national decay, to a great extent irrelevant considerations. The existence of wide-spread distress is undoubtedly a proof that our civilisation is imperfect, and our social system incomplete; but that this distress is more extensive or more severe than it has been, will not, we think, be deliberately held by any one who is aware how similar complaints, as angry and unmeasured, stretch back through the whole half century; how much more sensitive to suffering, how much more quick to detect and prompt to pity misery, the public mind has of late years become; and how many phases of wretchedness formerly hidden in secrecy and silence are now made known through a thousand channels. If there are among us any classes whose inability to live in comfort or to rise out of their bondage is justly chargeable upon the arrangements of society, this is an impeachment of our civilisation, and a fatal flaw in the structure of our political community. But if, as we believe, all these cases of misery and degradation — where they are not those casual exceptions which must always exist in human, and therefore imperfect societies — are distinctly traceable to the former neglect of natural laws which are now beginning to be studied and obeyed, and to a violation, by the last generation, of principles which have been taken as the guide and the pole-star of the present, — then this impeachment can no longer be justly sustained. It is the law of nature that children should suffer for their father's faults: it is the law of nature that indolence, improvidence, recklessness, and folly should entail suffering and degradation; and it is no just ground for the condemnation of our social arrangements that they carry out this law; nor any argument against the progress of an age that the action of this law is legibly written on its face. If, indeed, (in any but exceptional instances, which no system can ever meet,) the industrious, the frugal, and the

foreseeing — whose parents before them were industrious, frugal, and foreseeing also — not only cannot maintain their position or rise above it, but are sinking lower and lower in spite of their exertions, then the construction of society is somehow, somewhere, in fault, and our boasted progress is a mistake and mockery. But who will affirm such cases to exist except as rare anomalies? <sup>c</sup>

One remark more, and we will quit this branch of the subject. Much has been written of late respecting the privations of the 30,000 needlewomen and the 23,000 tailors of the metropolis, and of the destitution and squalor of the peasants in rural districts: shocking individual pictures have been drawn of the sufferings of these classes; and, exaggerated as some of them may have been in tone and colouring, we do not deny their truth in the main. They are true as scenes; are they true as general delineations? Are they *specimens*, or *exceptions*? How deep do these miseries go? Are they characteristic of a class, or only of individuals of that class? There is, moreover, one weighty consideration entirely left out of view by those who draw rapid generalisations from these harrowing descriptions, which we can only just indicate here. *How small a redundancy of numbers in any branch of industry will suffice to give to that branch the appearance, and even, for the time, to cause the reality of general distress?* If, in the cotton trade, there is regular employment, at ample wages, for 50,000 spinners, and 50,500 are seeking for work, though it be only this extra *one per cent.* who are properly speaking destitute or in distress, they may easily succeed not only in actually making the other ninety-nine sharers in their privations, but in giving a general character of destitution and *unemployedness* to the whole class. If there are 31,000 needlewomen in London, and only 30,000 are wanted, the surplus thousand, by their competition, their complaints, their undeniable destitution, will inevitably produce on the superficial observer the impression of starvation and inadequate employment pervading the whole denomination. Apply these remarks to the clothing trades. Now, if we are right in this, with what justice can sufferings of this character be urged to show that society is retrograding or out of joint? How can privations, however sad, however clamorous for cure, resulting from the surplus of a few thousands — *and properly belonging only to those few* — be adduced in disproof of the progress and increasing comfort of a population of 20,000,000?

The excessive toil required in nearly every occupation — the severity of the struggle for existence — the strain upon the

powers of every man who runs the race of life in this land and age of high excitement,—Mr. Johnston regards as a great counter-indication to the idea of progress. Unquestionably it is a great drawback, and a sore evil. But it is by no means confined to the lower orders. Throughout the whole community we are all called to labour too early and compelled to labour too severely and too long. We live sadly too fast. Our existence, in nearly all ranks, is a crush, a struggle, and a strife. Immensely as the field of lucrative employment has been enlarged, it is still too limited for the numbers that crowd into it. The evil is not peculiar to the peasant or the handicraftsman—perhaps even it is not most severely felt by him. The lawyer, the statesman, the student, the artist, the merchant, all groan under the pressure. All who work at all are overworked. Some have more to do than they can do without sacrificing the enjoyments, the amenities, and all the higher objects of existence: others can scarcely find work enough to enable them to keep body and soul together. No one can be more keenly alive than we are to all that is regrettable in such a state of things. But we doubt whether the mischief is increasing: we know that many efforts are making to diminish it; that some progress has already been achieved in this direction; and that while the evil is felt and admitted, we are also beginning to perceive in what quarter its eradication must be sought. Shorter hours of labour have already been enforced in factories; among tradesmen, and shopmen, and milliners there is a popular movement supported by an organisation of considerable extent, called ‘The Short-time Movement;’ and in the legal, and we believe in the medical profession likewise, employment is more diffused and less monopolised by a few than was the case a few years ago. The committee of the House of Commons which sat last session to inquire into official salaries, elicited some valuable information on this subject from the then Attorney-General, and other leading counsel, to the effect that owing to the establishment of County Courts and other legal arrangements, many more barristers are employed now than formerly; and that while there are fewer colossal fortunes made at the bar, there are a greater number of lawyers in the receipt of moderate professional incomes.

Further progress in the cure of this pervading malady must be sought in the diffusion of simpler habits and more moderate and rational desires; in sounder views of the objects of life, and a juster estimate of the elements of true enjoyment; in the stronger development of individual volition, and in a growing emancipation from senseless and tyrannical conventionalities.



To enable us all to work less intently and less incessantly, it is only necessary that we should be content to live more humbly and be satisfied with less: we must all alike purchase leisure by frugality, and by contentment with a lowlier and less ambitious lot than we have hitherto striven after. This is the only coin by which the pearl of great price can be bought. The labourer who aspires after Continental ease must be satisfied with the privations and parsimony of continental living; the merchant must be content to purchase the delights of domestic society and unanxious nights at the price of dying fifty thousand pounds poorer than he once expected; the physician or the lawyer, if he cannot easily refuse the practice which flows in upon him in such overwhelming abundance, can at least, by limiting his desires to the accumulation of a more modest fortune, retire earlier from the struggle, and devolve his business upon his less successful brethren. If we could all be suddenly endowed with wisdom to perceive how few of the worthier objects of earthly existence require wealth for their attainment,—how truly all the real happiness, even of refined and intellectual life, is within the reach of an easily-acquired competence,—how seldom the rich are free, even in the expenditure of their riches;—how generally—how almost universally—the affluent are compelled to lay out their envied wealth, not in adding one iota to their own enjoyment, but in obedience to the tyrannical dictation of the world in which they live\*,—we should discover that the excessive toil and the severe struggle of life which we all unite to deprecate and deplore, is, in truth, a self-imposed necessity,—like the taxation of the poor. If the English people could all at once be induced to lay aside their luxurious, wasteful, and showy mode of life, and adopt the frugality and temperance of the Spaniards, the simple habits of the Tyrolese, and the unostentatious hospitality of the Syrians, how few among us would not find a superfluity at their disposal!

We rejoice to believe that this more rational and homely spirit is spreading among us, especially in detached localities; and we do not think that a good citizen could render any more valuable service to his country than in promoting it, by argument and example, wherever his influence extends.

It is, however, incumbent upon those who, by a shorter process than that of national enlightenment, would bring about less strenuous exertion and shorter hours of labour in all industrial

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\* The late Lord Dudley used to observe that 'the only real competence was to have 10,000*l.* a-year, and for the world to believe 'that you had only 5000*l.* You would then have 5000*l.* for yourself.'

occupations, to consider what the attainment of their purpose signifies, and would involve. Less labour signifies less produce: shorter hours of work mean a diminution in the quantity of all those articles of necessity and comfort which work creates. The Provisional Government of France, after the last Revolution, issued a decree reducing the hours of daily labour by one-third; but they soon found, by actual results, what a fatal and shallow blunder they had made, looking to the object they had in view. If the peasant works eight hours instead of ten, he has so many fewer quarters of wheat to exchange with the artisan; if the weaver works eight hours instead of ten, he has so many fewer shirts or coats to exchange against the bread of the agricultural labourer; there is less food and less clothing for the community at large; all articles rise in price, and therefore none of the producers benefit by the advance, while society, as a whole, is worse provided than before. We are far from saying that the leisure thus purchased may not be well worth its cost; but we must not imagine that it can be had for nothing, or that it can be obtained at any cheaper rate. It is only by being, as a nation, contented with less, that we can safely venture to take measures for producing less. If we diminish labour, we must put up with diminished supplies; unless, indeed, we can employ our labour on more fertile and productive fields.

Yes! — say the votaries of ‘organisation,’ — there is a third alternative. In general we work too much — but there are many among us who do not work at all: set the idle to work. Alas! this expedient would go but a small way towards meeting the difficulty. How many unemployed are there in Great Britain? and what proportion do they bear to the total population, the great mass of whom are alleged to be overworked? — Among the middle classes there are some, among the higher there are many, who do nothing. But how infinitesimal a proportion do these form of 20,000,000? In the manufacturing districts we hear of few unemployed artisans; and in the metropolis the complaint is of the multitude of the overworked, not of the idle. In the agricultural districts even, the number of able-bodied unemployed is small and diminishing. The number of adults so described was, on January 1. 1849, 201,644; in 1850, 170,502; in 1851, 154,525. It is pretty certain that if all the unemployed in all ranks were set to work, they would not relieve the overworked to the extent of half an hour a day. If, indeed, as some have suggested, all who are occupied in supplying the ornaments and luxuries of life were to be employed in producing necessaries, the result might be very different; but this would have serious evils of its own; and be

of use only as far as it should bring us back to the remedy we have shown to be the true one,—simpler and more frugal habits diffused through the community.

Mr. Johnston devotes a careful chapter to the examination of the Criminal Returns for the last fifteen years; and seems strongly disposed to draw from them an augury favourable to his notions of the deterioration of our social state. Except, however, in the single and very painful instance of the increase of murders, which cannot be gainsaid, we do not see that his statistics bear out his impressions. A comparison of the total commitments for various classes of offences during the last fifteen years, gives the following results.

Nature of Offences.	Five Years ending 1839.	Five Years ending 1844.	Five Years ending 1849.	Increase per Cent. between First and Last Period.
Murder - - -	315	347	365	15·8
Attempts to murder and manslaughter - -	1,763	2,210	2,153	22·1
Total offences against the person - -	9,559	10,885	10,318	8·
Violent and malicious offences against pro- perty - - -	7,666	11,340	8,958	16·8
Simple ditto - -	90,172	113,047	111,804	24·
Total of all commitments	112,864	142,389	136,408	20·8
Yearly average - -	22,573	28,478	27,282	20·8

Now, notwithstanding the marked *decrease* in all offences except murder between 1844 and 1849; notwithstanding, also, the consideration that, against an increase between the first and last periods here given for comparison (an increase varying from eight to twenty-four per cent.), there has to be set an increase of population amounting to fourteen per cent., still we are quite ready to confess, that at first sight, the result presented is the reverse of satisfactory. But there are two or three considerations which, when duly weighed, will do much to mitigate our disappointment. And, first, let us inquire into the relative heinousness of the offences committed in these three periods, as indicated by the severity of the sentences passed upon them by the judges. Many crimes necessarily classed together under the same general denomination may be marked by very different

degrees of guilt; and, where no material change has taken place in our penal laws, between the periods to be compared, we do not know that any fairer estimate can be obtained of the relative enormity of crimes than that afforded by the view taken of them by those who were judicially cognisant of all the circumstances attending their commission.

Sentences.	Five Years ending 1839.	Five Years ending 1844.	Five Years ending 1849.	Increase per Cent. since 1839.	Decrease per Cent. since 1839.
Death - -	1,627	368	282	-	82
Transportation for more than 15 years -	2,646	1,162	493	-	81
Tr. from 7 to 15	5,087	9,766	6,173	21	
Tr. for 7 years -	10,864	15,110	12,668	17	
Imprisonment above 2 years	72	76	15	-	80
Im. above 1 year	1,775	2,395	2,208	24	
Im. 1 year and under - -	56,341	77,501	81,979	45	

Thus it appears that while the offences judged worthy of death and transportation for life have diminished since 1839, 81 per cent.; and those judged worthy of shorter terms of exile have increased somewhat faster than the population, the vast increase which has taken place has been in those offences punishable by a year's imprisonment, or even less. A comparison between the last five years and the five years immediately preceding, shows a diminution in all offences except those visited with the mildest penalties.

There are, however, other circumstances which render the increase or diminution of committals for crime a very inadequate and often deceptive criterion of the moral progress of the community. In the first place, the varying skill and activity of the police will go far to modify any conclusions we might draw from criminal returns. An increase in the number of committals is often only an indication of a better system of detection. The number of offenders brought to justice is often no more complete or accurate test of the number of offences committed, than is the number of fish caught of the number swimming in the river. If every year a larger proportion of existing criminals be not brought to light, our police cannot be improving as it ought. It is, therefore, obvious that an increase in the crimes made known may easily co-exist with an actual decrease

in the crimes committed. In the second place — and this is a point to which we wish to call special attention — *crime is, for the most part, committed, not by the community at large, but by a peculiar and distinct section of it.* A great portion of the crimes of violence, and most of the crimes of fraud, are due to *professional* criminals; and an increase of offences indicates rather increased activity in this criminal population, or increased facility for their depredations, or, at most, an increase in their numbers, than any augmented criminality on the part of society in general. The inmates of our gaols, the culprits in our docks, belong habitually, in an overwhelming proportion, to a *class apart*, a class whose occupation and livelihood are found in the commission of offences; who are compelled to this trade because they know no other, and because no other is in vogue among the people with whom their lot is cast; and who are in many cases trained to it as regularly as others are trained to weaving, to ploughing, or to tailoring. The increase of crime, therefore, generally bespeaks, on the worst supposition, an increase of the criminal population; and in no degree militates against the idea of the progress of morality and civilisation among all other classes; though it shows, with painful distinctness and with startling emphasis, that society has not succeeded in removing the motives which stimulate to a criminal career, or in redeeming and absorbing those classes from which the criminal population is recruited. While it is one of the beneficial effects of a good police, to separate more and more the light from the darkness, our swollen return of crime is undoubtedly a blot upon our escutcheon and a drawback on our progress; not as impeaching the general honesty and virtue of the nation, but as showing the existence of a class among us which the advance of civilisation ought to have eradicated or suppressed.

These reflections may suggest an explanation of the mistake both of those who, finding the great majority of criminals to be uneducated, conceive that their criminality is due to their ignorance, and will be removed by their instruction; and of those, also, who, finding no regular and steady ratio (or only an inverse one) between the spread of education and the decrease of crime, infer that instruction is not an efficient ally of morality or a natural antagonist to crime. The criminality of the inmates of our gaols and convict ships, though found in almost invariable concomitance with ignorance, does not spring from it; but the concomitance is to be explained by the reflection that absence of all proper training and instruction is only one of the many characteristics of the class in which habitual and professional criminals are found. No education will eradicate their criminality unless it should raise them out of the class from

which they have sprung, or otherwise alter the surrounding circumstances which hem them in, and point their course with an imperious and overpowering hand. Also, under these circumstances, it is evident that no national education, however improved in its quality, or excellent in its direct results, can be reasonably expected to produce any decisive effect upon our criminal returns, as long as it stops short of our professional criminal population. Crime cannot be diminished by any moral influence bearing only upon the non-criminal classes.

Another count of Mr. Johnston's indictment against the present age is the want of cordial and kindly intercourse between different ranks:—

‘The separation between rich and poor—the dissympathy and isolation of classes,—is the great social evil of the time. Institutions for scientific and literary teaching by lectures, at the cheapest possible rates, are established; parks for the recreation of the lower orders are planted; even clubs, upon something like the aristocratic model, where conveniences and luxuries are supplied at low prices; but all this seems to be unsuccessful. What one wants to see—a mutual and hearty recognition of the differences of condition, a kind and cordial condescension on the one side, and an equally cordial but still respectful devotedness on the other—appears to make no progress.’ (Vol. i. p. 131.)

This is a common and natural, but we think an inconsiderate complaint. It is ‘a longing, lingering look behind,’ cast after the characteristics of an era that has passed away. It is the hankering which pervades the Young-England party. It is the secret regret indulged in by the more amiable portion of our aristocracy. The truth is, that that kind of friendly intercourse between the higher and lower orders—seductive as we feel it to be in description—beautiful and touching as it often was in reality—belonged to feudalism, and is simply impracticable and incongruous in a democratic age. It arose from and depended upon a relative position of the two classes which no longer exists. It could not be ingrafted on their present relations. The theory of generous protection on the one side, and grateful and affectionate dependence on the other, can no longer form the basis on which the social hierarchy rests. If still cherished among the aristocratic rich, it is repudiated by the labouring poor; and if the former were to attempt to act it out, they would be met by ridicule, repulsion, and rebellion, from the latter. To explain fully the nature of the change in the relations of the two parties, and the precise point in the change which English society has now reached, would require us to copy whole pages from Mill's philosophic chapter on ‘The Probable Future of the Working Classes,’ and from the

fourth volume of Tocqueville's 'Democracy in America.' The error of those who thus seek to recall the attachments and sympathies of feudalism 'lies in not perceiving that these virtues and sentiments, like the clanship and hospitality of the wandering Arab, belong emphatically to a rude and imperfect state of the social union. We have entered into a state of civilisation in which the bond that attaches human beings to one another must be disinterested admiration and sympathy for personal qualities, or gratitude for unselfish services — not the emotions of protectors towards dependents, or of dependents towards protectors. Of the working classes of Western Europe, at least, it may be pronounced certain that the patriarchal or paternal system of government is one to which they will not again be subject. They have taken their interests into their own hands.'\*

The unsatisfactory nature of the intercourse now subsisting between rich and poor arises mainly from the fact of the relations between them being in a state of transition; neither of the two parties having altogether discarded the old ideas, nor wholly embraced and comprehended the new. Both are still somewhat under the influence of feudal associations; and confound in their minds the rights and duties of the past relation, with those of the relation which has superseded it. The bond between the two classes, and their mutual obligations, are as clear and imperative as ever; but these obligations have changed their character, and require to be defined anew. Till they are so defined and thoroughly realised by both, the intercourse between the classes can never resume a perfectly simple and satisfactory footing. At present, circumstances and recollections combine to make it impossible to mix either on the old footing of feudalism, or on the new footing of equality. The great repudiate the one; the lower orders repudiate the other. There are three relations in which capital and labour, the rich and the poor, the noble and the peasant, may stand to each other. There is the relation of slavery, the relation of vassalage, the relation of simple contract. In the first there is absolute dependence and absolute control; in the second there is a modified submission and partial protection and command; in the third there is theoretic equality, and simple service is balanced against simple payment. In Egypt and in Carolina, the first of these relations subsists; in Russia and Hungary the second; in France and Pennsylvania the third; — and in none of these countries is there any misunderstanding or confusion on the subject. In England, on the contrary, we are stepping from the second to the third of these

relations, but have not yet quite realised or got accustomed to the change. Neither the higher nor the lower classes see clearly, or feel invariably in which of the two relative positions they stand, or wish to stand. Each party borrows some of the *claims* of the former relation, but forgets the correlative *obligations*. The peasant and the artisan conceive that they are entitled to claim from their master the forbearance, the kindness, the protection in danger, the assistance in difficulty, the maintenance in distress and destitution, which belong to the feudal relation; but they forget to pay the corresponding duties of consideration, confidence, and respect. On the other hand, the master is too apt to forget that his servants, and the nobleman that his tenants, are now, in the eye not only of the law but of society, his equal fellow citizens; and he is still sometimes seen exacting from them, not only the stipulated work and rent, but that deference, devotion, and implicit obedience to which only virtue, justice, and beneficence on his part at present can entitle him.

Now we are not disposed to regret that the relative position of the classes has been thus changed: the matter for regret is that the change is not fully felt or comprehended, and that it has come upon us before both parties were perfectly prepared to meet it. In the new relation properly regarded and conscientiously adopted with all its corollaries, there may be, if less that is picturesque and poetical, more that is elevating, than in the old. We confess that, in spite of the seductions of fancy, we have no hankering after the past paradise of serfdom. We believe that the reciprocal dependence and fostering of feudalism have been replaced by something better, worthier, and more hopeful. There is no longer the same frequent and devoted attachment on the part of individuals among the rich to individuals among the poor (and *vice versa*), but there is, what was unknown in feudal times, regard, care, and compassion for the poor as a class: sympathy for them and a sense of duty to them, as being an integral, acknowledged, vital portion of the community. In the regretted days of aristocracy and vassalage, the servant revered and loved his lord, and the lord was kind to the dependents who belonged to him, and was in daily intercourse with them; but justice to the labouring *masses*, compassion to the aggregate poor, a desire to elevate and improve the condition of the people as a whole, were sentiments as yet unborn. Now, it is true, we see but seldom those attachments of superior and serf, — lasting, not only through a long lifetime, but through many generations, — which so beautified and hallowed the social life of mediæval times. We do not so often witness the sports and feasts of peasants in the parks of our



nobility, encouraged and presided over by the benevolent and condescending great. Instead, however, of all this we have signs of interest and regard more substantial, if less attractive; we have sanatory commissioners; we have factory and mine inspectors; we have organised education; we have official investigations into every reported abuse; and charitable associations for relieving or precluding every possible variety of wretchedness.

But feudalism has found a still more valuable substitute and successor. Self-reliance has replaced, or is fast replacing, among our working classes the enthralling, enfeebling habits of dependence on the protection and guidance of another, which was distinctive of past times. Among the agricultural peasantry the old feelings and the old habits may linger still; but among artisans and handicraftsmen of every denomination,—among the dwellers in the great hives of our industry which are replenished from the rural districts, and who must in time communicate their own spirit to the homes from which they spring,—a proud sense of self-dependence, a resolution to owe their well-being and advancement to themselves alone, a surly and contemptuous thrusting back of charitable aid or guidance from above, are rapidly spreading, and manifesting themselves sometimes in forms which we might resent and deplore, were not the substance which gives rise to them so beyond all price.

The duties which the higher ranks of society owe to those below them in the social hierarchy, are not obliterated or discharged by this change in their relative positions, which modern times and political reforms have brought about: but the nature of these duties is materially altered. To distressed individuals of every description and of all ranks we all owe tender compassion and charitable aid: while to the lower orders, as such, we owe not charity but justice,—not so much the open purse, as the equal measure. Advice, as far as they will receive it; guidance, as far as they will submit to it; control at times, as far as the unbounded freedom of the English constitution will enable us to exercise it; education of the best quality and to the utmost extent that our unhappy sectarian jealousies will permit us to bestow it. We owe them fair play in every thing; justice of the most even-handed sort, full, unquestionable, and overflowing; the removal of every external impediment which prevents them from doing and being whatever other classes can do and be. We owe it to them to employ our superior capacities, our richer opportunities, our maturer wisdom, in cheering their toil, smoothing their difficulties, directing their often misguided and suicidal energies. We owe to them every facility with which we can surround their conflict amid the obstacles of life,—

facility to obtain land, to obtain employment, or obtain colonisation; facility to acquire temperate habits, to accumulate savings, to employ them wisely, to invest them well; facility, above all, to acquire that which is at once the key and crown of all,—solid and comprehensive instruction in all the things which belong both to their earthly welfare and their future peace. Our duty to them, as a class, may be comprised in a single sentence: we should enable them to *get* everything, but should profess to *give* them, as a class, little or nothing,—except education; and if we give this to one generation, the next may safely be trusted to get it for themselves. Compassion to the afflicted, encouragement to the struggling, aid to the feeble, succour to the destitute,—these man owes to man, independent of rank or station, creed or colour, according to the measure of need on the one side and capacity on the other.

The chapter which is devoted to Sir Robert Peel is one of the most interesting in the book. Mr. Johnston regards that eminent and lamented statesman from an opponent's point of view, but in no hostile spirit. He considers that to speak of him as 'the embodiment and type of the age in which he lived, implies no compliment, if the age be (as he evidently conceives it) essentially unheroic—an age of compromise and artifice—an age more prolific of prudence than of elevated feeling—an age in which generous enthusiasm is dead.' Again, he is inclined to account for the high and sincere encomiums passed upon Sir Robert Peel by leading men of all parties, 'by a vitiated state of the general mind, so far as regards public affairs; by the want of heroic attachment to high principle, by the fact that we have at present upper classes at once disdainful and mean, and middle classes worshipping what is safest, or what seems so.'

Now though we do not think that Mr. Johnston is altogether just to the character of Sir Robert Peel, still it is not our province to undertake his defence at present, except in as far as the grounds on which he is condemned would ensure the condemnation of nearly all the statesmen of the age; and besides, would indicate a want of appreciation of their peculiar difficulties, and a misconception of the qualities of character and the course of conduct exacted from them by the nature of representative governments and the circumstances of modern times.

It is a common complaint among the *laudatores temporis acti*,—and our author echoes it in more than one passage—that the race of great statesmen has died out,—that their modern representatives are dwarfed and dwindled, and that statesmanship itself has become low, time-serving, and mediocre. The senti-

ment is no new one: as the men of our days look upon Pitt, and Fox, and Burke, the men of their times looked back on Bolingbroke and Chatham; these in their turn on Halifax and Clarendon; and these again on Walsingham and Burleigh. But the truth is that the statesmen of one age or country are unsuited to the requirements of another; and it is from failing to bear this in mind that we are so generally unjust to the men of our own day, so needlessly desponding about our future, and so apt unduly to extol the great leaders of the past. Our age demands very different qualifications in its public men from those which made men eminent and serviceable in the times of our forefathers. The statesmen of an autocratic government, like Austria or Russia, would scarcely be more out of place in a constitutional government like ours, than the statesmen of Elizabeth, or Charles, or Anne would find themselves in the reign of Victoria. The magnificent powers of Sully and Richelieu, even of Stein and Hardenberg, would be misplaced in the latitude of London. Marlborough and Godolphin would be impeached for corruption; the domineering genius of Lord Chatham would cause him to be shelved as an 'impracticable' man, with whom it was impossible to act; the imperious temper of Hyde and Strafford would be much more promptly fatal to them in our days than they at last became even in their own; and even a Cecil could scarcely manage to govern with a reformed parliament as 'viceroy over them.' The very qualities which made men great in public life formerly, would bar them out from public life now. A vast change has taken place in the nature of the statesmanship required; and it is still in progress. The statesmanship required now is far less initiative and more administrative than formerly. A public man in the present day cannot decide upon his principles and purposes, and carry them out by the mere force of the high position to which his sovereign may have raised him. He is debarred from the glorious power which belongs to the rulers of autocratic states, of deciding in his own mind on the measures suited to ensure his country's grandeur or well-being, and enacting and enforcing them, regardless of the opposition of parties less far-seeing, less profound, less patriotic than himself. He cannot place before him a great object, and say, 'This my position as prime minister enables me to attain, and I will disregard present hostility and blame, and trust to future results to justify and vindicate my wisdom.' He is denied that noblest privilege of the wise and mighty—that which gives to statesmanship its resistless fascination for the ripened mind—the right to elaborate, 'in the quietness of thought,' a system of policy, solid in its foun-

dations, impartial in its justice, far-reaching, fertilising, beneficent in its operation, — and to pursue it with unswerving and imperturbable resolve. He cannot, like Peter, systematise the civilisation of a barbarous empire; he cannot, like Richelieu, by the union of high office and indomitable will, subdue and paralyse a haughty and ancient aristocracy; he cannot, like Colbert, reconstruct the finances and commerce of a great kingdom; he cannot, like Stein, by an overpowering fiat, raise a whole nation of *prolétaires* out of serfdom into civil possessions and civil rights. He is powerless except in as far as he can induce others to agree with him. He has not only to conceive and mature wise schemes, he has to undergo the far more painful and vexatious labour of persuading others of their excellence, of instructing the ignorance of some, of convincing the understandings of others, of combating the honest prejudices of one party, of neutralising the interested opposition of another; he has to clip, to modify, to emasculate his measures, to enfeeble them by some vital omission in order to conciliate this antagonist, to clog them with some perilous burden in order to satisfy that rival, till he is fain to doubt whether compromise has not robbed victory of its profit as well as of its charms.

These are some of the difficulties which statesmen have to overcome in a country where Parliament is omnipotent, and where every citizen is a dogmatic and self-complacent politician. Though modern statesmanship may call for other qualities than those needed in former days, the qualities are assuredly neither fewer, less lofty, nor less rare. A thorough mastery of facts, a clear purpose, a patient temper, a persevering will; a profound knowledge of men, of the motives which actuate them, of the influences by which they are to be swayed; skill to purchase the maximum of support by the minimum of concession; tact to discern the present temper and the probable direction of the popular feeling; sagacity to distinguish between the intelligent and the unintelligent public opinion, between the noisy clamour of the unimportant few, and the silent convictions of the influential many, between the outcry which may be safely and justly disregarded, and the expression of the mind of the country which it would be wrong and dangerous to withstand; — these are surely qualifications which demand no ordinary combination of moral and intellectual endowments. The statesman of to-day requires as comprehensive a vision and as profound a wisdom as in former times, with intenser labour, and a far wider range of knowledge; but he requires other gifts which formerly were scarcely needed. For, he now has not only to decide what ought to be done, and what is the wisest way of doing it, but he has to

do it, or as much of it as he can, in the face of obstacles of which Machiavelli had no conception, which would have baffled Mazarin, and at which even Chatham or Walpole might have stood aghast. To quarrel with a statesman because he is what his age compels him to be, because he meets the requirements of his day and generation, because he does not import into a democratic age, and into a country in which the popular element is unprecedentedly active and powerful, the habits and qualities of mind which could only find their fitting field and natural development in aristocratic or despotic eras, is simply to join issue with the political necessities of the times. In England, in the middle of the nineteenth century, with a reformed Parliament, with a free and powerful press, with a population habituated throughout all its ranks to the discussion of political affairs, a minister, whatever be his genius, can no longer *impose his will* upon the nation; to be useful and great he must carry the nation along with him, he must be the representative and embodiment of its soberest and maturest wisdom,—not the depository or exponent, still less the imperious enforcer, of views beyond their sympathy, and above their comprehension. The nature of our government prescribes the qualifications of our statesmen; to hanker after a different order of men is to pine for a different order of things.

There are several explanations of the inconsistencies in Sir Robert Peel's career more creditable to him than the one which his adversaries are disposed to adopt. But into these we cannot enter now. There is, however, one source of inconsistency in public men to which weight enough is seldom given out of doors, though all conversant with the history of cabinets must be conscious that it is one of the most operative and most inevitable. 'It is not easy (Mr. Johnston thinks) to account, on patriotic grounds, for the maintenance of opposite principles within a few weeks, when the circumstances of the country have not materially changed.' There may be, however, a more honourable explanation of this seemingly heavy charge than he is aware of. Men in public life, and more especially ministers in actual office, when new facts, deeper reflection, or stronger arguments, come to shake their previous opinions, and produce an incipient change, are placed in a position of singular difficulty. They can seldom retire or lie by till the inchoate operation is complete; their position often calls upon them for constant action and perpetual speech; in the meantime, they are obliged to conceal from the public the process which has just commenced, so long as it is imperfect and uncertain; they must speak and act in accordance with their past, not with their future selves; if they speak,

they must speak in conformity with the old opinions over which doubt is gradually creeping; if they act, they must act on the principles which they are beginning to abandon, not on those which they are beginning, but only beginning, to adopt. This is a hard and painful position; but we quite believe it is one which duty to their colleagues and their country not unfrequently compels public men to endure. Like other men, if they are honest, inquiring, and open-minded, they must inevitably find modification after modification coming over their opinions in the course of their career, as knowledge ripens, as facts develop, as wisdom matures. Yet, for a leading senator to be silent, or a chief minister to retire, every time he felt the warning symptoms of such an alteration, would be simply impracticable in actual life, though no doubt the most comfortable course for his own feelings, and the safest for his reputation. Thus he is, in a manner, obliged, by the requirements of his position, to make the best defence he can for his old course and his old principles, till his suspicion of their unsoundness has risen into a clear and settled conviction; and when, having arrived at this point, he conscientiously and suddenly avows the change, there is unquestionably, *primâ facie*, a very dark case against him. We believe we have here indicated the secret of that course of conduct which brought down so much obloquy upon Sir R. Peel, on two memorable occasions in 1829 and 1846. We do not mean to affirm that it presents a full justification; but we do hold that it affords a fair and not discreditable explanation of many apparently sudden or too rapid changes in the opinions and the measures of public men.

With these remarks we close our notice of Mr. Johnston's work. It is a readable and well-written book, abounding with information of many kinds. Its faults are, a want of purpose, too manifest a disposition to decry the present and exalt the past, and too blinding a habit of looking at most questions, — whether they concern things or persons, — from a party point of view.

To this last objection we may be peculiarly alive, the party views not being our own.

- ART. II. — 1. *Evidence of the Right Hon. the Lord Advocate before Select Committee of the House of Commons on Irish Fisheries.* (Session 1849.)
2. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Salmon Fisheries of Scotland, with the Minutes of Evidence.* (Session 1836.)
3. *Report and Minutes of Evidence from the Select Committee of Commons on Scottish Salmon Fisheries.* (1824.)
4. *An Inquiry into the Fisheries of Ireland.* By HERBERT FRANCIS MORE. 1850.
5. *Report of Case before the Court of Session, Her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests versus Ernest Gam-mell and others.* 1850–1.

THAT the Salmon Fisheries of the United Kingdom form an important interest, and are in a state of decay or danger, are facts which everybody now believes, because ‘everybody ‘says so;’ but, as regards the grounds of both assertions, all is utter vagueness and confusion. What is the actual importance of the fisheries, either as property or as a source of employment, and what is the amount or rate of decay, are matters scarcely even guessed at; while, as to what is causing or what will arrest the alleged decline, there have hitherto been almost as many opinions as there are interests or disputants. All this arises, not from any want of attention or inquiry; on the contrary, few questions have been subjected to more controversy, legislation, and litigation. The regulation of salmon fisheries forms a prominent clause in *Magna Charta*\*; was legislated for by Edward the First in England, and by Robert the Bruce in Scotland; has never since been long allowed to rest; has, during the last forty years, been stirred up almost every session by commissions, committees, or bills; is almost perpetually before the law courts in one shape or another; while of making books on the natural history of the salmon, there is no end, and (always excepting Mr. Shaw of Drumlanrig†, the real discoverer or demonstrator) very little good. One of the causes of all this conflict and confusion is to be found in some natural difficulties of the subject — such as the scattered and isolated localities where many of the fisheries are carried

\* Cap. xvi.: Nullæ ripariæ defendantur de cætero, nisi illæ quæ fuerunt in defenso tempore Henrici Regis avi nostri, et per eadem loca, et eosdem terminos, sicut esse consueverunt tempore suo.

† See ‘*Edinburgh Review*,’ No. 78.

on, and the occult nature of the fish, whose habits can be but obscurely and occasionally observed during one half of the year, and are an entire mystery during the other. Out of this obstacle arises another. As in all questions where there is difficulty in ascertaining the facts or fixing the principles, sciolism plunges in where science is perplexed, and 'practical men,' with their few half-facts gathered from a merely local experience, are full of that dogmatism which on many subjects, certainly in the present, is exorcised from the inquirer in proportion as he extends and deepens his investigations. The varieties of nonsense about the salmon that have been published under the name of natural history, and poured down the throats of parliamentary committees, exceed all ordinary powers of belief. To read some people's deliverances on it, they might seem to have collected their materials during a lengthened subaqueous residence. If, indeed, a deputation of these omniscient gentlemen, half zoologists and half piscators, could be induced to stay below water for a few months, going down, say in November, taking their seat where they could observe the deposition and development of the ova,—‘sitting under the glassy, ‘cool, translucent wave,’—accompanying their charge to the sea, and returning to their native element in autumn, saturated with information, they would then, but not till then, be competent to speak with the authority they now assume. There are obvious difficulties in the way of such a commission of inquiry; but, looking at the uselessness, and often mischievousness, of the dogmatising with which many people handle the question, one is almost tempted to say, there would be no harm in trying.

It does not follow, however, that because the question cannot, on almost any one point, be discussed with the benefit of full and precise data, it must therefore be let alone. By refraining from attempts to grasp the facts in their totality, and by directing our inquiries chiefly to such parts as from their extent and character may reasonably be considered specimens of the whole, we shall, we hope, reach such a position as to authorise at least some practical conclusion concerning the extent of the evil and the nature of the remedy.

In what follows, we shall confine our inquiries and remarks chiefly to Scotland; because, among other reasons, the Scotch fisheries are more valuable than the English or Irish, and at the same time admit of being more conveniently discussed. And yet, at the outset, we have to confess a failure in our endeavours to obtain what might have been expected to form the first item in our statement—some approach to the total value of the Scotch fisheries, as represented by the annual amount of produce, rent,



wages, or employment. Nor need the failure be wondered at, when the Irish Fishery Commissioners, who are salaried for the work, and possess powers and facilities for collecting information to which no private individual can pretend, are found saying, in their last Report, 'We have no means of obtaining an account of the aggregate annual value of the salmon fisheries;' and when the fact cannot be obtained, nor even approached, by means of anything to be found among the great mass of matter, on the subject of Scotch Salmon Fisheries, contained in Parliamentary Blue-books. Proceeding, however, by way of particular instances, we shall give the salmon statistics of two of the chief Scotch rivers as nearly as the jealousy of proprietors and lessees has permitted us to ascertain them, which is quite as near as is required for any purpose in which the public are concerned.

To begin with the Tweed (not including the rod fisheries, which produce but few fish, and will be dealt with separately):

Annual Rent	-	-	-	-	£ 5,000
Wages (to 350 men)	-	-	-	-	4,500
Tear and wear	-	-	-	-	1,500
					<hr/> £11,000

Produce last season, at prices of average of seasons:—

7,500 salmon, at 8s. 4d. each	-	-	£ 3,125
30,000 grilse, at 2s. 1d. each	-	-	3,125
43,000 trout, at 1s. 2d. each	-	-	2,508
			<hr/> £8,758
			80,500.

Proceeding to give the same statistics in the case of the Tay, we must make two preliminary explanations. Not having been able to get reliable returns regarding that river later than 1846, and that year having been in some respects an exceptional year, we have assumed the produce according to an average of several years previous; and, in the next place, *trouts*, which form so large a proportion of the take of Tweed, are so rare in Tay as not to be reckoned at all:—

Rent	-	-	-	-	£ 11,400
Wages (to 670 men)	-	-	-	-	8,600
Tear and wear	-	-	-	-	4,400
					<hr/> £ 24,400
Average produce at average prices:—					
25,000 salmon, at 11s. each	-	-	-	-	£ 13,750
40,000 grilse, at 3s. 3d. each	-	-	-	-	6,500
					<hr/> £ 20,250
					65,000

It will be seen that in both these rivers the expenditure ap-

parently exceeds the produce; this, however, must not be taken as true to the extent exhibited by the above figures, which, it should be remembered, are given, not as showing the profits or losses of a given year or locality, but as a sort of index or specimen of the nature and extent of the salmon fisheries generally. And it must be understood, that the prices given above are those of an average of seasons, while the actual prices of 1850 were considerably higher, — also that in point of fact a very considerable loss was suffered last year by the lessees on both the Tay and the Tweed. We believe we may state the loss to have been, in the former case, about 2600*l.*, and in the latter about 1000*l.* This state of things is accounted for by two considerations. As a trading speculation, salmon fishing is enticing, because unsteady; each adventurer thinks that *his* ticket in the lottery is to come up a prize, although, as in the case of the old State lotteries, there is a loss to the purchasers in the aggregate. At the same time (and this is the very object of our present inquiry), the aggregate loss has of late years so much increased, — with, of course, a proportional diminution of the individual chances of success, — that the calculations of the speculators have been utterly defeated.

To the above returns for Tweed and Tay we might add statistics from several other salmon districts: — for instance, the produce of the Dee and Don, or rather of the coast adjoining them, may be taken as somewhat more than that of Tay, and the rental of the Spey and adjoining coast as about equal to that of Tweed; and we might mention that (in cases not included in the above references) a single Scotch proprietor was lately receiving salmon-rent annually to the amount of 8000*l.*, and a single Scotch tenant paying to the amount of 15,000*l.* But after we had detailed all the instances within our reach, the reader would not be appreciably nearer the national total of fisheries which invade everything that can be called river; sentinel at close, though irregular, intervals (we are speaking of Scotland), at least a thousand miles of coast; and the rents and produce of which are constantly in a state of fluctuation. The statistics we have given must suffice for the present. They *indicate* the nature and extent of the property and industry now in peril. We may add that, pound for pound, the value of fish of the salmon kind, even including trout of low price and low quality, is higher than that of any kind of butcher's meat; and that three salmon are worth more than the best sheep or pig. Then the salmon consumes nothing, but is, to use Franklin's phrase, 'a bit of silver pulled out of the water.' Neither let us forget that, dead or alive, the salmon is a noble fish — in form the very mould of elegance — in dress splendid, yet delicate — in habit

fastidious and gentlemanly — and at table a universal favourite. Moreover, it has to be kept in view that the figures we have given show only what *is* the value or produce of the rivers named, and not within a half or three fourths of what it has been, and may be again. Notwithstanding, therefore, that we have it not in our power to clinch the case by a statement of the total national value, yet the clear though partial glimpses we have been able to catch are enough to show at least that ‘the thing is worth looking after,’ — that it is worth while to inquire how far and why these fisheries have decayed, and whether means exist of saving and restoring them.

On the preliminary point which regards the extent and period of the decrease, the conclusions to which our inquiries lead us are these: — First, that to show the falling off in its real immensity, we must compare present returns, *not*, as is the popular belief, with the returns of twenty or thirty years ago, but with those of a considerably earlier period; — in the second place, that the change during the twenty or thirty years preceding (say) 1844, had been rather a shifting and deterioration, the fish being captured by new means and in new localities, and having declined in size and quality rather than in number; thirdly, that the last four, five, or six years do show, as compared with the immediately preceding period, a very considerable and a steadily continuous decrease. It is important to fix the real period of the decline, since a knowledge of it is obviously a condition precedent to getting at the cause.

1. On the first point — the comparative plentifulness of early periods compared with the present — it is, perhaps, less necessary to prove the fact than to guard against its exaggeration. There is a gross fallacy in the popular mode of illustrating the contrast, such as by pointing to the tradition that farm servants used to stipulate not to be compelled to eat salmon more than twice a week. People seem to forget that the number of mouths has at least doubled, and that, consequently, even if this represented, as it does not, all the increase of consumers, there would necessarily be a comparative scarcity, unless the fish had doubled too. But the mouths have not only doubled, they are incomparably more easily reached. In the old times, though there was a glut at Berwick and Perth, there might be a dearth at London, and probably an entire destitution in Nottingham and Derby. There is a story of a Highland laird of the last century going to a London hotel with his *gilly*, and from motives of frugality ordering a beef steak for himself, and ‘salmon for the laddie.’ On reckoning with his host, he discovered he had to pay one shilling for his own dinner, and two guineas for ‘the laddie’s.’ The state of matters correctly illustrated by this anecdote,

arose chiefly from the degree in which the slowness of conveyance affected a very perishable commodity; but also, from the methods necessary for keeping the fish in condition even for an hour or two, having then been undiscovered. Ice-packing was not introduced into Scotland till about 1788. Making all deduction, however, for exaggerations arising from neglect of these considerations, there is ample evidence that the actual decrease has been very great. We have procured several curious and authentic documents regarding the produce of the Tweed and Tay at the early periods with which we are at present dealing. One of these is an account kept from 1736 to 1818 of the number of fish taken in each year, at the most seaward and productive station on the Tweed. In the earliest years included in it, we find the number of salmon taken at this station to have varied from 1,500 to nearly 2,000; but in the recorded fact that in 'unfavourable years' the station was fished only partially, and sometimes not at all, we have evidence that these numbers could not be taken as the true measure of its productiveness. In 1748—the market having apparently improved—the number rose to 7,000; in 1760, to 9,000; in 1765, to 17,000; and went on fluctuating between 2,000 and 9,000 up till the latest year (1818) included, when the produce was 4,000. Last year—the proportion borne by that station to the whole river remaining unaltered—its produce, in salmon, was about 700! In 1814, the rent of the Tweed was 20,000*l.*; in 1823, 10,000*l.*; and for seven years preceding that, had averaged 12,000*l.* (Evidence of John Wilson, Esq., before the Commons Committee of 1824); it is now 5,000*l.* The number of boxes sent from Berwick tells the same tale; in 1804, 13,000 boxes (but this was the highest ever known); in 1816, 11,000; and the annual average between 1818 and 1820 was 8,000; but it has never since much exceeded 5,000; while in 1846,—and it is certainly no higher now,—it had sunk to 3000. The fisheries on the Tay above Perth Bridge took 11,300 fish in 1792; 10,400 in 1795; and, up to the year 1800, never took less than 5,000 in any one year;—their take is now about 1,500. Returns from almost all other rivers show similar results, including even those in the far north; for instance, the lower fishings on the Ness, which in 1796 rented at 1,095*l.*, now bring only 90*l.* It must be kept in mind, however, that some of these statements,—not, however, those relating to the number of boxes shipped,—are not available in their entirety as evidence of the gross decrease—the figures whose date is within (say) twenty-five years of the present time being more or less affected by the shifting of the fisheries, according to the next paragraph, as well as by the general decline.

2. Our conclusion, that, from the period just dealt with, down to a very recent date — say from 1817 to 1845, — there was no considerable decline on the whole, seems sufficiently established by the unquestionable fact that, with a consumption certainly not decreasing, prices did not materially alter. But we find a very different result when — leaving out of view the then new mode of fishing by fixed nets on the sea-coast — we come to look only at the old or in-river fisheries. The result of our inquiries on this point is, that within the period under examination, the produce of the Scotch rivers fell in no case less than a third. In some cases, as that of the rivers *debouching* along the Ayrshire coast, the decrease is stated by experienced and trustworthy persons at seven-eighths. This decrease was almost entirely in the adult salmon; — grilse (salmon on their first ascent), and trout (*salmo eriox*), partaking in the decrease much less, and in some cases not at all. The Tay returns show that up to about 1800 the number of grilse taken annually in that river was only half the number of salmon: — the proportions have of late been reversed, the salmon taken amounting to little more than half the number of grilse. The Table given below shows a similar change in the Tweed, and a still greater change as to the proportion of trouts. Reserving trout for separate remark, the lesson conveyed by the fact just mentioned as to the maintenance or increase of the number of grilse killed during a period when the take of older fish was rapidly diminishing, is, that by greater severity of fishing the average duration of salmon life was immensely reduced — a circumstance which, as we shall see, naturally told very heavily on the period which followed.

3. If fish are killed young, they will never live to be old, nor will fish multiply and replenish the waters if they are murdered before they are married; — ‘to that great truth a universe agrees,’ as Peter Pindar said of a much less important and dignified subject. To understand the full significance of the growing disproportion between grilse and salmon, the reader must bear in mind that grilse are all the produce of one year, while salmon are the remnants of the crops, so to speak, of several years. The Tweed returns show that out of the whole number of the salmon kind captured, *four-fifths are killed on their first ascent, and of course before having ever propagated their species!* And of late we have been experiencing the inevitable effects. The five years ending with 1850, have been (taking all kinds together) the worst ever known. (See Table, p. 348.) Not only is this the case as regards the five years’ average (we are here using the Tweed for our instance); on examination every item and feature of the return shows

that the decrease is one proceeding from causes neither accidental nor temporary, but in gradual and general operation. The lowest of the five years is, even including all the three divisions of fish, lower by about 25 per cent than the lowest year ever before known; and each of the four last years is lower in salmon than any one year for 15 years preceding, and lower than any year save three from the earliest records! The significance of such a diminution of adult fish for four successive years cannot be gainsaid nor mistaken. And when we turn to the take of grilse or younger fish, by which the decrease in the adult fish has been hitherto in some measure compensated, and find that its amount in Tweed last year was *lower than ever before known*, and 50 per cent. lower than the average, we have grounds as sure as are attainable in the nature of things for inferring, that the decline which has been proceeding at an accelerating pace for several years past will, unless some new element come into effect, continue in years to come with even greater rapidity. We have returns from several other rivers corroborative of those from the Tweed. In the north of Scotland, indeed, many fishings, both river and coast, have been this season abandoned altogether. In Ireland also the falling off is great, almost universal; and a committee of fishery proprietors have been for several months engaged in trying to frame some measures fitted for the emergency.\* We have here, it will be kept in view, been speaking only of the last five years as compared with the period immediately preceding; and have shown, we think, sufficient reason for fearing that this branch of industry has entered upon a decline, in meeting which boldly not a season more ought to be lost.

In illustration of what has been said, and of part of what will follow, and also as a document of interest and value even on points not embraced in this article, we print the following figures, being an abstract of an Account, kept with great care and from infallible data, of the produce of the Tweed in each year from 1811 to 1850 inclusive. In order to avoid particulars which might be thought to affect private interests, we restrict ourselves to quinquennial statements; but, both in what has preceded and what follows, we have referred to the returns for single years as often as was required for the purposes of elucidation. From one of the quinquennial periods, 1826—30, we have omitted a year, and given the *quadrennial* total. The

†. \* For full information on the subject of the Irish fisheries, as well as for much curious legal, antiquarian, and miscellaneous knowledge regarding the subject generally, we would refer to the book of Mr. Hore mentioned at the head of this paper. •

fishing of the omitted year, 1829 — whether, as some good people think, from the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, or whether, as is profanely said by those ‘who physically ‘causes seek,’ from the great drouth and bad breeding season of 1826, we shall not presume to decide — showed a decline so violently exceptional, so entirely unparalleled and unapproached either before or since, that to include it in the averages would be to a great extent to destroy their value. The difference between a year like *that*, standing alone and unrescinded, and four successive years like 1847—50, indicating some gradual and enduring cause of decline, need not be pointed out. However, for the satisfaction of unsatisfied readers, we may state that, including 1829, the annual average of the period 1826—30, instead of standing as below, would stand — Salmon, 9,804; Grilse, 55,990; Trout, 48,864. With these explanations no further preface is required for what, in the great dearth of authentic information on the subject, appears to us a valuable table.

	Salmon.	Grilse.	Trouts.	All kinds.
1811-15.				
Quinquennial total	- 201,484	340,288	156,176	697,948
Annual average	- - 40,297	68,057	31,235	139,589
1816-20.				
Quinquennial total	- 189,690	435,444	245,391	870,525
Annual average	- - 37,938	87,089	49,078	174,105
1821-25.				
Quinquennial total	- 114,650	288,238	312,378	715,266
Annual average	- - 22,930	57,647	62,475	143,052
1826-30.				
Quadrennial total	- 43,691	245,180	179,693	468,564
Annual average	- - 10,924	61,295	44,923	117,142
1831-35.				
Quinquennial total	- 72,082	325,563	345,604	743,249
Annual average	- - 14,416	65,112	69,121	148,649
1836-40.				
Quinquennial total	- 70,747	261,418	274,384	606,549
Annual average	- - 14,149	52,283	54,877	121,309
1841-45.				
Quinquennial total	- 94,231	405,237	348,563	848,031
Annual average	- - 18,846	81,047	69,712	169,605
1846-50.				
Quinquennial total	- 55,372	274,088	246,441	575,901
Annual average	- - 11,054	54,817	49,288	115,159

We may add the following facts, picked from the fuller table. Out of the forty years comprised in it, there are only 6 in which salmon, trout, and grilse all increased as compared with the year immediately preceding; 8 in which salmon increased and grilse decreased; and 11 in which salmon decreased and grilse increased. We shall have occasion to refer hereafter to the most remarkable feature in the return—that, while formerly the annual take of salmon far exceeded that of trout, the trouts now exceed the salmon as four or five to one.

Having thus seen as closely and as precisely as the scarcity of materials will permit, and more so, we think, than has been previously accomplished, what have been the periods and what the extent of the decrease, we come next to the *causes*, actual or alleged, and after that to the *cures*. For it is a notable feature in the question, that to a great extent the cures do not consist in the removal of the causes. Some of the causes are irremovable or irremediable; while, on the other hand, there are practicable and efficient cures, quite independent of the causes.

Beginning with the causes that are irremediable, we put first the *increase of land drainage*. The reader will understand that salmon do not incline to enter, nor even though they may have entered to ascend, a river, either when it is in high flood, 'roaring 'from bank to brace,' nor when it is dwindled and limpid, but when it is subsiding, and in some degree clarifying. Now, the effect of increased drainage—by which we refer, not so much to the drains of the arable districts, as to the open 'sheep drains' of the pastoral districts at the water sources—is to bring down the water more quickly, and in greater volume, and then to carry it seaward with greater rapidity; thus making addition to the two extreme descriptions of water in which fish do not incline to travel, and making deduction from that happy medium which is their choice, and which is now, like Lear's wit, 'pared o' both 'sides till little is left in the middle.' Taking Scotland generally, the average of the statements we have received as to the decrease in the period of what is called the 'travelling condition' may be stated at one-half;—on the Tweed it has been considerably more. One consequence of this change is, that the fish are kept longer hanging about the mouths of the rivers, where, besides the numbers taken in the stake and bag nets, they fall a prey to their natural marine enemies; and also, we would suggest, are likely, after repeated failures in gaining the fresh water, to dwindle and die—in the same way that they are known to do in the converse case of being prevented, at their appointed season, from reaching the salt water. We



believe, also, that the changes caused by drainage tend to an increase in the destruction of ova — the greater suddenness and violence of the flood washing the spawn away when in process of deposition, or even after its being covered; the greater height of the flooded water tempting the spawning fish (which always seeks the shallows) to deposit its ova in higher and therefore more exposed positions; and the lower and more rapid subsidence of the waters increasing such perils as desiccation and frost. Except the Inspecting Commissioners of Fisheries for Ireland, who some years ago spoke hopefully of the 'expected' increase of drainage, with its consequent facilities for migration! no man doubts that what we have here been stating is accurate to a greater or less extent; and the more a man inquires and watches, the more, we feel convinced, will he tend towards our conclusion, that this cause of decrease, whilst it is unfortunately irremovable, is also very considerable.

The next cause of decrease which we have to adduce is also beyond reach — the extermination, or almost extermination, of salmon in many rivers, through *obstructions and pollutions* consequent on the rise of population and industry upon their banks. In numerous small rivers, where fish were plentiful even since the beginning of the century, they have been exterminated; and on some of the largest, such as the Thames and Tyne, they have dwindled to a fraction. The point, however, need not be dwelt upon. In this case, as in the preceding one, the particular evil is a general good, and equally irremediable; — we cannot, for the sake of salmon, dispense with minerals and manufactures, any more than with improved corn fields and sheep pastures.

An alleged cause of decrease, to which we come next, is *the killing of spawning fish in close time*. This falls, in two respects, under a different category from the foregoing. Although a great evil, it is *not*, we shall try to show, a cause of the decrease, and it *is* capable of removal. Our inquiries in all parts of the country have corroborated us in the opinion, — for it is held by every man who has attended to the matter, — that this destructive practice is not new and increasing, but old and diminishing. It is plain, therefore, that we cannot ascribe an increased and increasing effect to a diminished and diminishing cause. But, though this practice cannot account for the decrease in the number of fish compared with former periods, it is no less true that it is a great evil, the suppression of which would bring about an improvement on our present returns. It is, indeed, to the diminution of this practice of late, that we chiefly ascribe the fact of the supply of grilse or young fish having been so well maintained during the last twenty or thirty years, in spite of the increased severity of

the fishing which is shown by the rapidly diminishing numbers of the fish allowed to reach the 'salmon' stage; and (to anticipate a little) it is in this quarter that we hope to find a chief and certain means of remedy.

Another cause alleged for the decrease is *the brevity or mistiming of the close season*. It is certain, that both legislation and opinion on this point are jumbled and inconsistent. There are three different close seasons in Scotland — for the Solway (with several differences for the different waters *debouching* in that estuary), for the Tweed, and for the rivers north of Tweed; but there is no doubt that the last classification especially applies one rule to rivers differing very widely in the habits of their fish in respect to season. As a Highland laird very aptly expressed it to a Parliamentary Committee, 'To prohibit early rivers from beginning till late ones are ready is as sensible a plan as it would be to prohibit the farmers of England from cutting their crops till the harvest was ready in the Highlands.' At the same time, the point is surrounded with difficulties; and from the endless diversities of opinion regarding it, and regarding various legislative alterations which have been made of late years, we are inclined, (though of course holding generally that an earlier closing would increase the breed,) to suspect that the importance of the matter has been exaggerated. Before we have done, however, we intend to propose some alterations on the subject of the close season, proceeding on a new principle, though aiming at the same result — the general increase of the breed.

We come now to what we consider the chief cause of the mischief. It is, to express it in the first place roundly, **OVER-FISHING**. This over-fishing has been of two kinds, and to some extent of two dates. In the first place, by the old and ordinary mode of net-and-coble, in the lower or nettable portions of rivers, — which brought about the earlier of the two declensions above exhibited; next, by the comparatively new mode of stake and bag nets on the coast, — which, co-operating with the continued overworking of the former system, has mainly produced the more recent and still continuing decline.

First, as to the diminution caused through the over-fishing by the old or ordinary modes. That the efficiency or severity of the fishing would increase as the demand and the prices rose with the advance in population and means of transport, might be expected. One piece of evidence that the work was overdone, — that the killing was going far ahead of the breeding, — before any blame could be imputed to fixed or standing nets, will be found in whatever portion of the Tweed statistics given above

is of older date than 1824. And the facts from Tweed we have found to correspond with those from other rivers.

Some peculiar circumstances in the history of the Tay furnish us with demonstrative evidence of the serious consequences of an increase in the frequency or efficiency of net-and-coble fishing. About 1835, there came into operation an Act, called the Tay Navigation Act, one effect of which was, by the removal of obstructions, to give, on the whole, increased facilities for the working of the nets on the fisheries within tideway. The following abstract of a return regarding the fisheries of two proprietors, generally reckoned as possessing one-half of the entire fisheries of the tideway, show the result (although the whole change cannot be confidently ascribed to the Navigation Act, the four or five years ending 1830 having, from some natural causes, been years of low produce in almost all the chief Scottish rivers):—

*Ten Years (1825-34) before Navigation Act.*

		Salmon.	Grilse.
Greatest year	- - -	9,731	18,071
Smallest year	- - -	3,920	8,622
Total of the ten years	- - -	67,151	128,188
Annual average	- - -	6,715	12,818

*Ten Years (1836-45) after Navigation Act.*

		Salmon.	Grilse.
Greatest year	- - -	12,123	24,603
Smallest year	- - -	4,704	8,070
Total of the ten years	- - -	85,899	133,346
Annual average	- - -	8,589	13,335

So far so well. But take the fishings just next above those; which, from being beyond the tideway, and above Perth Bridge, did not partake in the benefits of the Navigation Act. In the same period during which the two tideway fisheries, by their improved working, had increased as the table shows, their neighbours next above had suffered a decrease (we have the figures, but need not trouble the reader with them) of nearly fifty per cent. ! This shows what increased efficiency in the use of the net-and-coble *can* do, and indicates what it actually did, without aid from the fixed nets, in decreasing the number of fish previously permitted to ascend and breed.

It is impossible to leave this part of the subject without making mention of the dishonourable practice lately adopted on many net-and-coble fisheries, of retaining and sending into consumption the Spring *kelts* or spent fish. These, which formerly used to be returned to the water, are now sent to the markets of the large inland towns where people are 'no judges.' Leeds,

for instance, seems to have quite a passion for unwholesome fish. It is well known that at least 5,000 of these wretched invalids were sent last season from the lower fisheries of Tweed. The law which prohibits unwholesome flesh should afford the same protection as to fish.

In coming to the second species of over-fishing, — fishing by fixed or standing nets, — we come to the chief culprit; and think we have got evidence against him, both curious and conclusive.

Fishing by stake and bag nets (the former being a species of net hung on stakes driven into the beach, with the cells or traps a little beyond low water, and the latter being a species kept stationary by anchorage, and ordinarily reaching some hundreds of feet beyond low water) is an invention only about twenty or thirty years old, as regards at least the principal salmon districts of Scotland; while, as regards England and Ireland, it is of still more recent date. It is not only novel, — it may be said to exist only through the omission or ignorance of the Legislature. The chief aim of legislation on the subject, both in England and Scotland, from Magna Charta downwards, has been to prevent the raising of 'standing-gear' in 'the run of the fish;' but this prohibition did not extend to the sea-coast, partly, perhaps, because that was not then known to be 'the run of the fish,' and partly because no sort of engine had at that time been invented capable of standing and acting effectively in the open sea. It has since, however, been discovered, — and most diligently has the discovery been put to use, — that the sea-coast is almost as much the course of the fish as is the channel of the river or estuary. The salmon returning to the fresh water does not lie off in mid-ocean, and then, as with a needle and compass, steer right into the river's mouth. It feels, or, as Sir Humphry Davy expressed it to the Committee of 1824, *scent*s its way along the shore for many miles. The distance from the river of which they are in search, or from any river, at which salmon begin, in nautical phrase, to 'hug the shore,' is greater than seems generally believed even by those who have paid some attention to the subject. A sail along almost any portion of the coast of Scotland, — say that long stretch from Buchanness to Fortrose, — will show that the shore is draped with salmon nets, with very little regard to the neighbourhood or distance of a river. To take a single illustration, we see in our mind's eye (but of course we speak of an actual case) a line of coast running out into a bold promontory, then trending inwards to form a bay five miles indented: — in the inmost corner of that bay stands a productive stake-net fishery, although there is at the place no

run of fresh water which would afford passage to a minnow, and no salmon river *debouches* within sixty miles. Here (and the fact is one of a multitude) it is proved that in the absence of any contiguous river, the salmon not only keep the shore, but follow its deepest and most sinuous indentations. The fact has been at last recognised by the Legislature in a recent act (7 & 8 Victoria, cap. 95.), which prohibits any but the proprietor of the fishery from taking salmon 'in any part of the sea within a mile of low-water mark, in Scotland.' This recognises the fact of the fish following the shore, but leaves unrestrained the misdoings, or (what in this case is the same thing,) the overdoings, of those who have taken such merciless advantage of the privilege they (we may say) accidentally possess.

In proving the destructiveness of fixed nets, we shall confine ourselves chiefly to two pieces of evidence, differing, as will be seen, in their character, but both leading clearly to conviction. Owing to legal doubts as to the precise nature of the localities in which standing engines were prohibited by the old Scotch statutes, fixed nets were erected in the Firth of the Tay in 1799, and, after much litigation, were finally declared illegal in 1812. The following figures — being an abstract of returns for two fisheries forming in value a half of the whole river, and situated immediately *above* the highest of the fixed-net fisheries, — tell their own story very forcibly : —

*Ten Years (1788-97) before Stake-nets.*

	Salmon.	Grilse.
Greatest year - - -	18,069	3,396
Smallest year - - -	7,372	586
Total of the ten years - -	108,747	22,107
Annual average - - -	10,874	2,211

*Ten Years (1801-10) during Stake-nets.*

	Salmon.	Grilse.
Greatest year - - -	14,845	4,756
Smallest year - - -	4,003	1,390
Total of the ten years - -	66,990	24,300
Annual average - - -	6,700	2,429

*Ten Years (1815-24) after Stake-nets.*

	Salmon.	Grilse.
Greatest year - - -	22,495	16,755
Smallest year - - -	6,266	6,142
Total of the ten years - -	113,168	112,204
Annual average - - -	11,316	11,220

These facts speak for themselves, or rather against themselves. The number of salmon taken at these two stations, forming, as we have said, one-half in value of the whole fisheries of the

Tay, was reduced one-third by the erection of stake-nets at the neighbouring fisheries, and again reached and greatly overpassed its former amount on their removal. The rent, it need hardly be observed, altered accordingly. In addition, we may mention that the number of boxes (each box containing about 100 lb. of fish) shipped from the river fisheries of the Tay in 1812, the last year of the stake-nets, was 1,175; in 1819, after they had been completely removed, 5,694.

It may be said, that these were stake-nets in an illegal position, and therefore not furnishing a fair criterion. Without leaving the same river, we can adduce other facts not open to this cavil. After the suppression of the nets in the estuary in 1812, they began to be erected on the open or ocean-coast of Forfarshire about 1819, and were in effective numbers about 1825. With what result? On the two extensive fisheries which we have been using for data, the take fell nearly half in the ten years following, sinking to a very little more than the amount to which it had been reduced during the operation of the stake-nets in the river. The number of salmon taken annually at one of those two fisheries had never been less than 10,000 for four years previous to the erection of the fixed nets on the coast; it has never once reached that number in the thirty years that have elapsed since. And, notwithstanding the increased productiveness of a portion of the net-and-coble fisheries occasioned by the Navigation Act (as shown above), the total river rental is at present one-fourth less than it was before the erection of the stake-nets twenty or forty miles off on the sea-shore. These facts go a long way to establish that fixtures on the shores are not much less effectively in the run of the fish than fixtures in the rivers. And we have even less exceptionable evidence to the same effect.

A local bill, called the Tweed Act, passed in 1830, prohibits all 'bar-nets' within five miles south, and four miles north of the river, which has the peculiarity of having no estuary, but changing at once from river to ocean. Passing over some attempts to erect fixed nets within these limits, by taking advantage of the looseness of the phrase 'bar-nets,' we go on to state that there are not any fixed nets in the Tweed district, except beyond the limits mentioned. Yet the number of salmon and grilse taken in two small clusters of nets, occupying only a few yards of beach, and removed along the open shore of the German Ocean five miles from the river, and from any run of water or indentation of coast indicating its neighbourhood, has been, on the average of the last four or five years, as closely

as we can get at the figures, one-half of the whole number taken in Tweed!

It will be observed that our statement regarding these fixed nets on the Tweed coast omits mention of trouts — and thereby hangs a strange, but, on examination, significant fact. On an average of the last twenty years, the number of trout taken annually in the river has been about equal to the take of grilse, and about four times the take of salmon: in these coast nets, on the contrary, the take of trout only reaches about a ninth of the take of grilse, and a fourth of the take of salmon. In other words, the net-and-coble takes three or four trouts for every salmon, while the fixed nets take three or four salmon and nine or ten grilses for one trout. The local fishermen explain the disparity by a difference in the habits or instincts of the two species of fish. The salmon or grilse, when he strikes the leader of the standing net, follows it out into the trap or chambers; the trout — whether it is that he is naturally more acute, or that, though of smaller size, he is ordinarily of greater age, and therefore of more knowledge of the world, even the fishermen cannot tell — flies, not *along* the leader, but *back* from it, and so greatly increases his chances of escape. Now, look at the above table of the produce of the Tweed from 1811 downwards, and it will be seen that the average proportion of trouts to salmon, during the earliest quinquennial period comprised in it, was as three to four; in the latest quinquennial period, as more than four to one! In the first year included in the return (and which we have ascertained to have shown the same proportions as several years preceding it), we had 38,500 salmon to 12,400 trout: in the last year, 48,000 trout to 7,500 salmon! This immense change in the proportion between the kind of fish that the fixed nets spare, and the kind that they capture, is of obvious, and we might say, terrible significance.

In farther illustration of this curious and important point, we give the proportions of all the three divisions of fish, taken respectively by the shore and by the river fisheries in the Tweed district, calculated on an average of seven years. For every 100 salmon, the shore takes 313 grilse, 34 trouts; the river, 438 grilse, 333 trouts. For every 100 grilse, the shore takes 32 salmon, 12 trouts; the river, 23 salmon, 76 trouts.

The facts procured by the Committee of Irish proprietors at present sitting (of some of whose documents we have been favoured by an inspection), are strikingly demonstrative of the rapidity and certainty with which fixed nets reduce the number of fish in whatever locality they are erected: and the Committee, although fairly representative of the general interests, have re-

solved to go to Parliament, praying, on that evidence, that this species of fishing may be placed under new regulations and limitations.

It is worth noting of fixed nets, that in proportion to their destructiveness, they afford very little employment to labour. Compared with sweep-nets plying on even the best stations, half the number of men will work an equal number of nets, and take three times the number of fish. On the other hand, the annual tear and wear for a fixed-net station is very considerably greater than for a net-and-coble station.

Another fixed engine called a *cruive* requires mention, though a brief one will suffice. It is a wall running across the river, with the intention, or rather pretence, of taking only fish of about ten pounds weight, letting the smaller pass, giving a free passage to all on Sundays, and giving all a *chance* during floods. In practice, however, these engines take almost all the fish their proprietors choose to take. But, though exceedingly destructive, they are not very numerous, and cannot increase, existing as they do only by ancient prescription; and we dismiss them by remarking, that, when the Legislature comes to deal with them, it may not find even their proprietors much disinclined to listen to reason, as many of the proprietors, though only on the most disastrous evidence, have of late years been brought to the conviction, and even to acting on it, that these engines are wasteful and self-devouring.

And now we come to the grand question of *cure*. The chief cure we propose, the one to which all the rest are only supplementary or subsidiary, is simply this, *Allow more fish to be bred*.

When we look at the circumstances and the localities in which salmon are bred, and those in which they are killed, the wonder seems to be, not that the supply of this noble fish should be so rapidly diminishing and deteriorating, as that even its immense natural powers of reproduction should have hitherto been able to prevent its absolute extinction. The seed is sown above, and the harvest is reaped below. Those who sow do not reap, and those who reap do not sow: — what then more natural and certain than that both processes should be performed ill? There is too little sowing, and too much reaping. Those on whose land or in whose waters the seed is sown say, ‘The fish are never allowed to reach us till the law prohibits us from killing them; why should we incur trouble, expense, and offence, for the benefit of the very people who do their utmost to intercept what nature sends us?—let the poachers work their will.’ Those who reap say, ‘The people above will take no care of



‘these fish; let us by any means capture all we can, careless of the future,—it will last our time,’ that time being seldom so much as a five years’ lease. And so, between these two operations—between a careless and wasteful seed-time, and a rigorous reaping and gleaning—the crops are becoming poorer and poorer, and the harvest-grounds hastening to absolute sterility.

The course taken to counteract these evils, has consisted of attempts on the part of the reapers of the harvest (to continue our illustration), by taxing themselves, to carry out a vicarious superintendence of the seed-sowing. But this device is exceedingly costly and very ineffective. Thus, on the Tweed, a river of average natural circumstances, and regulated by a stringent special Act of Parliament, the proprietors pay 20 per cent. of their rental for this purpose, with what trifling effect is known to every man throughout the far-spreading districts from which the Border river gathers its waters. In the main stream, and in its multitudinous tributaries, thousands upon thousands of fish are slaughtered every winter in the very act of spawning. And how could it be otherwise? The whole cavalry of the British army constantly on the canter—and it would take a good deal more than the whole of the Tweed rental to maintain *that* force even during close-time—would scarcely be effective to watch a river having a main stream of a hundred miles, and innumerable tributaries and sub-tributaries, hidden in the most sinuous recesses of the Southern Highlands, so long as the people on the banks have not only no interest in preventing mischief, but are actually or by collusion themselves the perpetrators. The remedy is plain. One proprietor or farmer interested by getting a share of the produce, would be worth a troop of dragoons. The concession on the part of the lower proprietors which would purchase this invaluable assistance, is, as we shall show, not only exceedingly trifling in amount, as well as being morally an act of honesty and fair play; but would in the end, and even in a season or two, amply repay those proprietors for the degree of partnership they might thus concede.

We admit at once the argument, sure to be thrown up in our way, that salmon taken in or near the sea are the best for food. Although honest—but, as regards salmon, utterly ignorant—Izaak Walton has stated, ‘It is observed that the farther they get from the sea they be both the fatter and better,’ we admit that his statement is just the reverse of the fact. A fish in maidenhood is more wholesome than a fish tending towards the family way. But then, for the propagation of the species, it is absolutely necessary that a certain proportion should be allowed to get into the

latter condition. Doubtless, a wether, or an unmarried ewe, makes the best mutton; but if there were no rams and no breeding ewes, there would soon be no mutton at all; and if, in haste to be rich, every farmer were to kill every succeeding year all the sheep and lambs he could lay hands on, without thinking how the stock was to be kept up or reproduced, we should soon have in sheep something like what has been going on in the case of salmon. But there is no actual parallel in recklessness and wastefulness. If any proprietor used game as every proprietor uses salmon, 'shooting down the hens,' and not letting one head escape which by any means, fair or foul, he could possibly destroy, nobody can doubt the sure and early result. And yet, to make even this a parallel to the case of salmon, we must suppose that, in addition to his own reckless slaughter, the proprietor had no ground on which game would breed, and nevertheless so acted as to make enemies of those on whose grounds they did breed, and who had the eggs and the young at their mercy.

There is, however, a self-curative tendency in such doings, and it has begun to work. The produce and rents of sea-shore as well as of river fisheries have, during these two or three years, been falling rapidly, and not a few have been abandoned altogether as no longer profitable. Take, for instance, the north-west coast of Sutherland. Bag-nets were introduced there about twenty years ago: for the first half of the period which has since elapsed they prospered splendidly; during the later half they have fallen away to worthlessness. In the season of 1839 they produced upwards of 16,000 salmon; in the season of 1850, although the number of bag-nets on the same extent of coast had been doubled, they produced only 1300: in other words, they have sunk to a twelfth, or, allowing for the engines of capture having been doubled in number, to a twenty-fourth. These nets, which paid an annual rent of 900*l.* to the Duke of Sutherland, have this season been entirely abandoned. The Duke of Richmond has also this season thrown out of use a large portion of his fixed nets on the coast near the Spey. To take one more instance out of many at our service, the net-fisheries (principally fixed) at the mouth of the Ayrshire Doon, have within these few years fallen two-thirds. In facts like these lies no small part of our hopes of remedy. So long as the lower proprietors, especially shore proprietors, were thriving at the expense of their neighbours, and in spite of the diminution of fish, entreaty and warning were of little use; but there are hopes of reason and equity being listened to now, when these same proprietor-

are being made to feel that they have been committing slow suicide, or, to use a stable phrase, 'eating off their own heads.'

The law, however, must apply and enforce the cure. To wait till it be resorted to under voluntary mutual arrangement, would be to wait till human nature had become wise and pure. We would have the law deal, not alone, but first and chiefly, with the fixed nets.\* Remarks will be made not applicable to anything we have to propose, though proper enough in themselves, as to the difficulty and delicacy of dealing with property. We offer three answers:—First, a great many of those nets, even in a strictly legal view, are *not* property, but have now been declared by the law to be the reverse of property—that is, encroachment and usurpation. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests have recently brought the case of these encroachments before the Scotch law courts. The question is not, the reader must understand, whether fixed nets are legal on the sea-coast, but whether salmon fishing can be carried on there by any engines, except on ground holding charter for that purpose from the Crown. The Woods and Forests took the case of a Kincardineshire landed proprietor, who had erected a salmon fishery in the sea *ex adverso* of his land, though possessing no charter. The words of the summons are 'That all the salmon fishings round the coast of Scotland, and in the estuaries, bays, and rivers thereof, in so far as the same have not been granted to any of our subjects by charter or otherwise, belong to us *jure coronæ*, and form part of the hereditary revenues of the Crown in Scotland.' This principle was confirmed a few weeks ago by a unanimous decision of the Scotch judges. Begin, then, we say, by getting rid of such portion of the Scotch coast fisheries as are thus declared not to be private property in any sense whatever. In the second place: Even those coast fisheries which are chartered and legal, have been, so far as regards fixed nets, property formed out of the destruction of other property, and to a great extent through omission or ignorance on the part of the Legislature. We have already seen how they originated, and how invariably, as they arose, the other and older fisheries on which the law had laid its restraining hand, dwindled away; but by way of refreshing the reader's memory, we may here add an instance not before used. Fixed-net fisheries, drawing in late years an annual rental of 4000*l.*, have sprung up within twenty years, out of almost nothing, on a small portion of the coast at Aberdeen; and in the same period, the value of the Dee and Don, the rivers in which are bred all the fish supplying these coast fisheries, has sunk at least three-fourths. And all the while that this transference has been going on, the losers have

in many cases been actually paying, over and above their losses, for the benefit and encouragement of the gainers. The Tweed proprietors, for instance, are mulcted of one-fourth of their rents for the protection of fish, one-third of which are taken by their new rivals on the sea-shore, who contribute not one farthing. Lastly: What we propose is not of the nature of a permanent diminution of the fixed-net fisheries, but will work, if not actually for their ultimate augmentation, at least for their salvation from the destruction obviously coming upon them.

In suggesting how the fixed nets should be regulated so as to fish less mercilessly, we are met and encouraged by the fact that they at present possess as to time an actual advantage over the older and less harmful modes. The latter are *out* from Saturday till Monday; the former never cease from evil through the entire season. To those who have little the law gives less; to those who have much the law gives more. The Commons' Committee of 1836 asked a witness, 'Do you ever hear any objections on the part of the clergy against breaking the Sabbath by fishing those nets?' and the answer was, 'No.' Not the only evidence on record that the clergy, in the matter of the Day of Rest, are very apt to leave undone what they ought to have done, and to do what they ought to have left undone. If all men were honest, there would be no difficulty whatever in stopping the working of fixed nets for any specified portion of a week; bag-nets can be rendered inoperative by merely slackening a rope which may be fixed to the dry beach; and stake-nets, though in stormy weather there might be some difficulty in setting them off work at a fixed hour, can be easily disabled at the time of low water. But there is an insuperable difficulty in this: — as almost all the visible parts of the nets would still be left in the water, it would take a practised eye constantly on the alert to know whether the fishing was going on or not. In these circumstances, the favourite idea of compelling the sea-shore fisheries to shut at least as many hours per week as their neighbours, must, we fear, be abandoned as impracticable. There is, however, an obvious and superior alternative. These nets are removed altogether—leaders and chambers—during the close time. Let *their* close time be lengthened. This would not only get over the difficulty just mentioned, but would be more powerful for good, by removing also the leaders, which, though without the chambers they can *catch* no fish, have yet a pernicious effect in frightening and dispersing the shoals. The extent to which this restriction should be carried (the Committee of Irish Proprietors propose only fourteen days) is a matter

of detail on which we cannot here enlarge. But we would say at once, that the season at which the curtailment should be made ought to be autumn, not spring. The fish got in spring by the fixed nets (for they do not, to any extent, capture spent fish, or kelts, who on their return to the sea seem to run straight outwards from the river mouth, shunning the shore) are, though few, high-priced and clean; those taken in autumn, though many, are low-priced and foul.

If some measure of this nature were applied to the fixed nets, the net-and-coble, to which part of the decline has been traced, could not hope to be left unregulated. For reasons already stated, we would decline to make any proposal as to altering their yearly close time; but we would accomplish the same end more simply and as effectively by adding to their weekly close time. Our proposal is, that in addition to Sunday, the fish should, in the case of river nets, be allowed a clear run up on (say) *Wednesday*. If it be objected that this is reducing those fisheries to the extent of a sixth, we reply, first, that the proposal is made only as part or sequel of a proposal to curb sharply the great rivals of the river fisheries; and next, that it is fitted ultimately for their benefit, and to put a stop to that reduction which for a series of years has sometimes amounted to a sixth annually.

The fact, that if more fish were bred there would be more to be killed, we assume as undeniable. It is to such improvement as has of late years been effected on this point, that we must ascribe the long-continued supply of the younger fish already remarked on. As it was put to the Committee of 1836 by a stake-net tenant paying 15,000*l.* a year of rent, 'There are now more fish bred, and they are killed at an earlier age.' Or take a converse case:—the Nith, in Dumfriesshire, has been left unprotected, and its salmon have now become all but extinct. The lower proprietors, however, themselves acknowledge the fact, by expending, as we have seen in the case of the Tweed, much money in ineffectual attempts at protecting the breeding. The real question is, how and by what concession the upper proprietors can be made interested in performing this office. We do not think the answer difficult. Owing to the great demand for rod-fishing of late years, the passage upwards of an utterly insignificant portion of fish is capable of creating a valuable upper or rod-fishery. We give one or two illustrations out of many within our knowledge. The rivers Lochy and Spean, entering the sea at Fort William, after having been exhausted as net fisheries, have been let for the rod at an annual rent of 470*l.*; and the number of fish caught last year was 137! The assessed amount of rental of the rod-fishings of Tweed, a pro-

perty that may be said to have come into existence within about twenty years, is upwards of 1,000*l.*; but as such of them as are used by the proprietors themselves are assessed, not at what they would let for, but at the profit which their produce would sell for, and which seldom amounts to a tenth of the rent that would be paid by sportsmen — the real lettable value of the whole we put down, from data in our possession, at not less than 2,000*l.* per annum. On careful inquiry, we learn that the number of fish killed last year in the water thus worth 2,000*l.* a year did not reach 700! The price of these fish in rent alone, exclusive of the heavy expense of keepers, boats, &c., may be set down at 3*l.* each! Even in a year of small capture, 100,000 fish taken in the river nets produce a rent of only 5000*l.*, or one shilling each! For every shilling's worth, therefore, that the lower proprietors allow to pass, they give the upper proprietors 3*l.* worth of interest in protecting the breed.

The plans we have proposed, however, though they, or something like them, are necessary steps towards the end sought, will not fully attain it. Besides letting more fish up, we must give the upper proprietors time to kill a few. This principle has already been recognised by the Legislature, in keeping open the rod-fishing season on some rivers for two or for three weeks after the net-fishing is shut; the object being, as expressed by the Committee of 1836, 'to interest in the improvement of the fishery the heritors upon the upper parts of the rivers, who chiefly possess the opportunity and power to protect the fish during the breeding season.' Nothing can be more sound in principle; but it is found that the chance of continuous floods during the days of grace are so slender as not to give the proprietors, on whose grounds the fish chiefly breed, any interest whatever in the matter. We have seen that on the Tweed an enormous rent is given for every 'cast' where there is any reasonable chance of getting a few straggling fish during the present open season; but, nevertheless, at this moment by far the greater proportion of the fish spawn on ground which pays no rent, and which, therefore, nobody takes care of. Now, we have what may seem a bold, but what we maintain to be a safe and a tolerably certain, project, for conferring without cost an interest on the proprietors of the chief spawning grounds. It is to *legalise rod-fishing all the year round*.\*

\* In the course of drawing up this paper, we learned that we had been forestalled in this proposal by an article contributed to the 'Scottish Journal of Agriculture,' in January, 1847, by Mr. John Younger, St. Boswell's. That article is worthy the attention of

In explanation of this seemingly paradoxical proposal, we must call to mind, in the first place, that unless the proprietors of the higher and chief breeding grounds are allowed to kill in the present close time, they are not allowed to kill at all, and consequently their services in protecting cannot be obtained. The fish do not much incline to push up to the higher reaches of the river until after the present open season; and, though they did, the nets would intercept all but a mere fraction of them. Next, it is an entire mistake to think that fish in the act of spawning will be killed by the rod as they are now by the net and leister. A fish on its *redd* will not take a lure, and lies in water where every angler knows it would be hopeless to cast a line. The fish taken by the rod in winter would be taken in the same haunts and in much the same condition as those killed by the rod in the same reaches of the river during autumn—that is, waiting and resting in streams and deeps on their way to their spawning beds. So soon as they lie down to spawn, the angler's chances end, and (under the present system) the poacher's certainties begin. For it must be kept in view that the choice is not between rod-fishing and no-fishing, but between rod-fishing and a species of fishing a thousand times more destructive. As things stand, the man who respects the law is prevented taking a fish by the rod, and therefore does not trouble himself about the multitudes who have no respect for the law, but who go out under night, and from one stream, and at one haul of the net (we speak facts), sweep off forty fish in the very act of spawning. In a word, what we propose is the substitution of a species of winter-fishing under which the slain would count only by scores, for a species under which the butchered count by tens of thousands.

In part payment for this favour to the upper proprietors, we would prohibit, for all seasons, the butcherly and destructive practice of spearing, thereby making a leister for salmon as illegal and as disreputable an instrument as a snare for pheasants. We would also put down what are called *cairn* nets, *i. e.* nets fixed to small *piers* standing out from the river bank.

inquirers, displaying (though we think John a little *twisted* on one or two points) thorough practical knowledge, and no small power of vigorous thinking and writing. Mr. Younger (whom some readers may recognise as having played the part of *lion* for a brief period last year in London, under the auspices of Lord Ashley), though filling no higher station than that of village shoemaker, is intellectually a man of mark, and well known to the residents and many of the visitors of his own loved Border land, as a fine specimen of sturdy Scottish intellect and character.

But the chief payment the upper proprietors would make, and it cannot but prove ample payment, would be, that for their own interests they should check the present wholesale slaughter of the breeding fish, a service which they and none but they have the means of performing.

Such, then, are the remedies which we maintain would be effective; but for persons who are unsatisfied, or despairing, because of the difficulties of effecting re-adjustments where the interests are complicated and partially conflicting, we have an alternative bold but sound. We have tried to show modes of unloosing the undeniable entanglements of the question — we now suggest a mode by which they may be cut.

We hold that the whole system of salmon fishing, whether by fixed or moving nets, proceeds on a false plan, bequeathed from times when circumstances were quite different, and that it performs expensively and ill what might be performed cheaply and well. Our radical reform is this, — to erect or work in each river, at such place or several places as might be most suitable, some engine which shall, with alternations properly regulated, take every fish which ascends to it, or allow all to pass, dividing the produce among the proprietors of the present fisheries in such proportions as shall be ascertained to be equitable.

That such an engine is quite possible, there is no doubt. Indeed, the whole aim of legislation hitherto has been to prevent the erection of anything resembling it. Keeping, then, this fact in view, how foolish and wasteful the present system appears when scrutinised! The salmon does and must travel for the whole extent of his fresh-water journey along a road, so to speak, of a few yards wide. At any part of that road we can erect a bar or pit-fall, by which we can, when we wish, infallibly catch him, or through which, when it suits our end, we can let him pass unmolested. But instead of that, we prohibit all such bars, and set some hundreds of men at some scores of stations to make shots at him as he darts past, shooting, too, be it remembered, in the dark! There is nothing analogous to this to be found anywhere, keeping in mind that the killing is for profit only. It is as if a warrener should come among his rabbits with hundreds of beaters and terriers, instead of quietly placing his traps at the mouths of the burrows. Nay, that is but a feeble similitude; for there are hundreds of holes in the warren, and but one passage in the river. Although salmon-netting is not performed for sport, it really amounts, when examined and described, to a very costly, unnecessary, and unamusing fish hunt.

Let the reader descend with us for a few minutes into the



German Ocean, somewhere about Holy Island, and accompany a short way an individual of the species *salmo salar*, on his return, after months spent in the deep hiding-places where neither human eye nor human knowledge has ever yet been able to follow him. And who can regard him without interest! He is on his first return to his native place, far up in 'bonnie 'Teviotdale,' or among 'the dowie dens of Yarrow;' and (which is more important to the present subject of discourse), he is on his marriage jaunt. But he is in haste,—and so are we. Onward he goes, with a rush and a bound. Bump! he has run on the first of thirty standing nets which festoon the beach of Goswick. By extraordinary good luck, he gets past the traps, and out among the waiting seals and porpoises. After a sharp run, this fortunate fish escapes into the mouth of the river,—and whiz! goes a net before his nose, ere he has enjoyed two minutes of the fresh water. During his first hour's possession of his new element, or three miles' progress, the same attempt has been repeated somewhere about a score of times. A change in the sport is then offered for his amusement. The shooting is no longer done at random, and he sails upwards thinking he has left all the fun behind; but chancing in his careless happiness to show a fin or make a ripple in passing a 'ford,' a resounding 'Pow!' (which is the Berwick or Northumbrian euphonism for *pull*), proceeds from the watcher, and a boat's crew, rushing from the shelving, shoot a net right across his passage, beyond him and around him. Again, let us imagine him in luck, and to pass in this exhilarating manner upwards of fifty stations, each of them with two nets, to say nothing of some ninety cairn nets, which, at every spot where he is likely to seek rest, are set up for his reception. This brings him and us as far as Coldstream Bridge, where we shall leave him to cleave onward to new dangers, for he is only 'saved to-day, to-morrow to be slain,'—to fall by the rod of a Duke at Kelso, or (which is at least quite as likely) by the leister of a weaver at Peebles. But what is the summary of his career thus far? He has roused to the chase 350 men; there have been expended on him, in wages and materials alone, (such is our careful calculation), at least 10*l*.; he was worth 2*s*. 1*d*.; and he's off!

This, of course, is an extreme case; take, then, one of an opposite character. Instead of a single fish, a shoal, or, as it is technically called, a *head* have come up. The same engines are set to work, but with great success. Out of 500, 490 are captured, and ten make their way onward, five (say) to be killed by the Dukes or the weavers, (as the fish killed by the rod last

year were 700 to about 90,000 killed by the net, it will be seen that we are stating fairly,) and five to spawn; and the same thing is possibly repeated, tide after tide, for weeks. For this extreme case, and for all conceivable cases, our plan assuredly would be an immense improvement on things as they are.

Such an engine as we propose, and as is known to be perfectly practicable, would neither expend money and labour in a blind and unsuccessful attempt to take a single fish, nor slaughter all that entered for a week, without regard either to the interests of those above, or to the providing of a supply for the future. It would, under such regulations as should be agreed on, capture all within a certain proportion of time, and let all go free within the remaining proportion. And it would do all this at a mere fraction of the expense of the present more harmful and less productive system. On the Tweed, at this moment, the cost of labour and materials absorbs about two-thirds of the selling-price of the fish. That is the cost of fishing the river by fifty stations. Our plan would work it by *one*. Besides, the fifth of the rent, which is taken for protection, would be saved under our system. And it must not be supposed that the Tweed is an unfairly selected instance. On the contrary, if we had taken the Tay, where the cost of working bears to the value of the produce the same proportion as on Tweed, and where there are between eighty and ninety stations, with two boats and two nets at each, we should have brought out results at least as effective for our purpose.

In dealing with the various interests concerned in such a change, we foresee no difficulties which the law may not easily and equitably overcome. In the times in which the existing system arose it would have been absurd to hope for reasonable co-operation towards such an object; and the law, being too weak and loose to enforce submission to arrangements for the general good, could only prohibit whatever would give a local or individual monopoly, and then abandon all to the barbarous and wasteful system of 'catch who can.' But circumstances have now changed, and the road to a more rational method is open to us. The absolute and relative value of every salmon-fishing property being now pretty well ascertained, let the proportion which the share of each proprietor bears to the whole of his river or district be settled by arbitration and evidence, and let that be the proportion which he shall draw from the one common or general fishery. In making such an arrangement, some men would doubtless think that they had been allotted less than their share, but certainly no man would be made worse off than

he is at present, to say nothing of what, under the existing system, he is likely soon to become.

The plan thus roughly outlined, we do not propound without due consideration, and would fain hope that the parties most directly interested will not condemn it, unless they can find some stronger ground than its novelty and apparent daring.

In honesty we cannot conclude without giving place to two facts which at first view seem rather discouraging. One is, that there is room for suspecting that the idea that salmon invariably seek their native river has been carried too far; as also for doubting, whether the tendency which is ascribed to a mysterious and unerring instinct has any other source than the simple fact of the distance of river mouths from each other. Certainly, there is very little that can be called evidence on the subject, and of that little much is demonstrably fallacious. For instance, Mr. Robert Buist, of Perth, one of the most intelligent, and therefore one of the most diffident, witnesses before the Committee of 1836, adduces the fact of his having seen fish making immense efforts to ascend the Almond, a tributary of the Tay, as evidence 'that salmon return to the river where they are bred.' But Mr. Buist's evidence is very much shaken by the fact that the fish are seen, year after year, struggling to ascend rivers where no fish have been born for generations, and that too in the case both of rivers emptying themselves into the sea, and of those which are inaccessible tributaries of rivers where salmon *do* breed. For instance, the erection of a dam-dike at the manufacturing town of Galashiels, has for many years prevented a single fish ascending the Gala, a tributary of the Tweed, and yet hundreds of fish are to be seen vainly striving to leap the barrier any day after an autumn flood. At the same time, there are indubitable facts of an opposite tendency — as the fact of breeding fish having been artificially placed in certain rivers in Sutherlandshire, where salmon had never been seen before; years after which, salmon, apparently of their progeny, pushed up these rivers and spawned. The doubt existing on this point is obviously connected with those other evils which the salmon meets with during his career, and which human laws, as they do not cause neither can they cure. Lately obtained data go to show that the number of fish which return to their native river, or apparently to any river, bear to the number which are known to descend as smolts and kelts an exceedingly, we may say, a lamentably small proportion. About half-a-dozen years ago, a great number of kelts were marked on the Tay by the Duke of Atholl and others, and an impression has got abroad that the number of re-captures

was very great, so great as to demonstrate the return of a large proportion of the fish to the river. The fact, however, was quite the reverse. Of the marked fish not five per cent. have ever been seen again. We have ascertained corroborative facts regarding the Tweed. In 1845, marks were carefully attached to 30,000 smolts descending that river, not one of whom has ever come to hand. As an intimation of the fate of myriads of these infant salmon, it may be mentioned that the fishermen at the foot of Tweed have sometimes taken at a single haul of the net 200 of the fish called *saiths*, each with seven or eight smolts in its paunch. In the spring of 1849, 1,000 kelts were marked in the Tweed, only three of which have since given an account of themselves — two in the river, and one thirty miles along the coast. Although it is our duty to mention these facts, we can indulge in no remarks on them, save this: The unknown agents of destruction which they indicate, have probably been at work since the creation, and they certainly co-existed with that abundance which we should now be well content to restore. So considered, they form inducements, and not dissuasions, in our endeavour to find in our own legislation or practices the origin and the remedy of the recent decline. To neglect being careful of the fish in the river, because so many of them are lost in the sea, would be as reasonable as to argue that it is not worth while to prevent the destruction of the roe, since, according to a calculation by Sir Humphry Davy, out of 17,000 eggs deposited by each fish, only 800 naturally come to perfection.

It is not likely that where so many persons of influence and eminence happen to be interested, any long time will now be suffered to pass without the subject coming once more before the Legislature. In 1843 the Duke of Richmond brought some derogatory epithets upon his head by complaining that the admission of salmon from Norway under Sir Robert Peel's tariff, had reduced, or would reduce, his salmon rental by 2,000*l.* a-year. The truth is, that this specific cause of decline never existed, save in the Duke's hasty terrors. We happen to know this from the chief salmon salesman of Billingsgate. He has stated to us, that the importation, which is solely from Holland and Norway (oddly enough, there was a considerable *export* seventy or eighty years ago from Aberdeen to Holland, France, and Spain), is utterly trifling, and is yearly decreasing. Nevertheless, his Grace's rents *have* notoriously declined beyond the figures he stated, and are continuing to decline — and his is no exceptional case. The cause lies nearer home than Norway, and there is no time to be lost in verifying and removing it.

ART. III.—*The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey.*  
London: 1850.

POETS have become much more important personages with the public in the nineteenth century, if the length of their memoirs may be taken as a standard of the interest which they excite. The longest of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets'—that of Dryden—does not equal in length a twentieth part of the memoirs of Byron or Crabbe; the most minute—that of Savage—enters on far fewer details than the Life of Scott. In the 'Correspondence of Southey' we are again presented with an array of volumes, equal in bulk and number to the 'Lives' of men who have guided the councils or added to the empire of the British crown. The future biographers of British bards will inherit no easy task.

The fashion of incorporating an author's correspondence with the general narrative in some measure accounts for the amplitude of such memoirs. Quirini, in his Life of Cardinal Pole, was, we believe, the first person who conceived the idea of making distinguished men their own chroniclers. His example was followed by Middleton, by Mason, and Hayley; and the Lives of Cicero, of Gray, and Cowper are still read, and sometimes re-published. The advantages of Quirini's plan are obvious. Where the subject of the memoir was 'a good correspondent,' we enjoy in his letters the nearest substitute for conversation with him. The disadvantages of such epistolary records are, however, in some cases, considerable. Editors are too apt to forget that a half is sometimes better than the whole. A series of letters almost inevitably involves repetition; especially when the writer of them, like Cowper and Southey, has passed much of his time in domestic or studious seclusion. We do not become tired of Walpole, because he writes of Newcastle and Pitt as well as of Pattypan and old china. But Cowper's recurring bulletins of the progress of his 'Homer' frequently make us wish for more variety or fewer letters. The topics of Southey's correspondence are, it is true, more varied than those of the recluse of Olney. His literary connexions were more numerous, and he had not wholly shut out the world. But, on the other hand, Southey did not possess Cowper's genial humour. He was less observant; he was less contemplative; and, from being irritably alive to literary fame, he deemed that no subjects could be so welcome to his correspondents as the conception, progress, and fortunes of his rapidly planned and nearly as

rapidly finished quartos and octavos. In themselves the letters are lively and original, and, with a few exceptions of early date, easy and unaffected; nor would it be difficult to select from the volumes before us some of the most finished specimens of their author's delightful style. Their juxtaposition and number alone mar, in some degree, their individual beauty.

Whether Mr. Cuthbert Southey be the most appropriate biographer of the late Laureate we have some doubt. In his preface, indeed, he roundly asserts his superior claim to the pious office; and so far as regards honesty of purpose and reverential feeling, he has unquestionably made good his claim. His position, however, disqualified him, on many accounts, for being much more than an editor of the paternal memoirs. From his hands we could not expect a comprehensive or impartial scrutiny of Southey's station in literature, of his relations to his contemporaries, or of his influence, either as a critic or as an original writer, upon the taste and opinions of his age. A Life of Southey, so executed, would have demanded from his son a stoicism which no one had any right to exact, and which might, indeed, have seemed an inversion of the *patria potestas*. For these reasons we cannot place the volumes before us upon a level with the classical lives of Scott and Byron. We can easily imagine a more graphic portraiture of the original than we have found in them; and we must regard them, therefore, on the whole rather as materials for the future biographer, than as the record which the public expected or Robert Southey deserved. With all these abatements, our obligations to Mr. Cuthbert Southey are still considerable. He has made an important addition to our epistolary literature, and he has furnished us with new motives to admire the genius and revere the memory of his father.

The verdict of this Journal on the works and intellectual position of Southey has been often and unreservedly delivered; and, after reconsidering these former judgments, we find in them little to modify or reverse. In many important questions,—literary, political, and ethical,—we differ as before. We thought him often arrogant in his treatment of contemporaries, and eccentric in his views of events and parties—and we think so still. We always bore cordial testimony to his private worth, to his manifold acquirements, to the excellence of some of his writings, and to the singular beauty of his language; and so far, if there be any change in our former impressions, it is in his favour. Indeed, our admiration of his many admirable qualities has been increased by the publication of his 'Correspondence,' and we now advert to our dissent from him, only that in sur-

veying for the last time his private and literary career, we may be relieved from the painful duty of again controverting his opinions or again protesting against his occasionally harsh judgments. Death, the great reconciler, has disarmed, even of their sound and fury, the hard names which he vouchsafed us in his books, and pretty liberally repeats in his letters. But these 'terms of improprietation,' as Sir Thomas Browne calls them, neither dwell in our memories nor revive our griefs: and to us Robert Southey, like Plutarch's heroes, has become as one whose failings are written in water and whose virtues are recorded on tablets more enduring than monumental brass.

His life may be most conveniently divided into three periods — his boyhood and residence at Oxford; his scheme, or rather dream, of Pantisocracy, with its immediate results; and his adoption of literature as a profession. Over each of these, our limits permit us to take only a brief glance. The letters will be their best illustration, and to them we must refer our readers. Had Southey, indeed, as he once purposed, become his own biographer, we should have possessed a volume of at least equal merit with Gibbon's 'Memoir of his Life and Writings.' The seventeen letters of autobiography, which usher in Mr. Cuthbert Southey's narrative, and comprise the family and personal history of his father during the first fifteen years of his life, are so interesting and so pictorial that we feel nearly as much regret at his leaving the work of self-portraiture incomplete, as at his unfulfilled design of a History of the Monastic Orders. His general letters and the biographical prefaces to the later editions of his poems in some measure supply the loss; but we miss in them the selection and condensation in which no one was better skilled than himself. In this brief preliminary sketch of his boyhood, his felicity in grouping and narrating is as conspicuous as in his finished *Lives of Nelson and Cowper*.

The family of Southneys, from which the poet descended, was settled in Somersetshire in the seventeenth century, and appears to have generally consisted of substantial yeomen, who would now rank with the second order of country gentlemen. One of his ancestors was out in Monmouth's insurrection; but fortunately for himself, and the future Rodericks and Kebamas, he managed to elude Judge Jeffries' search-warrants. Another married a niece or cousin of John Locke's, — an alliance of which most persons would be proud, but which Southey rather petulantly undervalues. The author of the 'Book of the Church' had, indeed, few sympathies with the philosopher of the 'Human Understanding,' still less with

the writer of the 'Letters on Toleration.' The families of the Bradfords, Hills, and Tylers successively mingled lot and lineage with the Southey's. Of these the Tylers afforded the poet a most eccentric aunt, and the Hills, a most justly-revered uncle. By one of those evil chances which befall the choice of a vocation in life, Southey's father, whom nature had marked out for a gamekeeper, was apprenticed to a linendraper in Bristol, became, in due time, a master-draper, took a hare, in token of his proper instincts, for a device, failed in business, and bequeathed to his son an estate similar to Joseph Scaliger's, — 'the best part whereof lay under his hat.' Of this unlucky father Southey records next to nothing: from his mother, whose maiden name was Hill, he seems to have inherited his well-defined and shapely profile, and the groundwork, at least, of his moral and intellectual character. Before closing our account of Southey's ancestors we must remark upon his singular ill-luck with respect to pecuniary bequests. Two of his paternal uncles, childless themselves, left their property away from him; and one of them, 'worth nearly a plum,' refused to aid him when his father had become insolvent. He was thus destined to be the architect of his own fortune, and to learn a nobler use of money than his succession to a million would probably have taught him.

Robert Southey was born at Bristol on the 12th of August, 1774. Happily, however, for him, his childhood was not passed amid the narrow streets of one of the dingiest of cities, but at a farm-house, 'about half an hour's walk from Bristol,' the home of his maternal grandmother. The house at Bedminster, with its quaint garden and antique furniture, its paved court-yard and its porch covered with jasmine, was just the quiet homestead which might have suggested an Elia to Lamb, and which has really supplied Southey himself with some hints for his description of Daniel Dove's patrimonial cottage. Here, while Mrs. Hill survived, his holidays were spent, and here, too, he probably imbibed his deep love for country-life; although as little of his father's tastes for country-sports had descended to him as of any other inheritance. The only patrimony he acknowledges to, is, 'the drowsiness of his father;' when accounting for the proportion of sleep which he allowed himself. On Mrs. Hill's decease he removed with his aunt, Miss Tyler, to a village nearer Bristol; and he afterwards accompanied that eccentric lady in her subsequent removals until his summary ejection from her roof. Over his gentler mother the said aunt exercised the full prerogatives of an elder sister, as in truth she seems to have ruled all around her with a rod of iron. Had the first volume of these letters been



published a few months earlier, Mr. Dickens might have been taxed with borrowing his imaginary Miss Trotwood from the authentic Miss Tyler. Both these excellent ladies were equally firm in purpose, sudden and quick in quarrel, and averse to dust and matrimony. Residing with his aunt, Southey met with many indulgences, but more privations, and those of an injurious kind. He had no playmates; he kept late hours both night and morning; and he was almost debarred from exercise, 'never being allowed to do any thing by which he might soil his clothes or the carpets.' Still, on the whole, her dwelling was not without its advantages for a studious and imaginative boy. He had access to some book-closets of very miscellaneous contents; the British Circulating Libraries introduced him to 'his master, Spenser;' to Ariosto and Tasso, through Hoole's versions of them, and to numerous tomes of voyages and travels. Miss Tyler, too, was a constant frequenter of the Bath and Bristol theatres; the manager courted her applause, or, at least, her suppers; and Thespian phrases were so current in her family, that her nephew was once severely reprehended by her for applying to a large congregation the term of 'a full house.' It is not surprising, therefore, that Southey's first essays in composition were juvenile dramas, which he seems to have sketched as rapidly as afterwards epic poems. Under the stronger spell, however, of Spenser, of Hoole's translations, of Pope's Homer, and of Mickle's *Lusiad*, the epic scale preponderated; and the story of Egbert, combining metrical narrative with learned comment, was, apparently, a genuine precursor of *Madoc* and *Kehama*. Southey was not fortunate in his schoolmasters. His first preceptor was a General Baptist, who took Solomon's counsel, and spared not the rod. Another was a learned astronomer, who could not mind earthly things, and who calculated eclipses when he should have explained Corderius. A third — 'poor old Williams' — was a great proficient in the art of writing fair, and in nothing else. From Williams came that clear and shapely handwriting, for which Southey's compositors must have blest the hour which consigned so prolific an author to so skilful a professor of calligraphy. In spite of his teachers, however, his progress in Latin was reasonably rapid, since between his eighth and twelfth years he had 'proceeded through Phædrus, Justin, Nepos, and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.' To Greek, as we learn from a letter written forty years later, he made no pretence; and his 'longs and shorts' would have scandalised the most juvenile Etonian. After all, Southey's best tutor during boyhood was, perhaps, a servant-lad of his aunt's, who rejoiced in the

appellation of Shadrach Weeks. Shad—so he was called, except on occasions of ceremony—taught him trapball and kite-making, carpentry and gardening, to cleave blocks, to break bounds, and to set Miss Tyler's discipline at nought. As we may not have occasion to mention this ingenious servitor again, we will add here, that Shad narrowly escaped becoming a universal philanthropist. He was included in the Pantisocratic scheme: and his gifts of block-splitting and boot-cleaning would have doubtless rendered him the most serviceable member of the Susquehanah colony.

In his fourteenth year, with the sanction and assistance of his uncle, the Rev. Herbert Hill, Southey was placed at Westminster School, where he remained until Midsummer, 1792. 'Few boys,' he remarks, 'were ever less qualified for the discipline of a public school than I was, when it was determined 'to place me at Westminster.' His education had been irregular; his treatment at home injudicious; and his acquirements, considerable as they were for his age, were not of a kind to advance him in the school, or recommend him to companions at once more learned and more ignorant than himself. He appears, however, after the preliminary difficulties were surmounted, to have risen rapidly in the forms, and to have readily adapted himself to the sports, and even the mischief of boys. His taste for composition displayed itself very early at Westminster, and with most unlucky results. To a school-periodical, entitled 'The Flagellant,' he contributed the ninth, and, as it proved, the last number. Number Nine was an attack on corporal punishments; Dr. Vincent, the head-master, treated the offence as a case of *lèse-majesté*, threatened the printer with an action, and, when Southey acknowledged the authorship, expelled him from the school. The penalty bore no proportion to the offence. But Dr. Vincent, by all accounts, was a pompous pedagogue; and the pretentious are seldom placable. His rigour lost Westminster a scholar superior to Cumberland in general attainments, and second only to Cowper in pure epistolary English. The most valuable and lasting fruit of Southey's pupillage at Westminster were the friendships of Mr. Grosvenor Bedford and of Charles Williams Wynn. The large proportion of letters in the present collection addressed to each of these gentlemen shows the intimacy and tenacity of their relations with their former school-fellow. Of Mr. Wynn's friendship there is a still more honourable record. Believing himself indebted to Southey's influence and example, when they were again fellow-students at Oxford, for the direction of his intellect and the strengthening of his character, he requited this high obligation by an annual

allowance of 160*l.* from his own purse. This private aid was subsequently exchanged for an equivalent pension from the civil list. The bounty of the Grenville ministry was never better bestowed. It was applied by Southey, not to an increase of his income—since for that he trusted to his pen—but to a life-insurance, which, small as it was, lightened his anxieties for his family, and was the corner-stone of the provision he eventually made for them.

The Westminster boy, on his expulsion, returned to his aunt's house, at College Green, Bristol. The offence was a venial one; and his good uncle, Herbert Hill, who noticed it with sorrow but 'without asperity and without reproaches,' was not deterred, by the misadventure of the 'Flagellant,' from furnishing the culprit the means for Oxford. The dismissal, however, happened at an unlucky period of life. It came in the midst of his education; he had not yet reached man's estate, and the misanthropic tone of his letters at this time, in such remarkable contrast with the content and cheerfulness of his later correspondence, betrays the unsettled condition of his mind. His thoughts immediately reverted to authorship. He had been early 'dipped in ink.' He meditated at once a play, and an epic poem, and a volume of essays to be 'dedicated to Envy, 'Hatred, and Malice.' From these unhealthy dreams he was aroused by his father's bankruptcy, and by the necessity of girding himself up for the lectures and schools of Oxford.

It had been intended that he should enter at Christ Church. But the dean, Cyril Jackson,—a supercilious pedant, whose reputation was beyond his merits, and whose merits were even less than his pretensions,—had heard of the 'Flagellant,' and, deeming, probably, that the boyish satirist would 'flout the so-called ceremony' of his college, refused to place his name on the boards. Southey was therefore transferred to Balliol, and commenced his residence in January, 1793. Dean Jackson's auguries were not altogether unverified. Though our young student's moral conduct was exemplary throughout, and his habits sufficiently diligent; yet he entered the university a republican in politics, and he quitted it a unitarian in creed. 'My prepossessions,' he writes in December, 1792, 'are not very favourable: I expect to meet with pedantry, prejudice, and aristocracy,—from all which good Lord deliver poor Robert Southey!' In spite of these misgivings, matters seem to have run smoothly enough between him and the college dignitaries; but not so with the college barber. He refused to wear hair-powder, and he refused to wear it in the year 1793, when hair unfrazed and unadorned was a token of disaffection to Church and State. 'All is lost!'

exclaimed Dumourier, when the grand chamberlain complained to him that Roland had appeared at Versailles without knee or shoe buckles; and, doubtless, the fellows of Balliol regarded their unshorn freshman as 'a tainted wether in their flock.' It was, however, nearly the fulness of time; the dynasty of barbers was on the wane; and even men who aspired to fellowships and livings copied the example of their unpowdered ring-leader.

Gibbon has recorded of himself that he 'arrived at Oxford 'with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, 'and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy might have 'been ashamed.' Southey could; perhaps, have subscribed to a similar confession. Westminster had, indeed, in some measure, retrieved the defects of his earlier school-training, but had not, and probably could not, render him the mechanical scholar which Alma Mater has ever delighted to adopt and cherish. His tutor left him nearly to his own inventions, candidly admitting that 'from *his* lectures Southey could learn nothing.' That even then he was a 'helluo librorum,' one of his friends well recollected; but we cannot discover what course of reading he pursued, or detect that familiarity with the Greek and Latin poets which his biographer ascribes to him. His letters, on the contrary, at all periods of his life,—one admirable letter to Mr. Grosvenor Bedford especially,—tend to prove that he rather underrated ethnic lore, and preferred the waters of the Tagus and the Arno to those of the Tiber and Ilissus. In his classical reading, he paid some attention at this time to an order of writers whom purists brand with an ill-name, and whom college-tutors seldom patronise. The imperial Stoic and the slave Epictetus were nerving him, by their pregnant maxims, for his approaching stand-up fight with poverty. The pamphlets which at that time the press was daily pouring forth upon the Rights of Man and the French Revolution were more congenial food to a republican mind than Aristotle and Aquinas; and Mary Woolstoncraft and Rousseau were more to him than Tully or Plato. His intellect in 1792 was too deeply engrossed with its own struggles, and with the revolutionary influences of the age, to stand patiently on 'the ancient ways,' or acquiesce in the curriculum of Oxford studies.

The most important incident in Southey's Oxonian career, both for its direct and its remote consequences, was his introduction to Coleridge. *Ex illo fonte* came Pantisocracy, Greta-Hall, and literature as a profession, as well as the habitual association of his name, both for praise and reproach, with the names of Wordsworth and Lamb, and the author of 'Christa-

'bel.' In June, 1794, Coleridge had come to Oxford on a visit to an old schoolfellow; and an intimacy quickly sprang up between the youthful poets, 'fostered by the similarity of their 'views in both religion and politics.' Southey, in one or two of his earlier letters, adverts to emigration and America as his probable resort from poverty and disappointment; and Coleridge now brought with him from Cambridge his 'fire-new project' of Pantisocracy, which speedily ignited in his new friend's prepared mind. Thenceforward for nearly two years Pantisocracy incessantly occupied and unsettled the brains of its projectors. It was not altogether original, for the 'melancholy Cowley' had once intended to retire with his books to a cottage in America; and in the most corrupt age of the Roman Empire the philosopher Plotinus besought the emperor Gallienus to grant him a deserted town in Campania that he might colonise it with philosophers, and exhibit to an admiring world the spectacle of a perfect community. But the Pantisocratists of 1793 soared a pitch above Cowley and Plotinus. They asked for neither a city nor a cottage, but proposed to redeem the waste, to build, to sow, to plant, to wash, to wring, to brew, and bake for themselves, without bating a jot of their customary cares—the composition of epic poems, or the construction of metaphysical castles. Helpless as Coleridge was in all practical matters, we are not sure that emigration, with its attendant manual labour, would have been bad for him, even though the world had gone without 'Christabel' and the 'Friend.' But for Southey, the greatest misfortune that could have betided him at this juncture would have been a legacy of two thousand pounds. For so much, according to Coleridge's calculation, would have started the colony; and Southey was sufficiently in earnest for a while to have staked his all upon the die. Luckily for all parties, the money was not forthcoming; it was necessary even for philosophers to eat and drink; they had made it imperative on themselves, as Pantisocratists, to marry, and we shrewdly suspect that Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Southey indirectly frustrated the scheme. However this may have been, the Transatlantic dream, having first dwindled into the prosaic shape of a farm in Wales, at length melted away before the realities of life. Southey, as might have been foretold, was the first to recover his senses, and Coleridge, as may be believed, was the last to persist in dreaming on. This falling off led to a brief estrangement; but the breach was soon repaired, as both were truly placable and generous men. So contagious, however, is enthusiasm, that Southey's mother, whose journeys had rarely extended beyond the borders of Somersetshire, came, it is said, to regard

exportation with ardour. Mahomet is reported to have counted the conversion of his wife, Cadijah, the greatest of his miracles; and Southey must have had no mean obstacle to surmount in the good sense of his staid and discreet parent. But probably it was not to conviction that she yielded. Life can have few greater trials to a mother than to part with such a son, though on a wiser errand than the foundation of a nephelo-coccygia.

In the summer vacation of 1793, and under the roof of Mr. Grosvenor Bedford's father, Southey resumed, and in six weeks completed, the first of his epic poems—*Joan of Arc*. It was not published until some time afterwards, and in the meanwhile underwent considerable corrections. Sufficient, however, of the original fabric must remain to warrant us in pronouncing this poem an extraordinary achievement for a youth in his twentieth year. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the maturity of his art, sighed over some of his early portraits, from their exhibiting, as he thought, more promise than he had fulfilled. The first of Southey's *Epics*, immature as it is, might have prompted a similar regret.

Of Southey's marriage enough, and perhaps more than enough, has been written. That his engagement to 'Edith' was imprudent, and that his marrying without a provision and without a profession, could hardly be justified at the time, we fancy no one will question. If an error, however, it was exempt from the usual consequences of such youthful errors, since he secured for himself a most faithful, sensible, and affectionate partner; who soothed his earlier struggles, and for forty years so managed a narrow income, as in great measure to relieve him from the cares which are most painfully irksome to studious men. The marriage,—we are compelled to hurry over its antecedents,—was not at first acceptable to his uncle; it was most unlikely that it should. That generous and prudent relative had been twice disappointed by his nephew,—first at Westminster, and afterwards at Oxford,—and was now still further alarmed by his Transatlantic project. Mr. Hill had destined his nephew for the Church, since in the Church alone could he assist him; but republicanism and unitarianism had effectually bolted the Church door. It was in the hope of deferring his union with Miss Fricker, that Mr. Hill, now chaplain to the British embassy at Lisbon, proposed that he should accompany him thither, and then return to England and qualify himself for the law. Southey went to Lisbon; but he was too deeply attached to 'Edith' to retract or even postpone his engagement. On the 14th of November, 1795, they were married at Radcliff Church in Bristol, but to part immediately after the ceremony. The virgin-bride

retained her maiden name until the report of the marriage was bruited abroad ; and she remained, during her husband's absence, ' a parlour boarder with the sisters ' of the excellent Joseph Cottle, whose name will be revered wherever Southey is held in honour.

There was, however, another relative upon whom the announcement of Southey's Pantisocratism and intended marriage fell like a rocket, and enkindled swift, explosive, and inextinguishable wrath. That relative was Miss Tyler. She was ' a fine old Christian,' and abhorred dissenters ; she was a staunch Tory, and abominated republicanism ; she was a practical Malthusian, at least since middle life, and thought matrimony, improvident matrimony, worse than either the conventicle or the Rights of Man. Moreover, she had always expected her nephew would take orders, and revive, in some prebendal stall perhaps, the decayed dignity of the Southey family. Of his opinions, theological and political, she seems to have lived in blissful ignorance, until on a certain day in October, 1794, Southey imparted to her his plan of emigration, and his engagement to marry. Here was ' worshipful intelligence.' The Semiramis of College Green had been unsuspectingly harbouring a leveller and a lover ! Immediate ejection from her roof, ' in a windy and ' rainy night ' of the autumnal equinox, was the penalty of such a confession ; and aunt and nephew never met again.

One piece of what is called good fortune, and one only, was vouchsafed to Southey at this troublous epoch of his life — his introduction to Joseph Cottle. In 1794 Southey had delivered with some success a course of Historical Lectures at Bristol, and so became acquainted with the benevolent publisher, his own and Coleridge's first patron. ' Joan of Arc ' had already been announced for publication by subscription ; but subscribers came slowly forward, and the poem seemed destined to remain in its author's desk, when Mr. Cottle surprised him with the offer of fifty guineas for the copyright, and of fifty copies for his subscribers. The offer was, under the circumstances, munificent, and was as important as it was liberal ; for on his return from his first visit to Lisbon, Southey learned that ' Joan of Arc ' had found no small favour with the public. Its success, evidently, strengthened in him the conviction that readers would henceforward endure poems as long as the Faëry Queen, and that his proper vocation was to ' heap Pelion on Ossa,' and write epic verses by the thousand.

Southey's first visit to Lisbon was useful to him chiefly in laying the foundation of that wide acquaintance with Spanish and Portuguese literature which he afterwards turned to so

much account, and in which, among his own countrymen at least, the late Mr. Hookham Frere alone surpassed him. The value of his new acquisition was at first, however, scarcely cognisable even by himself. His mind was ill at ease; he was a widowed bridegroom for the time; his wandering instinct had not quite subsided; the present was gloomy, and the future doubtful. Nor, as he returned to England with nearly the same political bias as he brought away with him, and with the same determination against taking orders, can Mr. Hill have had much reason to be satisfied with the absentee experiment. Mr. Hill, indeed, seems to have regarded his nephew at this time with the bewilderment which Jonathan Oldbuck, we are told, excited in his master. ‘Mr. Jonathan,’ said the man of law, ‘devours old parchments and makes his sixpence go further than another man’s half-crown: but he will take no interest in the practical and profitable concerns of John Doe and Richard Roe.’

Sixteen years after the good uncle had sent home a sketch of his nephew’s character, drawn much after the same fashion, the now sobered nephew retraced his own earlier lineaments in a youthful poet, who died ere he had reconciled himself with the world or the world’s law. We extract the following passage from a letter of Southey’s, written in 1812, as a curious specimen of self-recognition:—

‘Here is a man at Keswick, who acts upon me as my own ghost would do. He is just what I was in 1794. His name is Shelley, son to the member for Shoreham; with 6000*l.* a-year entailed upon him, and as much more in his father’s power to cut off. Beginning with romances of ghosts and murder, and with poetry at Eton, he passed at Oxford into metaphysics; printed half-a-dozen pages, which he entitled “The Necessity of Atheism”; sent one anonymously to Coplestone, in expectation, I suppose, of converting him; was expelled in consequence; married a girl of seventeen, after being turned out of doors by his father; and here they both are, in lodgings, living upon 200*l.* a-year, which her father allows them. He is come to the fittest physician in the world. At present he is got to the Pantheistic stage of philosophy, and, in the course of a week, I expect he will be a Berkleyan, for I have put him upon a course of Berkeley. It has surprised him a good deal to meet, for the first time in his life, with a man who perfectly understands him, and does him full justice. I tell him that all the difference between us is, that he is nineteen and I am thirty-seven; and I dare say it will not be very long before I shall succeed in convincing him that he may be a true philosopher, and do a great deal of good, with 6000*l.* a-year: the thought of which troubles him a great deal more at present than ever the want of sixpence (for I have known such a want) did me. . . . God help us! the world wants mending, though he does not set about it exactly in the right way.’



Between 1796, the date of his first return from Lisbon, and 1803, when he began to reside at Keswick, Southey's migrations were numerous. We need not trace him to Westbury, a pleasant village two miles from Bristol, fertile in verse, and near to Davy and his wonder-working gas; nor again to Lisbon, gazing 'on convents and quintas, grey olive-yards, green orange-groves, 'and greener vineyards;' nor follow him on his return home to an abortive residence in Wales, and an abortive secretaryship in Ireland. These wanderings look very little like reading law. At Oxford he had made a brief experiment in the school of anatomy, with what success may be supposed, since, as he tells us in his *Colloquies*, the sight of a butcher's shop made him ill. Law was his vocation as little as Physic. He now, however, consented to study it. Meantime, where reside? From old associations he might perhaps have endured Bristol. Yet he had an all but unconquerable aversion to great cities, and a livelihood from the law must be sought in places where 'men most do congregate.' According to his admission or rather his boast, he never overcame his repugnance either to law or streets. For, while his eyes were upon Coke and Lyttelton, his heart was absorbed by plans for epics, dramas, and historics. 'To all *serious* studies,' he writes, 'I bid adieu when I enter upon my London lodgings. 'The law will neither amuse me, nor ameliorate me, nor instruct me: but the moment it gives me a comfortable independence — and I have but few wants — then farewell to 'London. I will get me some little house near the sea, and 'near a country town, for the sake of the post and the bookseller.' Themis, 'bounteous lady' as she sometimes proves and is more often idly imagined to be, was not likely to be very gracious to so reluctant a votary. In fact, his wooing was of the kind which never thrives. His memory, according to his own account, was more at fault than his industry or understanding. 'I am not indolent,' he writes; 'I loathe indolence; but, indeed, reading law is laborious indolence — it is thrashing straw. I have read and read and read; but the devil a bit can I remember. I have given all possible attention, and attempted to command volition. No! the eyes read; the lips pronounced, I understood and re-read it — it was very clear. I remembered the page — the sentence: but close the book, and all was gone.' Literature and science are compatible with jurisprudence, though not easily; and to be so, the law-student must not contemplate, as in the present instance, an *auto-da-fé* of his law library as the natural termination of his legal studies. With so divided an allegiance at the outset — 'law in the morning and verses in the evening' — it was as impossible

for Southey to have mastered the 'Reports,' as it would have been for Lord Eldon to have written 'Thalaba,' and his final divorce from law in 1802 was as prudent as it was unavoidable.

Accordingly we regret his divorce from the law much less than his divorce from London. We believe that his preference for a country life, even if favourable to literary fecundity, was prejudicial to his intellectual character. Mingling with the society of the metropolis he might have written less, but he would have known more of men and their ways. His dislike of Mr. Canning melted away as soon as he became personally acquainted with him, and it is remarked by his biographer that his father's antipathies rarely survived contact with the object of them. In London or Edinburgh Southey would probably have learned to regard political opponents with equanimity, more especially since, as far as we can discover from his letters, he at no time very cordially agreed with the party he was believed to espouse. In the literary circles of either of these great capitals he might have shunned the gravest error of his life — the habit of imputing unworthy motives to persons his equals in ability and integrity, and far his superiors in a general charitableness of nature as well as in worldly wisdom. It is not good for man to be alone. It is especially dangerous for a literary man to listen only to the echoes of his own praises or his own dislikes. What would have become of Samuel Johnson but for his love of London? Could 'Elia' have been written by a resident at Mackery End? The danger is even greater when the imagination, as in Southey's case, is a more active faculty than the understanding. Achilles is described by Homer as nursing his wrath by the solitary shore; and Southey in his rural seclusion brooded over many antipathies which a freer intercourse with the world would have first softened and then removed.

All other schemes failing, Southey now rejoined Coleridge at the Lakes, became the joint tenant with him of Greta Hall, and a permanent resident in the most beautiful county in England. 'Iloc erat in votis.' Keswick was not very near the sea, but it combined the conveniences of a town with the attractions of the country. Coleridge was under the same roof; Wordsworth, with whom Southey here became acquainted, although he did not admire the Lyrical Ballads, was at Grasmere. Greta Hall belonged to a liberal landlord: there was a good book-room and a good garden. At length the wanderer had cast anchor, as he phrased it, and the current of his days flowed smoothly forward. In order to avoid recurrence, we shall now endeavour to represent his daily life, such as it was, with occasional varieties of

foreign travel or domestic incident, for more than thirty consecutive years. The records of St. Maur afford no more striking example of undeviating and conscientious labour: the annals of philosophy present few more manly spectacles of unfailing cheerfulness and serene content.

Southey's year amid the mountains of Cumberland was divided into two unequal portions. Winter in the latitude of the English lakes generally includes half the autumnal and nearly all the spring months. This long brumal period was devoted to the reading which enabled him to write, and to the writing which enabled him to live. His hours were strictly apportioned to his different employments. He was habitually an early riser, and, like Gibbon, wisely refrained from encroaching upon the night. He composed before breakfast; he read and transcribed, he wrote and extracted, from breakfast to a latish dinner; and the hours after the latter meal were generally assigned to that active correspondence which, to less industrious persons, would have been itself a business, or to the correction of proof-sheets, which was to Southey one of the choicest of mundane pleasures. 'After tea,' he proceeds, summing up the avocations of a day, 'I go to poetry, and correct, and re-write and copy, till I am tired, and then turn to any thing else till supper. And this is my life; which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish.' The gambols or innocent questionings of his children were alone permitted to break in upon his busy seclusion; for against children their father's door seems never to have been barred. He confesses that he wanted the art of making his pleasantries acceptable to women: so he will have been saved for the most part from those great consumers of the leisure of men of letters.

With the summer came the swallows; and with the swallows came tourists to the neighbourhood of Keswick in even larger numbers than railroads now convey them. Since, in 1806 and for several years afterwards, the Continent was closed by war, and a voyage across the Atlantic was then an undertaking not of days but weeks. Gray was, we believe, the first describer of English lake scenery; yet he saw a portion only, and that not the most sublime portion, of our island-Alps. Indeed, even at the beginning of the present century many of the Cumbrian dells and passes were comparatively ground unvisited, and Southey mentions more than one discovery made by himself, on his pedestrian excursions. Among the tourists were many old acquaintances; and many more brought with them letters of introduction, which, in some instances, led to new friendships. These incursions on a limited society were salutary interruptions to his

continuous winter studies. For although Greta Hall was within reach of Calgarth Park, the residence of the Bishop of Llandaff,—the Bishop being no less a person than Dr. Watson, the author of the ‘Apology for the Bible’ and the ‘Lectures on ‘Chemistry,’—of Brathay, the home of Charles Lloyd, the translator of ‘Alfieri,’ and a genuine although an almost forgotten poet; of Elleray, the seat of Professor Wilson; and of Grasmere and Rydal mere, the successive homes of Wordsworth;—yet mountain roads and long winter nights were to most persons, and more especially to one so constantly employed as Southey, effectual impediments to frequent intercourse. But in the summer months, besides frequent hospitality to casual or customary visitors, he indulged himself in excursions to those regions of the mountain country which lay beyond his own immediate neighbourhood. These occasional ‘forays’ could not be complete substitutes for daily exercise, but they doubtless helped for some years to recruit his frame and to counteract the prejudicial effects of his ordinary desk-work. Even to strangers he would sacrifice the employments of the day,—employments for the most part pressing and onerous,—to do the honours of his adjoining lake and the mountains that environ it. In his ‘Colloquies’ may be found some exquisite samples of his zeal and eloquence as a Cicerone.

The reader will probably be glad if we lay before him a few of the vouchers for the foregoing account of Southey’s studious and social life. We extract them almost at random from his letters, for no one ever wrote more naturally or unreservedly of himself:—

‘I am getting on with my Letters from Portugal. The evenings close in by tea-time, and fire and candle bring with them close work at the desk, and nothing to take me from it. They will probably extend to three such volumes as *Espriella*. When they are done, the fresh letters of *Espriella* will come in their turn; and so I go on. Huzza! two and twenty volumes already; the *Cid*, when reprinted, will make two more; and, please God, five a-year in addition as long as I live.

‘I waited to begin a new article for the “Quarterly” till the first number was published, and as that is so near at hand, will begin to-morrow. But if Gifford likes my pattern-work, he should send me more cloth to cut; he should send me *Travels*, which I review better than any thing else. I am impatient to see the first number. Young lady never felt more desirous to see herself in a new ball-dress, than I do to see my own performance in print, often as that gratification falls to my lot. The reason is, that, in the multiplicity of my employments, I forget the form and manner of every thing as soon as it is out of sight, and they come to me like pleasant recollections of

what I wish to remember. Besides, the thing looks differently in print. In short, there are a great many philosophical reasons for this fancy of mine, and one of the best of all reasons is, that I hold it good to make every thing a pleasure which it is possible to make so.'

'Hitherto,' he writes to Mr. Wynn, in 1812, 'I have been highly favoured. A healthy body, an active mind, and a cheerful heart, are the three best boons Nature can bestow; and, God be praised, no man ever enjoyed them more perfectly. My skin and bones scarcely know what an ailment is; my mind is ever on the alert, and yet, when its work is done, becomes as tranquil as a baby; and my spirits invincibly good. Would they have been so, or could I have been what I am, if you had not been for so many years my stay and support? I believe not; yet you have been so long my familiar friend, that I felt no more sense of dependence in receiving my main, and, at one time, my sole subsistence from you, than if you had been my brother: it was being done to as I would have done.'

The following letter to Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, written in 1818, is tinged with prophetic melancholy:—

'It is, between ourselves, a matter of surprise to me that this bodily machine of mine should have continued its operations with so few derangements, knowing, as I well do, its excessive susceptibility to many deranging causes. If I did not vary my pursuits, and carry on many works of a totally different kind at once, I should soon be incapable of proceeding with any, so surely does it disturb my sleep and affect my dreams if I dwell upon one with any continuous attention. The truth is, that though some persons, whose knowledge of me is scarcely skin-deep, suppose I have no nerves because I have great self-control as far as regards the surface, if it were not for great self-management, and what may be called a strict intellectual regimen, I should very soon be in a deplorable state of what is called nervous disease, and this would have been the case any time during the last twenty years.'

'Thank God, I am well at present, and well employed. Brazil and Wesley both at the press; a paper for the "Quarterly Review" in hand, and "Oliver Newman" now seriously resumed; while, for light reading, I am going through South's Sermons and the whole British and Irish part of the *Acta Sanctorum*.'

Our closing extract from these annals of Greta Hall is more cheerful:—

'Of my own goings on, I know not that there is any thing which can be said. Imagine me in this great study of mine from breakfast till dinner, from dinner till tea, and from tea till supper, in my old black coat, my corduroys alternately with the long worsted pantaloons and gaiters in one, and the green shade, and sitting at my desk, and you have my picture and my history. I play with Dapper, the dog, downstairs, who loves me as well as ever Cupid did, and the cat, upstairs, plays with me; for puss, finding this room the quietest in the

house, has thought proper to share it with me. Our weather has been so wet that I have not got out of doors for a walk once in a month. Now and then I go down to the river which runs at the bottom of the orchard, and throw stones till my arms ache, and then saunter back again. I rouse the house to breakfast every morning, and qualify myself for a boatswain's place by this practice; and thus one day passes like another, and never did the days appear to pass so fast.'

Southey, for some time after his return to England, pined for the sublime and luxuriant scenery of Cintra and the Tagus. The Lusitanian springs and autumns, the golden fruitage of the orange groves, the pendulous clusters of the vineyards, the deep umbrage of the forests, the flashing of bright waters in sultry noons, and the brilliant semi-tropical flora of Portugal, were indeed wanting to the Cumbrian mountains. But in their stead nature unfolded around his northern dwelling an equally august, although gloomier, panorama of sinuous dales and mountain bastions, and the broad silvery mirrors of meres and lakes. On the right of Greta Hall were the lovely vale and wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite; and on its left, Lodore, celebrated by its poet in sportive dithyrambics, and Derwentwater, with its fairy islands. Behind it rose the vast and towering masses of Skiddaw and Blencathara, and in front was outspread 'a giant's camp of tent-like mountains, revealing through a narrow gorge the sublime chaos of Borrowdale.' Nor was Southey, as many charming passages both in his verse and prose evince, indifferent to the poetic and pictorial accessories of his abode. He was not, indeed, like Wordsworth, a student of nature at all hours and in every mood. Neither was he familiar, as Scott would have been, with the songs and legends of every dale, and with the weather-beaten features of every ancient crone and shepherd of the neighbouring hamlets. But his daily walks, his occasional rambles, and the prospect which hourly greeted him from his library window, refreshed and invigorated his spirit, and taught him to scan and describe, with a profound feeling of their beauty, the mystery and the majesty of flood and fell, of night and morning, and of elemental turbulence and repose. The ocean excepted, scarcely a chord in Nature's diapason was wanting in the landscape from Greta Hall.

The view within doors was hardly less attractive to him. In one of his letters, he expresses his conviction that with the library of the British Museum at his command, he should have despaired of accomplishing his literary projects, since infinite opulence would have distracted and discouraged him. His own

library had been collected by himself, and was constructed for the most part with a view to his own purposes, accomplished or designed. Its populous shelves afforded him the grateful spectacle of *spolia opima* won by resolute industry, or of the instruments of a reputation to be achieved by hopeful energy. The nucleus and basis of the collection consisted of Spanish, Portuguese, and English books. But, flanking and supporting these three great tribes of European literature, were detachments or recruits from nearly every department of ancient and modern learning; not, as now, in spruce octavos and curt duodecimos, but in tall and stalwart folios, the *megatheria* of the book creation. And above this household brigade of stately veterans, and towering upward to the vertex of the pyramid were the more diminutive tomes of modern days, radiated as it were from their patriarchal brethren by lines of rare manuscripts, Spanish and Portuguese, horizontally arranged upon brackets. But inasmuch as the cost of the leather or even prunella requisite for coating or reclothing his boarded or dilapidated myriads would have involved his exchequer 'in cureless ruin,' he called to his aid the members of his household. The faded gilding or tarnished vellum of his folios was repaired by the skill of his brother Thomas; and the ladies of Greta Hall, like the inmates of the Farrer Nunnery at Little Gidding, were adepts in book-binding and its adjuncts—pasting, stitching, and decorating. They clothed the needy in fine linen of divers colours. A volume of sermons or a quaker book was dressed in drab; poetry in some flowery pattern: and a pretentious or superficial author—for the fair bookbinders sometimes added a satiric touch—in some garb symbolic of his merits. No fewer than 1200 to 1400 volumes were so bound by the Miss Southneys or their auxiliary guests; and the linen-brigade, which completely filled an upper chamber, was denominated the Cottonian Library. This vast assemblage of books, so rare and nondescript, affected their owner's destiny in more ways than one. Primarily it enabled him to perform so many diversified and encyclopædic tasks in literature; and secondly, it acted upon his plans in middle life as an anchor or *remora*. His projected history of Portugal needed a third residence in Lisbon: and a home and an occupation in Southern Europe were long regarded as essential to his health and convenient to his purse. But it was not easy to transplant his nursery: each revolving year rendered it more difficult to transport his library; his growing engagements with the booksellers made it expedient that the sea should not divide him from Paternoster Row; and after a while both pru-

dence and inclination combined to detain him in his Cumbrian home.

Perhaps other readers have been as omnivorous: but we doubt whether any one before has been also as methodical as he is exhibited in the multiform character of his writings, and the recent publication of his *Common-place Books*. His memory for particular facts and passages was less tenacious than that of Porson or Magliabechi; and its original vigour had been impaired, as he himself informs us, by his constant practice of making notes and extracts from the books he read. So far he fulfilled the prediction of the old king of Thebes that the art of writing would, in the end, prove the art of forgetting. But his annotations, on the other hand, enabled him to amass and draw at once upon his materials for any subject in hand without hesitation or delay, and to pass from verse to prose, from biography to political economy, with a precision and rapidity, surpassed only by Goethe and Voltaire. We subjoin Mr. Cuthbert Southey's account of his father's mode of acquiring and arranging the contents of a book.

‘He was as rapid a reader as could be conceived, having the power of perceiving by a glance down the page whether it contained any thing which he was likely to make use of. A slip of paper lay on his desk, and was used as a marker; and with a slightly-pencilled S he would note down the passage, put a reference on the paper, with some brief note of the subject, which he could transfer to his note-book, and in the course of a few hours he had classified and arranged every thing in the work which it was likely he would ever want.’ . . . ‘Many of the choicest passages he would transcribe himself, at odds and ends of time, or employ one of his family to transcribe for him; and these are the extracts which form his “Common-place Books,” recently published; but those of less importance he had thus within reach in case he wished to avail himself of them. The quickness with which this was done was very remarkable. I have often known him receive a parcel of books one afternoon, and the next have found his mark throughout perhaps two or three different volumes; yet if a work took his attention particularly, he was not rapid in its perusal; and, on some authors, such as the old Divines, he “fed,” as he expressed it, slowly and carefully, dwelling on the page, and taking in its contents deeply and deliberately — like an epicure with his wine, “searching the subtle flavour.”’

But although he read and wrote as incessantly as a candidate for university honours, his home was neither solitary nor cloistral. On the contrary, had his children and the masculine superior himself been kept out of sight, the uninitiated might have mistaken Greta Hall for a small nunnery. It in fact contained for many years three families. For Southey had



taken under his roof Mrs. Lovell, the widow of his first poetical colleague, and he had found already established there Mr. Coleridge and his family. But poor Coleridge ere long turned his face away for ever from Keswick, transferring to his more conscientious but scarcely richer brother-in-law, the task of providing for his wife and children. With what un murmuring and unfailing kindness Southey discharged the cares of this triple family is well known. With him the discharge of duty was no cold negation; but the gentle fulfilment of an office, which a generous affection imposed upon him. And he fulfilled these tutelary duties as cheerfully as if his income had not been dependent upon the labour of the day, and as serenely as if health and life were certain, and a provision had already been secured against the contingencies of failing strength or early dissolution. Yet at no period of his exertions—and they were continued for nearly forty years—had Southey the satisfaction of knowing that a year's income was safely housed, although his pension and the laureateship enabled him in some measure to provide for the day when his parental assistance would be withdrawn. Nor was his scantily-furnished and precarious purse ever closed to the wants of friends or deserving claimants. Upon Herbert Knowles he offered to bestow an annual pension to enable him to meet in part the expenses of college; the necessities of William Taylor of Norwich he would have promptly relieved with a similar contribution, had not those necessities proved to be more imaginary than real; and in 1825 we find him, open-hearted and open-handed, making over to his friend Mr. John May, nearly all the ready money he then possessed. Of time, which to him was money, or even more than money, he was equally lavish at the call of friendship or 'patient merit.' His 'Life of Kirke White,' and his edition of 'Chatterton's Remains,' are permanent memorials of the zeal with which he devoted himself to the interests of the unfortunate; his advice to Bernard Barton and Ebenezer Elliott smoothed the preliminary difficulties of their literary career; nor would his counsel apparently have less serviceably befriended William Roberts and Dusautoy, had not death released them from doubt and dependence. Happy was the home at Greta Hall; bounteous and frequent were the charities which flowed from its hearth; and strong the heart and faithful the spirit which, beset by obstacles and oppressed by toil, could ever afford leisure and sympathy to the world-wanderer, and ceased not to uplift and sustain them, until they went on their way rejoicing.

The death of an infant daughter had been the immediate cause of Southey's migration from Bristol to the Lakes in 1803. The

wound was healed by the growing up around him of a fair and thriving family, in whom his affections centered without selfishness, and whom he seems to have brought up, 'as best befits the 'mountain child,' in hardy and healthy habits, although he neglected his own discipline for himself. The centre of the group was his son Herbert. For him Southey's letters indicate, not only affection, but an absorbing love, rivalling even the love of mothers. In him he saw 'his better part transmitted and improved : ' But he saw not, or seeing dismissed it as 'some phantasma or 'hideous dream,' what more indifferent spectators could scarcely fail to discern, that a being so finely organised, and so prematurely accomplished as this favourite child, held but a precarious tenure on life. 'I have now,' he writes in 1809, 'three girls 'living, and as delightful a play-fellow in the shape of a boy as 'ever man was blest with. Very often, when I look at them, 'I think what a fit thing it would be that Malthus should be 'hanged.' For seven years after the father thus wrote Herbert was the companion of his walks, his thoughts, and even his studies: for, beyond his years, he was 'a studious boy,' and gave the flattering promise of following his father with more than equal steps. His mind had outgrown his body. His quick intellect and quiet disposition were in an inverse ratio to his prime of youth. Herbert Southey died in his tenth year, and the letters which record his illness, decease, and the griefs that followed, are unsurpassed for truth, tenderness, and Christian resignation.

We have grouped around Greta Hall the principal features of Southey's domestic life for a long period of years, since with him one day told unto another its incidents and avocations. But we must now resume the thread of his history as it regards the world around him. He seldom mingled in it, and too often most unreasonably affected to despise it; but his reputation was increasing, and public applause exerted its usual influence upon him. When he became resident in Cumberland, he had already printed *Joan of Arc* and *Thalaba*, and the manuscripts of *Madoc* and *Kehama* were in his desk. His earliest epic, falling in with the revolutionary spirit of the times, and instinct with a vigour which he did not always display afterwards, had been successful beyond his hopes, and, as he thought in comparison with *Thalaba*, beyond its merits. Yet, although he more than once complains of the tardy sale of the latter poem, he began with his wonted energy to revise *Madoc*, and in twelvemonths published a third portly quarto of verse. He seems, indeed, to have thought that he had revived a taste for epical narrative, and to have projected a series of poems based

upon every known system of mythology, except the familiar and attractive myths of Greece and Rome. In 1805 'the Cacique 'in Mexico and Prince in Wales' appeared before the public tribunal. Its author was at the same time busily employed as an editor and periodical critic; and well was it for him that his means did not depend entirely on his epic adventure, — for Madoc eventually brought into his exchequer somewhat less than four pounds. In 1809 he produced 'Kehama,' and five years later 'Roderick,' — the intervals between these graver parturitions being taken up with regular contributions to the Annual and Quarterly Reviews, with the historical portion of the Edinburgh Annual Register, with a translation of the Cid, with his Omniana, the Remains of Kirke White, and the Life of Nelson. Upon these works the public has long ago pronounced irrevocable judgment, and generally reversed the verdict of their author. The periodical criticisms, which he deplored as labour unmeet for him, are still read with pleasure, and the biography of Nelson, which he designates as little better than an article, has become a British classic: while the elaborate metres and long narratives, on which the poet and historian expected his reputation was to rest, are seldom read, and less frequently cited.

The present seems a fitting place for a few general observations upon Southey's station in English poetry. If there were ever, formally, a Lake-school, he did not belong to it; since he disliked the Lyrical Ballads, and it was friendship for Wordsworth which seems to have reconciled him to the Excursion. As little did he appertain to the order of bards, of whom Byron was the coryphæus, — passion and Southey being irreconcilable terms. He was probably correct in calling 'Spenser' his 'master,' although the interval between them was as wide as the interval between Titian and West. Both, indeed, were poets of quantity: delighting in what Lydgate calls 'the long processes of 'an aunceyent tale.' But in Spenser space is a shifting and gorgeous panorama, vivid in hue, majestic in form, and populous with chivalrous and mystic groups. Whereas in Southey amplitude of proportion too often resembles a wintry landscape, from which motion and colour are absent, and the outline alone remains of suspended life and luxuriance. Of still life Southey, indeed, is occasionally a skilful painter; but he was too dispassionate in himself, and too unversed in men's works and ways to inform his pictures with dramatic energy. His bad agents are all gloom; his good agents are all seraphic; his lovers are either merely sensual, or merely spiritual and metaphysical; the virtues of his heroes excite no sympathy; the vices of his

criminals awaken no horror. Like characters in the old mysteries, they are speaking allegories, and not real persons.

Yet we would recommend the youthful poetic aspirant to study Southey's poems; not indeed as he would study the masters of the great ancient and modern schools, but for the sake of their inexhaustible supplies of poetic materials. No writer, if we except Milton, has hived so much from the stores of books, or has displayed happier skill in discovering veins of imaginative ore even in the most rugged and unlikely soils. The materials, it is true, often surpass the workmanship. Mr. Fox was said to listen attentively to learned but ineffective speeches, in order that he might speak them over again. And although 'Madoc' and 'Kehama,' will never be re-written, their *disjecta membra* may become serviceable under some more adroit combination. To the defects which we have noted, Southey's omnivorous appetite for reading doubtless contributed. Nearly all his poems are as much works of research as of imagination. His notes are more entertaining than the text, and sometimes as poetical. The very objectivity of his mind—a mind averse from introversion, and strenuous rather than susceptible,—favoured an undue accretion of its contents from books alone. He set to work upon an epic poem as many painters prepare themselves for an historical picture. They study archæology; they dive into black letter; they visit scenes of battle or of council; and they produce a brilliant masquerade. In like manner, in his longer poems, Southey assigns authorities for his characters, his costume, his similes, and his episodes, till the wonder is that, working on such a plan, so much of his work should have been so good. Of his ballads we deem much more highly than of his epics. Their needful brevity constrained his habitual gyrations. Yet even in his ballads ease and spontaneity are too often wanting; the legend and the chronicle are too apparent; they savour more of the library than the minstrel; and we turn for relief to Campbell and Scott.

Southey himself, half-humorously and half-gravely, avows his propensity to be voluminous. 'Is it not a pity,' he says, 'that I should not execute my intentions of writing more verses than Lope di Vega, more tragedies than Dryden, and more epic poems than Blackmore? The more I write, the more I have to write. I have a Helicon kind of dropsy upon me, and "crescit indulgens."'" He omitted to remark that Dryden's plays are nearly forgotten, that Blackmore's epics procured him a niche in the Dunciad, and that not fifty men in Europe have read a quarter of Lope di Vega's plays. In his nineteenth year Southey had held an *auto-da-fé* upon at least 15,000 verses; he

plunged early into the Italian epic poets; he waded, as few men have done, through the *Araucana*; and one of his literary aspirations was to complete the 'Faëry Queen.' He composed verses at his morning toilette, in his solitary walks, on his occasional journeys; he poured them forth like unpremeditated conversation; he transcribed with the diligence of a Benedictine monk. Shelley called him a great improvisatore. The morning after he had completed 'Kehama,' he was ready to begin 'Roderick.' Poetry, he remarks, softens the heart: 'Madoc was essential to 'his happiness;' 'no man ever tagged rhyme without being the 'better for it.' But although in prose the more men write, the better probably they will write, it is not so with verse. 'Poetry,' says Milton, 'is solemn, sensuous, and severe;' and these are qualities earned only by excision, selection, and concentration. The taste of the reading public at the beginning of the present century affords indeed a cause, if not a justification, of this excess in quantity. In 1802, the greatness of a poet was thought to depend upon a certain cubic amount of verse. Glover's 'Leonidas' and Klopstock's 'Messiah' were not quite obsolete. Collins, and Gray, and Burns had not written enough for a diploma of the first order. A similar propensity displayed itself at one time in Roman literature; and the later Roman epics are the least read, and perhaps the least readable, of the verse which survived and scarcely survived, to modern times. It would be unjust to compare Southey with the post-Augustan writers, except perhaps with Valerius Flaccus. He has much more vigour and variety, and is much less tedious. Yet we doubt whether, in another generation, 'Madoc' will be better known than 'Silius Italicus,' or 'Kehama' be more frequently cited than the 'Thebaid.'

In 1816, and in his forty-second year, Southey adverts to the decline of his poetical powers. Was this also, like his belief that he should die in harness, a premonition of intellectual decay? 'I am inclined to think,' he says, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, 'that my service to the Muses has been long enough, and that I should perhaps have claimed my discharge. The ardour of youth is gone by. However I may have fallen short of my own aspirations, my best is done; and I ought to prefer those employments which require the matured faculties and collected stores of declining life.' It was a subject of congratulation to Dr. Arnold that the great observer of mankind, the philosopher Aristotle, had pronounced the age of forty-seven as the culminating year of the human intellect. Southey appears to have felt earlier the inroads of time and toil. Ten years later we find him lamenting the decreased sale of his writings. He had produced

each successive work with apparently a sure and certain hope of success and perpetuity. His latest work was always, in his own estimation, his best. But in 1828 he says, 'From the public my last proceeds were: — For the "Book of the Church" and the "Vindiciæ," per John Murray, *nil*; and for all the rest of my works in Longman's hands, about 26*l*. My books have nearly come to a dead stand-still in their sale; so that if it were not for reviewing, it would be impossible for me to pay my current expenses.'

Periodical writing had indeed been at all times Southey's sheet anchor. He pays it himself the homely compliment, that 'it made the pot boil.' The 'Edinburgh Annual Register' had yielded him for a time an annual income of 400*l*.; and when he ceased to conduct its historical department, the 'Quarterly Review' made up for its loss. But although Southey was well inclined to think highly of his poetical and historical compositions, — so much so indeed as to compare 'Madoc' with the *Odyssey*, and the 'History of Brazil' with Herodotus! — he was equally disposed to underrate his contributions to periodical literature. His letters frequently express a poignant regret that these ephemeral tasks should engross so much of his time. In case abstinence from this 'drudgery,' for such he terms it, would have ensured the completion of his grander historical projects — the histories of the Monastic Orders, of Portugal, and of English Literature — we should cordially echo his regret; and, as it is, we deeply lament that national or royal bounty should not have enabled him, while he had yet the power, to accomplish designs so well suited to his genius, and so likely to have remained 'possessions for ever.' But we cannot regret that Southey should have added, by his enforced labour, so many beautiful chapters to the current and more consumable literature of his age. As a critic, indeed, he ranks below Lessing and the Schlegels. He was less analytic than Coleridge, less discriminating than Mr. Hallam, and less pictorial than Mr. Macaulay. But he possessed, in an unusual degree, the requisites for periodical composition. His clear, masculine, and harmonious style, it is superfluous to commend. His universal reading enabled him to adorn every subject that he treated. He passed from one topic to another with the versatility of an advocate passing from the Crown Court to Nisi Prius; and his fancy was never more happily employed than in enlivening the themes of another, whether dull and superficial, or lively and well informed, with his own pithy analogies or humorous allusions. To the 'Quarterly Review' alone he furnished, in the course of thirty years, nearly a hundred articles. His aid and reputation are well known to have contributed

most materially and in many respects most justly to the early success and permanent celebrity of that journal.

The friends of Southey proposed or attempted many schemes for the improvement of his worldly circumstances. But every successive scheme proved either impracticable or unadvisable. Some we have already noticed. In 1809 he applied for the stewardship of the Derwentwater estates belonging to Greenwich Hospital. Their proximity to Greta Hall, and the annual salary of the office, 700*l.*, were obvious recommendations. But, upon inquiry, the duties of the stewardship were wholly unsuited to his habits and pursuits. 'The place of residence varied over a tract of country of about eighty miles.' This was too roving a commission for one whose tap-root was so firmly fixed to one spot. And the steward was expected to be 'a perfect agriculturist, land-surveyor, mineralogist, and lawyer.' Now of farming Southey knew as much as Virgil or 'honest Tusser,' could teach him; he had probably never measured his own garden by any other gauge than long strides; he did not know granite from oolite; and he had long shaken hands with law. 'For my own part,' writes Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, after recounting the Protean functions of the steward, 'I would rather live in a hollow tree all the summer, and die when the cold weather should set in, than undertake such an employment.' The situation of librarian to the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, with a salary of 400*l.* a-year, and with the prospect of an increase, was offered him in 1818; but this, as well as a proposal to take part in the political management of the 'Times' newspaper, were declined by him,—the one, because it would have obliged him to live in a great city, the other, because it would have tied him down to a certain line of opinions, to both of which he was equally averse. Southey, indeed, was not an easy man to serve or suit. His constitutional cheerfulness rendered him comparatively indifferent to preferment; while his love of home, and his inveterate habits of study, indisposed him to change and removal. 'The truth is,' he said, 'that I have found my way in the world, and am in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me, and for which it has pleased Him to qualify me. At the same time my means are certainly so straitened that I should very gladly obtain an addition to them, if it could be obtained without changing the main stream of my pursuits.' By the university of Oxford he was clothed with the highest honour which that learned body can bestow upon a layman—the title of Doctor—of which he made no use, and which 'put nothing in his purse.' Two other distinctions, of which men of more ambition or of less simplicity and independence would have been proud,

he refused — a baronetcy, as inconsistent with his means, and a seat in Parliament, as incompatible with his pursuits. The laureateship, which was conferred on him principally through the intervention of Sir Walter Scott, was a more substantial boon, since it enabled him, by a fresh life-insurance, to make further provision for his family; and the subsequent pension, so gracefully granted and received, at the hands of Sir Robert Peel, might have been a national benefit, had it been given earlier. There is, perhaps, no country in Europe so deficient as England in appropriate provisions for literary men who are not connected with the universities, or who have not taken refuge in the Church. Of literature itself the State takes little or no cognisance. It is difficult for contemporaries to gauge its merits; it is still more difficult for a government to apportion its rewards.

For one who travelled late in life, and whom it was so difficult to detach from home, Southey travelled extensively, at least at a time when as yet railways were not, and the diligence and post-waggon retained their aboriginal tardiness. The records of his 'trips' are so agreeable, that we cannot help wishing that 'to travel and tell his travels had been more of his employment.' He was among the crowd of English who hurried to the Continent in 1815; and the 'Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo' is one of the fruits of his first journey. He had watched the fluctuations of the mighty struggle between Europe and England, and finally between Europe and Napoleon, with all the ardour of his temperament, and hailed its unexpected termination with unbounded and indiscriminating joy. For his prophecies of a triumphant issue he took more than due credit: the inexorable end came to pass indeed, not, however, so much by the standing up of kings, as by the banding together of nations. With the immediate results of the Great Peace he appears to have been altogether dissatisfied. The world did not revert entirely to the year 1788; and therefore Southey complained that the revolutionary serpent was not killed, but only scotched. Throughout his remarks upon the social and political state of England at this time, — from 1816 and for several years afterwards, — upon the measures of government as well as upon the tactics of opposition, — we can discern little sagacity, little sound information, and even less tolerance and comprehensiveness, than we could imagine possible in a spectator so intelligent and so much in earnest. He indulged in a species of pastoral dream about the superior honesty and happiness of the '*felices agricolæ*:' he feared and hated manufactures: he was opposed to freedom of commerce: he identified dissent with disaffection: he sighed for the Church of Laud and for the policy of Burleigh and the Tudors. Yet



what else could be expected from one whose days were passed with the dead, and who, according to his biographer, 'long as he had resided at Keswick, knew scarcely any thing of the persons among whom he lived.' These remarks must not be thought ungracious: our opinions upon Southey's social and political theories have often been unreservedly expressed; and, in support of them, we appeal to the contrast between his essays upon subjects he understood and his essays upon subjects on which he only felt. Let readers, who distrust our judgment, compare his papers in the 'Quarterly Review,' upon 'Monastic Institutions, Cemeteries, and the Copyright Act,' with his papers on 'The Manufacturing System, Parliamentary Reform, and the Rise and Progress of Disaffection,' and he will admit — unless we greatly err — that, in political controversy, he had, in Milton's expressive phrase, 'the use only of his left hand.'

Southey's literary reputation rendered him a welcome and an honoured visitant in whatever quarter his continental excursions were directed; but nowhere was he more welcome than in Holland, and in no family more completely domesticated than in that of Bilderdijk the poet. Mrs. Bilderdijk had translated 'Roderick' into her native language, and made its author famous in the Low Countries. Her husband — like Southey himself — was, in his domestic circle, full of life, spirits, and enthusiasm; and, as there is some resemblance in the character of their poetry, so there was a close accordance in the general opinions of the brother bards. An accident, which put a stop to Southey's journey in 1825, and consigned him to the sofa instead of the diligence and packet-boat, tended directly to foster their new friendship. He became an inmate in Bilderdijk's house; was nursed by his fair and accomplished translator; and, in the blooming promise and home-education of her son Lodowijk, saw reflected the image of his own hearth. The learned stores of the hospitable Verbeyst — whose Rhenish was as good as any, and whose beer was the best in the world — furnished the library at Keswick with many ponderous and important recruits; while the letters from Leyden in 1825 are as delightful a picture of a scholar on his travels, as is his general correspondence of his daily life in Cumberland.

We have already alluded to the early working out of Southey's poetical vein; so contrary to the experience of greater poets. After the publication of 'Roderick,' in 1814, he produced nothing of moment in poetry, and the *Corpus Southeanum* — for so his collected epics might be called — was obscured by the more fervid and genial brilliance of Byron and Moore, of Shelley and Wordsworth. But Southey's poetic

spring was succeeded by a long and fruitful season of prose writings; of which some few were comparatively still-born, but many of them survive and will probably last as long as the English language. In his *Life of Nelson*, first published in 1813, he opened, in our opinion, the true vein of his genius — Biography; and, if we were required to perform for his works a service similar to that which the priest and barber rendered to the library of Don Quixote, we would at once rescue from the purgatory flames his *Lives of Nelson, Wesley, and Cowper*. Southey was naturally too voluminous to be safely entrusted with a subject of ample verge and margin. The narrower limits of biography were salutary for his genius. They compelled him to be brief, without denying him the privilege of short excursions and legitimate ornament. His diction too, smooth and rhythmical as it was, was also in a still higher degree colloquial. In anecdotes he delighted, and he told them well: he read character — at least the characters of the dead — acutely, and he delineated it perspicuously; his command of illustrative matter was unbounded, and he framed his portraiture with it most skilfully. On these accounts, had he executed his design of continuing Warton's *History of English Poetry*, he would in all respects, except epigrammatic vigour, have probably surpassed '*Johnson's Lives of the Poets*.' This is on the supposition, — first, that his continuation would have been made on other principles than those which Mackintosh justly censures as having misled him in his '*Specimens of the later English Poets*,' — and, next, that his code of anti-Johnsonian criticism would have been reduced within the bounds of reason. Of Southey's three historical works, the *Narrative of the Peninsular War* has long been dead, if, indeed, it can be said to have lived at all. It was constructed on Raleigh's and Howell's plan of perpetually stopping progress to discuss the origin of every place or circumstance he had occasion to introduce. His '*Book of the Church*' will always be read with pleasure for its style, but cannot be trusted for its assertions. Had it been as impartial as it is picturesque, it would be one of the most delightful of manuals. But the temper in which it is written will satisfy those alone who are predetermined to think Laud in the right, and the Puritans and Long Parliament in the wrong. The '*History of Brazil*' is a performance of far higher merit than either of the fore-mentioned works. Its subject alone is a drawback upon its popularity, for few persons have any special motive for studying the records of a Portuguese settlement in three quarto volumes. The materials on this occasion were collected by his uncle, Herbert Hill, were themselves unrivalled in value, and

were accessible at the time to none but the historian. His whole heart was in this book: it was an episode in his long-cherished *History of Portugal*: and the labour of love was discharged with unwonted vigour and alacrity. In his account of the Brazils no political antipathies disturb the genial current of his fancy. He revels in glowing descriptions of the marvels of tropical nature, the picturesque features of savage life, and the chivalrous adventures of the European settlers. The 'Colloquies' and the 'Doctor' combined display the twofold aspect of Southey's character—its earnest and its sportive side. The earlier of these works has been described by Mr. Macaulay in a former number of this *Journal*. The latter, besides its odd learning and Shandean turn of speculation, exhibits in the character of the Doves, and in a most graceful love-story, powers which, more sedulously cultivated, might have enrolled their author in the goodly company of British novelists.

We have endeavoured to delineate Robert Southey as he lived at Greta Hall, as he appeared to the world, and in his relations to literature. But we must now hasten onward to the mournful and affecting close of his career. His works had enriched various departments of English literature; honours had been lavished upon him by native and foreign universities; and his acquaintance was sought by all who had a respect for learning and a knowledge of his worth. He had indeed drunk deeply of the cup of affliction, but he had also enjoyed and recognised his enjoyment of no ordinary share of earthly happiness. Death and marriage had, indeed, narrowed the circle at Greta Hall; but his faculties were still unclouded, and his energy was yet unimpaired. He continued to delight in his mountain rambles, in his annual tour, in correspondence and hospitality; and he looked forward, with characteristic cheerfulness, to the completion of the works which he had in hand, and to the accomplishment of literary plans more extensive still. But the cloud which was destined to settle permanently on his intellect began to gather its sombre folds around him in the summer of 1826. In the June of that year, in company with Mr. H. Taylor and Mr. Rickman, he made a short tour in Holland, and revisited the *Bilderdijs* at Leyden. His return to Keswick from all former excursions had been an event of the liveliest interest both to the travellers and to those who had remained at home. He was now welcomed with tears and sad anticipations. His youngest daughter, Isabel, was laid on a bed of sickness from which she never rose.

The precarious nature of her husband's income had been the cause of almost life-long anxiety to Mrs. Southey, and it combined with the recurrence of domestic bereavement to undermine her

naturally nervous constitution. . . Keswick, alternately, as we have seen, a lonely and much-visited abode, was considered, in 1834, when her mental malady had reached its crisis, too unquiet a residence for one no longer competent to even family duties; and it became necessary to place her in a lunatic asylum at York. She returned to Keswick, only to die in the bosom of her family. Her mental disorder lasted three years. The afflicted husband sustained with Christian fortitude this last and heaviest trial, but when the necessity for exertion ceased, he had become an altered man. 'I feel,' he says in one of his letters at this period, 'as one of the Siamese twins would do, if the other had died and he had survived the separation.' A tour in the West of England in 1837, and a brief excursion into Normandy, Brittany, and Touraine, in the autumn of the following year, were the last of his summer journeys. His fellow-travellers remarked the change which was stealing over him. All his movements were slower; he was liable to frequent fits of absence; his journal, once so minute, was at first irregularly kept, and then laid aside; his clear and compact handwriting became feeble and indistinct, like the early efforts of a child.

With the following anecdote, we shall drop the curtain upon the parting scene of this tragic history. Addison has finely remarked, that Babylon in ruins is not so affecting or so solemn a spectacle as a noble intellect overthrown. In Southey's ashes still lingered their wonted fires:—

'One of the plainest signs,' says Mr. Cuthbert Southey, 'that his over-wrought mind was completely worn out, was the cessation of his accustomed labours. But while doing nothing (with him how plain a proof that nothing could be done), he would frequently anticipate a coming period of his usual industry. His mind, while any spark of its reasoning powers remained, was busy with its old day-dreams—the History of Portugal—the History of the Monastic Orders—the Doctor; all were soon to be taken in hand in earnest, all completed, and new works added to these. For a considerable time after he had ceased to compose, he took pleasure in reading; and the habit continued after the power of comprehension was gone. His dearly-prized books, indeed, were a pleasure to him almost to the end; and he would walk slowly round his library looking at them, and taking them down mechanically. In the earlier stages of his disorder (if the term may be fitly applied to a case which was not a perversion of the faculties, but their decay,) he could still converse at times with much of his old liveliness and energy. When the mind was, as it were, set going upon some familiar subject, for a little time you could not perceive much failure; but if the thread was broken, if it was a conversation in which new topics were started, or if any argument was commenced, his powers failed him at once, and

a painful sense of this seemed to come over him for the moment. His recollection first failed as to recent events, and his thoughts appeared chiefly to dwell upon those long past ; and, as his mind grew weaker, these recollections seemed to recede still farther back. Names he could barely remember, and more than once, when trying to recall one which he felt he ought to know, I have seen him press his hand upon his brow, and sadly exclaim, — “Memory, memory ! “where art thou gone ?”

In a dark and stormy morning of March, 1843, the mortal remains of Southey were deposited in their final abode, in the churchyard of Crosthwaite. The over-toiled brain, the liberal and capacious heart at length rested in the bosom of the mountain land which he had adopted and loved to the last so well. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well, surrounded by the graves of the children and the wife who had passed away before him. Of the literary contemporaries who eclipsed or equalled his celebrity, Mr. Moore and Mr. Rogers are now, we believe, the sole survivors. A great cycle has nearly closed which a distant and reverent posterity will regard as second only to the Elizabethan era. On that bed-roll of English worthies the name of Robert Southey will be indelibly inscribed.

ART. IV. — *Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie, le Thibet, et la Chine, pendant les Années 1844, 1845, et 1846.* Par M. HUC, Prêtre Missionnaire de la Congregation de St. Lazare. 2 vols. Paris : 1850.

ABOUT the end of 1846, Mr. Alexander Johnston, son of the late Sir Alexander, and secretary to Her Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary in China, was fellow-passenger on board the steamer from Hong-Kong to Ceylon with a French Lazarist Missionary, named Joseph Gabet. It appeared that M. Gabet was then on his way from China to Paris, intending, should circumstances be favourable on his arrival, to bring under the notice of the French Government the ill treatment which he himself and a brother missionary had experienced at Lhasa, from *Ke-shen*, resident on the part of the Emperor of China at the Court of the Grand Lama. Some of our readers will recognise in this name that of the Imperial Commissioner who was opposed to Captain Elliot, in 1839, at Canton ; and who, on account of the disasters which befell the Chinese arms, was disgraced, plundered, and even condemned to death by the Emperor, but has since, with marvellous expedition, contrived to regain nearly all his former honours and credit, and even a great portion of his former wealth, which was colossal, as w

shall see. Mr. Johnston found the narrative of M. Gabet so curious and interesting, as the most recent and authentic account of Thibet in its relation to China, that he noted down the principal heads at the time, and, on returning to his official post, presented the manuscript to Sir John Davis, who forwarded a copy in his despatches to Lord Palmerston. •

Nothing more was heard about the matter, until the appearance of these two volumes, by M. Huc, the companion of M. Gabet in all his adventures. A more interesting as well as diverting book has seldom issued from the French press. The qualifications of a Humboldt are not to be expected in a missionary priest. And though it should contribute nothing to the geographer or *savant*, we might well be grateful for its information regarding countries nearly inaccessible to Europeans; but this information is conveyed in such an inexhaustible strain of good humour and fun, as amply to repay the perusal of any class of readers. In these points M. Huc bears some resemblance to his English *namesake*, Theodore, as we may almost call him.

Some eight years before the late 'Papal Aggression,' His Holiness of Rome took a rather smaller liberty with the Emperor of China, by appointing a vicar apostolic to Mongol Tartary. The next thing was to ascertain, if possible, the extent and nature of this gigantic vicariat. However dreadful the intolerance and oppression under which Romish priests groan among us, they are a good deal worse off in the Celestial Empire; and yet there, strange to say, they are as quiet as lambs, and the government seldom hears of them, except when some stray missionary is detected and packed off to the coast, for foreign shipment. MM. Gabet and Huc, who happened to be residing a little to the north of the Great Wall, in Eastern Tartary, at the commencement of 1844, were appointed by their spiritual superior to make their way as well as they could through Western Tartary to Lhassa, the capital of Thibet, and the holy see of Lamanism. This might look, at first sight, like taking the bull by the horns. The reader will find, however, to his surprise, that all the opposition they experienced was not *ecclesiastical*, but *lay*,—not religious, but political; and that while they received every encouragement and hospitality from the Lama's government, they were baffled, and at length expelled, by the exertions of the Chinese resident, or ambassador, Ke-shen.

In China a Romish bishop or priest is obliged to pass himself off, as well as he can, for a native, in the lay dress of the country; but they were now going to enter a nation of priests, and therefore prepared to disguise themselves as Lamas. Off went

the tail, which had been cherished ever since their departure from France, leaving the head entirely shaven. A long yellow robe was fastened on the right side by five gilt buttons: it was drawn round the waist by a red girdle. Over this was worn a short red jacket, without sleeves; or, as they call it in Chinese, 'a back and breast,' having a narrow collar of purple velvet. A yellow hat with broad brim, and surmounted by a red silk button, finished off their new costume. Their only attendant was a young Mongol neophyte, named *Samdadchiemba*, who is thus described: — 'Un nez large et insolemment retroussé, une grande bouche fendue en ligne droite, des lèvres épaisses et saillantes; un teint fortement bronzé, tout contribuait à donner à sa physionomie un aspect sauvage et dédaigneux.' This Tartar Adonis had charge of two camels and a white horse, which, with a tent and a dog to guard it, completed the equipment of our adventurous missionaries for the desert. They had no other guide for their route than a compass and a map of the Chinese empire, published in Paris.

The apprehensions expressed by the friends whom they left behind, regarding what they might suffer in the journey to Lhasa, were fully answered in the event. M. Gabet well nigh sank under the extreme hardships of this savage and nomadic life; first across an inhospitable desert, and then over mountains to which the Alps are trifles. From plunder they escaped tolerably free, though the Mongol robbers would seem to be the civillest in the world. Instead of rudely clapping a pistol to your breast, they blandly observe, 'Venerable elder brother, I am tired of going a-foot, please to lend me your horse; I am without money, do give me the loan of your purse; it is very cold to-day, let me have the use of your coat.' If the venerable elder brother has the charity to comply, he is duly thanked; but if not, the humble appeal is supported by the cudgel; and, should this not do, by something more coercive still. Very little better than the professional robbers were any bands of Chinese soldiers with whom they might have the bad luck to fall in, and whose neighbourhood, therefore, they diligently shunned. During the war with England, on the north-east coast, these ragamuffin troops were so dreaded by their own countrymen that, when the process of civilised warfare came to be known and understood by the Chinese people, the latter often welcomed us as deliverers, and their satisfaction was increased when the public granaries were thrown open to them for nothing.

Our missionaries had a characteristic account of the war with England from a Tartar, whom they met in the desert:

“What, were all the Tartar banners called together?”—“Yes, all. At first it passed for a very small matter; every one said it would never reach us. The troops of *Kitat*\* (China) went first of all, but they did nothing. The banners of Solon also marched, but they could not resist the heat of the south. The Emperor then sent us his sacred order. . . . On the same day we marched to Peking, and from Peking we went to *Tien-tsin*, where we remained three months.”—“But did you fight—did you see the enemy?”—“No; he did not dare to show himself. The Chinese protested every where that we marched to certain and unavailing death.—‘What can you do,’ said they, ‘against these sea-monsters?—They live in the waters like fish. When least expected, they appear on the surface, and throw combustible balls of iron. When the bow is bent against them they take again to the water like frogs.’ Thus it was they tried to frighten us, but we soldiers of the eight banners are ignorant of fear. The Emperor had provided each leader a Lama instructed in medicine, and initiated in all the sacred auguries. They would cure us of the diseases of climate, and save us from the magic of the sea-monsters—what, then, need we fear? The rebels, on hearing that the invincible troops of *Tchukar* approached, were seized with alarm, and asked for peace. The sacred master (*Shing-chu*) of his immense mercy granted it, and then we returned to our pastures, and to the charge of our flocks.”

It is known for certain that when the British force had reached Nanking and the grand canal in 1842, the Emperor so fully expected a visit at Peking that he stationed a force at Tien-tsin, as stated by the Tartar, and made every preparation to decamp into Tartary himself. In the confusion of packing up, some dexterous persons contrived to rob the treasury of several millions, and to this day the culprits have never been detected. The parties considered responsible, however, were, with all their relations and connexions, made answerable for the restoration of the treasure to the third and fourth generation. Without adverting to this circumstance, M. Huc observes, in another place, that during the progress of the war with the English, ‘nous savions que l’empereur était aux abois, et qu’il ne savait où prendre l’argent nécessaire pour empêcher de mourir de faim une poignée de soldats qui étaient chargés de veiller à l’intégrité du territoire Chinois.’

The most distinguished hero, sent by the Emperor to exterminate the English during our war, was a Chinese general named Yang. This man had enticed the unfortunate Mahomedan chief, Jehanghir, in the war with Cashgar, to trust himself in his hands, and then sent him in a cage to Peking, where, after amusing the Emperor, he was cruelly put to death. M. Huc heard the following account of Yang’s tactics:—

\* Thus, the Chinese town at Moscow is called *Kitaigorod*, and Marco Polo always calls China *Kathay*, anglicè, *Kathai*.



‘ Aussitôt que l’action s’engageait, il faisait deux grands nœuds à sa barbe pour n’en être pas embarrassé; puis il se portait à l’arrière de ses troupes. Là, armé d’un long sabre, il poussait ses soldats au combat, et massacrait impitoyablement ceux qui avaient la lâcheté de reculer. Cette façon de commander une armée paraîtra bien bizarre; mais ceux qui ont vécu parmi les Chinois y verront que le génie militaire du général Yang était basé sur la connaissance de ses soldats.’

His tactics certainly did not succeed against our troops, and as he never made his appearance, it is supposed that he occupied his favourite place of honour at the tail of the rear guard, and led gallantly in a retreat. ‘ Nous avons demandé,’ says M. Huc, ‘ à plusieurs mandarins pourquoi le Batourou Yang n’avait pas exterminé les Anglais: tous nous ont répondu qu’il en avait eu compassion.’

We have a terrible description in these volumes of Tartar uncleanness, and several of the details on this subject are quite unpresentable. The dogma of the transmigration of souls acts, it seems, with some as a protection to the vermin with which they are infested. The interior of their tents is repulsive and almost insupportable to those unaccustomed to the odours that prevail there. Dirty as the Chinese may be, their northern neighbours far exceed them; the former at least have taken it upon themselves to settle the question, by calling the latter *Chow Ta-tsze*, ‘stinking Tartars,’ as systematically as they call Europeans ‘foreign devils.’

This clever and indefatigable, but not too scrupulous, race, have nearly displaced the Manchows in their original country to the north-east of the Great Wall, and almost as far as the river Saghalien.\* The Chinese are the men of business and shopkeepers in all towns, and have very little mercy on the comparatively honest and simple Tartars. It is impossible to help laughing at the stories of their ingenious rascality. They are in fact the *chevaliers d’industrie*—the *Scapins* and *Masca-rilles* of Eastern Asia. M. Huc, in the following passage, gives an account of their tricks, which might have applied very closely to the way in which they treated our poor sailors in the south of China:—

‘ When the Mongols, an honest and ingenuous race as ever was, arrive in a trading town, they are immediately surrounded by Chinese, who carry them off home as it were by force. Tea is prepared, their beasts looked to, a thousand little services rendered. They are

\* ‘ Maintenant on a beau parcourir la Mantchourie jusqu’au fleuve *Amour*. C’est tout comme si on voyagait dans quelque province de Chine.’

caressed, flattered, magnetised in short. The Mongols, who have nothing of duplicity in their own character, and suspect none in others, end by being moved and touched by all these kindnesses. They take in sober earnest all the professions of devotion and fraternity with which they are plied, and, in a word, persuade themselves that they have had the good fortune to meet with people they can confide in. Aware, moreover, of their own inaptitude for commercial dealings, they are enchanted at finding brothers—*Ahatou*, as they call it, — who are so kind as to undertake to buy and sell for them. A good dinner *gratis*, which is served in a room to the rear, always ends by persuading them of the entire devotion of the Chinese confederacy. “If these people were interested,” says the honest Tartar to himself, “if they wished to plunder me, they would hardly give me such a good dinner for nothing; they would not expend so much money on me.” It is generally at this first repast that the Chinese bring into play all that their character combines of villany and trickery. Once in possession of the poor Tartar, he never escapes. They serve him with spirits in excess, and make him drink till he is fuddled. Thus they keep possession of their victim for three or four days, never losing sight of him, making him smoke, drink, and eat; while they sell his live stock, and purchase for him whatever he may want, charging him generally double or triple for every thing.’

M. Huc puts in a strong light that appropriation to themselves of Manchow, or Eastern Tartary (the country of their last conquerors), which has been effected by the Chinese within something more than a century, and to which we have already alluded. In a map of this country, constructed by the Jesuits, Père Duhalde states his reason for inserting the Tartar names, and not the Chinese. ‘Of what use,’ says he, ‘would it be to a traveller in Manchouria to know that the river *Saghalien* is called by the Chinese *Hé-loung-Keang* (river of the Black Dragon), since he has no business with them, and the Tartars, with whom he has to deal, know nothing of this name.’ ‘This observation might be true in the time of Kanghy,’ says M. Huc, ‘when it was made, but the very opposite is the fact at present; for the traveller in Manchouria now finds that he has to deal with China, and it is of the *Hé-loung-Keang* that he hears, and not of the *Saghalien*.’ In our own colonies, the rapidly increasing numbers and wealth of the Chinese, where they exist, are apt to give them a degree of presumption which, with the aid of their vices, might make them troublesome, were it not for the wholesome dread they entertain of European power, wherever they happen to be really acquainted with it.

M. Huc explains how Thibet, and even Mongol Tartary, to a considerable extent, is a nation of Lamas. He says he may venture to assert that in Mongolia they form at least a third of the whole population. In almost every family, with the excep-

tion of the eldest son, who remains '*homme noir*,'\* all the rest of the males are destined to be Lamas. Nothing can be more obvious than the fact that, in China Proper, Buddhism and its temples are in ruins, and the priests left in a starving condition; while, on the other hand, the government gives every encouragement to Lamanism in Tartary. The double object is said to be thus to impose a check on the growth of the population, and at the same time render that population as little warlike as possible. The remembrance of the ancient power of the Mongols haunts the court of Peking. They were once masters of the empire, and, to diminish the chances of a new invasion, the study is now to weaken them by all possible means.

With this large proportion of the male population condemned to celibacy, M. Huc gives us the following reasons for his thinking that polygamy, under all the circumstances, is the best thing for the Mongol Tartars.† It seems generally to have existed in the pastoral and nomadic state.

'La polygamie, abolie par l'Evangile, et contraire en soi au bonheur et à la concorde de la famille, doit être considérée peut-être comme un bien pour les Tartares. Vu l'état actuel de leur société, elle est comme une barrière opposée au libertinage et à la corruption des mœurs. Le célibat étant imposé aux Lamas, et la classe de ceux qui se rasent la tête et vivent dans les lamaseries étant si nombreuse, si les filles ne trouvaient pas à se placer dans les familles en qualité d'épouses secondaires, il est facile de concevoir les désordres qui naîtraient de cette multiplicité de jeunes personnes sans soutien, et abandonnées à elles-mêmes.'

The married state, however, is any thing but the conjugal,

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\* This is a distinguishing term for the Laity, who wear their black hair, while the Lamas shave the whole head.

† M. Huc is here treating of the Mongol Tartars; not of the Thibetians. Father Regis in his memoir annexed to Duhalde, speaking of the polyandry of Thibet, states expressly that 'the Tartars admit of no such irregularity.' Turner, Moorcroft, and Skinner found a plurality of husbands common at Teshoo Loomboo, Ladak, and on the Himalayas. We found it too in Ceylon, as Caesar had found it in Britain. Barbarous as the custom seems to us, and inexplicable by any supposed disproportion of the sexes, we perceive no more satisfactory explanation of its existence among the Thibetians, than among the Nairs in Malabar. There is no incompatibility, it is true, between Polygamy and Polyandry. The Nair, we suspect, does not limit himself to his coparcenary wife: And in the Mahabarat, although Draupadi is the wife of the Five Pândus brothers, some of them,—if not all,—and Arjuna especially, have several other wives. But, in case M. Huc found Polyandry at Lhassa, in either form, the omission is unaccountable. It must have been as great a novelty to a European, as the rumour of Mr. Hodgson's 'live unicorn.'

in the literal and derivative sense of the term. The husband can send back the lady to her parents without even assigning a reason. He is quits by the oxen, the sheep, and the horses which he was obliged to give as the marriage present; and the parents, it seems, can sell the same merchandise over again to a second bidder!

Our travellers in their progress westward had to cross the Yellow River more than once where it makes a bend northwards through the Great Wall and back again, enclosing in this curve an area of some three degrees square, the miserably waste and sandy country of the Ortous. Unhappily for the poor missionaries, this ruthless and ungainly stream (which a late emperor justly called 'China's sorrow') was in its frequent condition of overflow, and we have a pitiable description of the miseries endured by themselves and their camels, of all beasts the least adapted to deal with floods. The waters of the Yellow River, pure and clear at their source among the Thibet mountains, do not assume their muddy tinge until they reach the alluvial tracts of the Ortous, where they spread over thousands of acres during the inundations, altogether concealing the bed of the stream. Being from this point always nearly on a level with the country through which they flow, this defect of *encaissement* is the cause of disastrous accidents, when the rapid stream is swollen by melting snows near its source. The same velocity, which charges the river thickly with comminuted soil, prevents its deposition on the passage until it reaches the provinces of *Honan* and *Keangnan*, where the actual bed of the river is now higher than a great portion of the immense plain through which it runs. This evil being continually aggravated by further depositions of mud, a fearful catastrophe seems to overhang that unfortunate region; at the same time that the constant repair of the dikes taxes the ingenuity, while it exhausts the treasury, of the Chinese government. Sir John Davis offered to the minister Keying, a relation of the Emperor, the aid of English engineers in an emergency where science could scarcely fail of beneficial results; but he shook his head, and said he dared not even mention the subject.

The personal observations of M. Huc settle the question as to the real nature and amount of what is called the 'Great Wall' towards the west:—

'We had occasion,' he says, 'to cross it at more than fifteen different points, and several times we travelled for whole days in the line of its direction, and kept it constantly in view. Often, in lieu of those double turreted walls, which exist near Peking, we met with nothing more than a simple piece of masonry, and sometimes a modest rampart of earth. We even occasionally saw their famous wall

reduced to its most simple expression, and composed solely of some heaped stones.\*

It may be observed, with reference to the land frontiers of the Chinese empire on the west, that the authority of the Emperor, instead of abruptly encountering the hard outline of an entirely independent authority, is shadowed off by something of a blended jurisdiction. 'Il existe dans le *Kan-sou*, et sur les frontières de la province de *Sse-Tchouan*, plusieurs peuplades qui se gouvernent ainsi elles-mêmes, et d'après des lois spéciales. Toutes portent la dénomination de *Tou-sse*, à laquelle on ajoute le nom de famille de leur chef ou souverain.' (P. 36.) We find in another place that this prevails to the south-west, on the borders of Ava. 'On the outskirts of the empire, towards the west, are a number of towns or stations, called *Tou-sse*, or "native jurisdictions," where the aborigines are more or less independent, and where there is, in fact, a kind of divided authority, each party being immediately subject to its own chiefs. This is particularly true of the Lolos.'—*The Chinese*, vol. i.

It is an odd result of our war with China, that something of the same principle should have been established by treaty at the Five Ports of trade on the opposite side of the empire. British subjects are there entirely independent of the Chinese law, and governed by their own consuls, who act under ordinances framed by the governor and legislative council of Hong-kong, confirmed by her Majesty in Council. The inference from the frequency of these 'native jurisdictions' is, that Chinese law, as administered towards foreigners, becomes intolerable; so at least it proved at Canton.

It would be a pity to spoil the following passage by a translation:—

'Notre aubergiste, un Chinois pur-sang, pour nous donner une preuve de sa sagacité, nous demanda sans tergiverser si nous n'étions pas Anglais; et pour ne laisser aucun doute à sa question, il ajouta qu'il entendait par *Ing-kie-li* les "diables marins" qui faisaient la guerre à Canton.—Non, nous ne sommes pas Anglais; nous autres, nous ne sommes diables d'aucune façon, ni de mer, ni de terre. Un

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\* 'Père Gerbillon informs us, that beyond the Yellow River, to its western extremity (or for full one half of its total length), the wall is chiefly a mound of earth or gravel, about fifteen feet in height, with only occasional towers of brick. Marco Polo's silence concerning it may therefore be accounted for on the supposition that, having seen only this imperfect portion, he did not deem it an object of sufficient curiosity to deserve particular notice, without the necessity of imagining that he entered China to the south of the great barrier.'—*The Chinese*, vol. i.

désœuvré vint fort à propos détruire le mauvais effet de cette interpellation intempestive.—Toi, dit-il à l'aubergiste, tu ne sais pas regarder les figures des hommes. Comment oses-tu prétendre que ces gens là sont des *Yang-kouei-tse*? Est-ce que tu ne sais pas que ceux-ci ont les yeux tout bleus, et les cheveux tout rouges? — C'est juste, dit l'aubergiste, je n'avais pas bien réfléchi.—Non, certainement, ajoutâmes-nous, tu n'avais pas bien réfléchi. Crois-tu que des monstres marins pourraient, comme nous, vivre sur terre, et seraient capables d'aller à cheval? — Oh, c'est juste, c'est bien cela; les *Ing-hie-ké*, dit-on, n'osent jamais quitter la mer; aussitôt qu'ils montent à terre, ils tremblent et meurent comme les poissons qu'on met hors de l'eau. On parla beaucoup des mœurs et du caractère des diables marins, et d'après tout ce qui en fut dit, il demeura démontré que nous n'étions pas du tout de la même race.'

These volumes contain the most detailed and complete account of Lamanism that we remember ever to have met with; and they confirm, on the authority of these Romish priests themselves, the astonishing resemblance that exists between the external rites and institutions of Buddhism and those of the Church of Rome. Besides celibacy, fasting, and prayers for the dead, there are enshrined relics, holy water, incense, candles in broad day, rosaries of beads counted in praying, worship of saints, processions, and a monastic habit resembling that of the mendicant orders. Although our worthy missionaries call the images of Lamanism *idols*, and the Romish idols *images*, we do not think the distinction is worth much, and therefore may throw in this item with the rest; the more especially as, on the summary principle of 'inveniam viam, aut faciam,' the commandment against idol worship has been thrust bodily out of *their* Decalogue by the Romanists, as may be seen from any copy of the Missal. It is remarkable that these very missionaries had an image made for their own adoration, from a European model, at a place on their journey where a huge image of Buddha had just been cast, and sent off to Lhassa. (Vol. i. p. 41.) Thus the object of their worship was a molten image, the work not only of men's but Pagan hands, employed indifferently for either Buddhism or Romanism.

It is at once curious, and an instructive lesson to unprejudiced minds, to observe that M. Huc, while he indulges in pleasantries at the expense of the Buddhists, entirely forgets how applicable his sarcasms are to his own side of the question. After describing an assembly in a college of Lamas, where the explanations given by the priests or professors on certain points of their religion proved as vague and incomprehensible as the thing to be explained, he adds, 'On est, du reste, convaincu que la sublimité d'une doctrine est en raison directe de son obscurité et

‘de son impénétrabilité.’ Let us only suppose M. Huc expounding to these Lamas the dogma of Transubstantiation, and adding, in testimony of its truth, that St. Ignatius Loyola, with eyesight sharpened by faith, declared he actually *saw* the farinaceous substance changing itself into flesh. ‘Les hommes,’ observes our author in another place, ‘sont partout les mêmes!’

The jokes, in which M. Huc indulges against the devotees and recluses of Buddhism, are similar to what have been repeated a thousand times with reference to those of Romanism: —

‘Ce jeune lama de vingt-quatre ans était un gros gaillard bien membré, et dont la lourde et épaisse figure l’accusait de faire dans son étroit réduit une forte consommation de beurre. Nous ne pouvions jamais le voir mettre le nez à la porte de sa case, sans songer à ce rat de La Fontaine, qui par dévotion s’était retiré dans un fromage de Hollande.’

The monasteries of the Lamas, resembling as they do in so many respects those of the Romanists, differ from them on some few points. The members are all subject to the same rule and the same discipline; but they do not seem to live to the same extent in community; and exclusive rights of property prevail among them. Our missionaries passed some months in these establishments. Besides His Holiness the Supreme Lama at Lhasa, there are Grand Lamas, who derive their investiture from him, and descend from past ages in uninterrupted succession. With reference to one of these, it is observed: —

‘Si la personne du grand Lama nous frappa peu, il n’en fut pas ainsi de son costume, qui était rigoureusement celui des évêques; il portait sur sa tête une mitre jaune; un long bâton en forme de crosse (*crosier*) était dans sa main droite; et ses épaules étaient recouvertes d’un manteau en taffetas violet, retenu sur sa poitrine par une agraffe, et semblable en tout à une chape. Dans la suite, nous aurons à signaler de nombreux rapports entre le culte catholique et les cérémonies Lamanesques.’ (Vol. ii. p. 101.)

M. Huc afterwards recapitulates as follows: —

‘La crosse, la mitre, la Dalmatique, la chape ou pluvial, que les grands Lamas portent en voyage, ou lorsqu’ils font quelque cérémonie hors du temple; l’office à deux chœurs, la psalmodie, les exorcismes, l’encensoir soutenu par cinq chaînes, et pouvant s’ouvrir et se fermer à volonté; les bénédictions données par les Lamas en étendant la main droite sur la tête des fidèles; le chapelet, le célibat ecclésiastique, les retraites spirituelles, le culte des saints, les jeûnes, les processions, les litanies, l’eau bénite; voilà autant de rapports que les bouddhistes ont avec nous.’

He might have added, that they likewise have a goddess, whom they call *Tien-how*, literally *regina cæli*, ‘Queen of Heaven;’ but with a different legend.

Our author very naturally endeavours to persuade himself and his readers that by some process of diablerie these things have been borrowed from his own Church: but why should we do such violence to the subject, when there is the much easier, more intelligible, and more straightforward course of deriving both from something older than either; and remaining persuaded, as most of us must have been long ago, that the Pagan rites and Pontifex Maximus of the modern Rome represent, in outward fashion, the paganism and Pontifex Maximus of the ancient? Strange to say, instead of blinking the matter, a sort of parallel has often been studiously preserved and paraded, as when the Pantheon, the temple of 'all the gods,' was consecrated by Pope Boniface to 'all the Saints.' Is it necessary for us to compare the annual sprinkling of horses with holy water to the like process at the Circensian games—the costly gifts at Loretto to the like gifts at Delphi—the nuns to the *virgines sanctæ* of old Rome—the shrines of 'Maria in triviis' to the like rural shrines of more ancient idols—the flagellants (whose self-discipline Sancho so dexterously mitigated in his own case) to the practices of the priests of Isis? In running the parallel, the only difficulty is where to stop. It is impossible to look at the innumerable votive pictures and tablets which conceal, without adorning, the walls and pillars of many a church at Rome, and not to think of

'nam posse mederi

Picta docet templis multa tabella tuis.'

To instance a higher department of art—as the old artist, in painting his Venus, is said to have combined 'each look that 'charm'd him in the fair of Greece,' so the Italian painters have sometimes immortalised the features of their own mistresses in pictures of saints and martyrs, intended to adorn churches.

In its modern traits, as well as in its ancient, Lamanism maintains its resemblance to Romanism. Prodiges and miracles of constant occurrence come to the aid of the priesthood, and maintain their influence over the stupid multitude. Some of the instances adduced are palpable cases of ingenious jugglery; but M. Huc, with characteristic facility, believes in the miracle, while he attributes it to the agency of the devil:—

'Une philosophie purement humaine rejettera sans doute des faits semblables, ou les mettra sans balancer sur le compte des fourberies lamanesques. Pour nous, missionnaires catholiques, nous croyons que le grand menteur qui trompa autrefois nos premiers parents dans le paradis terrestre, poursuit toujours dans le monde son système de mensonge; celui qui avait la puissance de soutenir dans les airs Simon le Magicien, peut bien encore aujourd'hui parler aux hommes par la bouche d'un enfant, afin d'entretenir la foi de ses adorateurs.'



Whatever Protestants may think and say of the means by which the Romish Church has maintained and extended its influence over the masses of mankind, it is impossible to deny the thorough knowledge of human nature on which all its measures have been calculated. The same causes which have aided it so long against the reforms of a purer faith are likely to aid it much longer; and we really see very little chance of a change. The priestly array, the lighted taper, and the histrionic pantomime, are aided by smoking censers, graven images, and all the paraphernalia by which so many temples of so many different religions have been before distinguished. We entirely agree with M. Hue, that the Romish Church has a fair field for proselytism in the vast regions where Buddhism at present prevails. In external forms, the transition is the easiest possible; and during his short residence at Lhassa, he remarked: — ‘Il nous semblait toujours que la beauté de nos cérémonies eût agi puissamment sur ce peuple, si avide de tout ce qui tient au *culte extérieur*.’\*

If the new system cannot be made to supersede the old, it may at least be grafted upon it, as experience has already proved at our own colony of Ceylon; for Romanism has sometimes been satisfied with a part, where the whole was unattainable. In a recent work by Sir Emerson Tennent, he observes of the early converts in that island to the Romish Church, ‘there is no reason to doubt that, along with the profession of the new

\* In a book which had belonged to a Romish missionary in China was found this estimate written on the fly-leaf in Italian: —

‘Numbers included under different known religions, —

Catholic Apostolic Church of Rome	-	-	139,000,000
Schismatic Greek Church	-	-	62,000,000
Protestant Church and its branches	-	-	59,000,000

Total of Christianity	-	-	260,000,000
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Jews	-	-	4,000,000
Mahometans	-	-	96,000,000
Hindoos	-	-	60,000,000
Buddhists	-	-	170,000,000
Confucianists and others	-	-	147,000,000

737,000,000

‘The number of Buddhists is probably not over-rated, considering that they extend from Japan to Lhassa, and from the confines of Siberia to Siam.’

‘faith, the majority of them, like the Singalese of the present day, cherished, with still closer attachment, the superstitions of Buddhism;’ and he attributes the ease of their external conversion to ‘the attractions of a religion which, in point of pomp and magnificence, surpassed, *without materially differing from*, the pageantry and processions with which they were accustomed to celebrate the festivals of their own national worship.’ We may, however, charitably and reasonably suppose that the present emissaries of Rome would stop short of the complaisant conformity of their Jesuit predecessors, who, according to the Abbé Dubois, ‘conducted the images of the Virgin and Saviour on triumphal cars, imitated from the orgies of *Jaggernath*, and introduced the dancers of the Brahminical rites into the ceremonial of the Church.’

After eighteen months of mingled residence and journeyings through the immense tract which intervenes between the neighbourhood of Peking and Lhasa, MM. Huc and Gabet reached the capital of Thibet in a very weary and exhausted state. The snowy range of mountains which formed the latter portion of their route was passed with a caravan, which is periodically collected as a protection against robbers; and the miseries and privations which they endured had well nigh proved fatal to M. Gabet, though both travellers were in the prime of life — one thirty-two, and the other only thirty-seven. Scarcely settled in the lodging where they had installed themselves, when troubles not less harassing, though of another kind, were to be encountered. ‘Après les peines physiques, c’était le tour des souffrances morales.’ As far as rested with the native government of the country, they might long have remained unmolested to exercise their zeal at the head-quarters of Buddhism; but obstacles arose in a direction which they were hardly prepared to anticipate. The minister of the Emperor of China resides at the Court of the Supreme Lama, something like the Austrian ambassador at Rome, but with a vastly greater and more undivided influence. His spies were the first to detect the intruders; and he succeeded, at length, notwithstanding the favour and kindness shown to them by the temporal Regent of Thibet, in effecting their expulsion from the country. The whole narrative is extremely curious, and, in fact, gives a better insight into the real relations existing between Peking and Lhasa than any other source within our reach.

In addition to the numerous and striking analogies which have been traced between the rites of Lamanism and the Romish worship, M. Huc observes that ‘Rome and Lhasa, the Pope and the Supreme Lama, might also furnish points of

‘resemblance full of interest.’ The Thibetian government is altogether ecclesiastical. The Talé or Dalé-Lama is its political and religious head. When he dies, or, as the Buddhists say, transmigrates, his indestructible personification is continued in a child, chosen by the great Lamas, distinguished as *Houtouktou*, whose sacerdotal rank is inferior only to that of the Grand Lama, and whom, therefore, we may compare to the Cardinals. The present Dalé-Lama is only nine years of age, and his three predecessors had none of them reached their majority; a circumstance which seems to indicate foul play, and which was in fact expressly attributed to treachery on the part of the administration of Thibet, vested chiefly in the hands of a functionary styled Nomekhan, during the Grand Lama’s minority.

A party at Lhassa opposed to this Nomekhan applied secretly, in the year 1844, for the interference of the Emperor of China, who is sufficiently ready to extend his influence on all occasions, in Thibet and elsewhere. The person selected to proceed as ambassador to Thibet, and overturn the ill-acquired power of the Nomekhan was Ke-shen, who only about four years before had been ruined by the result of his negotiations at Canton: but whose energy and talents appear still to have been appreciated by the Emperor’s government, and whose failure might possibly have met with palliation and excuse in the still worse failures of his successors in the South. On reaching Lhassa, Ke-shen took his measures in concert with those opposed to the Nomekhan. That high functionary was arrested; when, to avoid torture, he at length confessed to the guilt of having taken *three lives* from the Grand Lama, or, in other words, having caused his transmigration three times by violence. To this confession the seals of Ke-shen and the other parties were affixed, and it was transmitted by a special courier to Peking.

‘Trois mois après, la capitale du Thibet était plongée dans une affreuse agitation; on voyait placardé au grand portail du palais du Nomekhan, et dans les rues principales de la ville, un édit impérial en trois langues sur papier jaune, et avec des bordures représentant les dragons ailés. Après de hautes considérations sur les devoirs des rois et des souverains grands et petits; après avoir exhorté les potentats, les monarques, les princes, les magistrats, et les peuples des quatre mers à marcher dans les sentiers de la justice et de la vertu, sous peine d’encourir la colère du ciel, et l’indignation du grand Khan—l’Empereur rappelait les crimes du Nomekhan, et le condamnait à un exil perpétuel sur les bords du Sakhalien-oula, au fond de la Mantchourie.—A la fin était la formule d’usage; *qu’on tremble, et qu’on obéisse!*’

Such an unusual sight as this Imperial Edict on the gates of their governor excited a general insurrection among the Thibetians

of Lhassa. At half a league's distance is a College of Lamas, composed of some thousands. These armed themselves at random, and came down like an avalanche, denouncing death to Ke-shen and the Chinese. They carried by assault the residence of the ambassador, who, however, was not to be found. They next attacked those who had acted with him, and sacrificed more than one to their fury. They released the condemned Nomekhan, who, however, had not the spirit to avail himself of the occasion. 'Il avait' (says M. Hue) 'la lâche énergie d'un assassin, et non l'audace d'un séditieux.'

The next morning, the Lamas were again agitated like a hive of bees, and again swarmed down upon Lhassa. But Ke-shen had profited by the interval, and his measures were taken. A formidable array of Chinese and Thibetian troops barred their passage; and the Lamas, whose trade was not fighting, betook themselves to their cells and their books, and were glad to avoid the consequences of their temerity in an immediate resumption of their clerical character. In a few days, the Nomekhan, who had thrown away his only chance, was on his way 'comme un mouton' to 'Tartary'—while Ke-shen, elated with his triumph, showed a disposition to extend the penalties to his reputed accomplices in guilt. The ministers of the local government, however, thought that Chinese influence had done enough, and the ambassador had the prudence to forbear. The new Nomekhan was selected from the Lamas of the greatest eminence in the country; but as the choice fell on a youth of only eighteen, a Regent was appointed in the person of the chief kalon, or minister. This individual soon showed that his first care was to provide barriers against the ambition and encroachments of the Chinese ambassador, who had so boldly taken advantage of the weakness of the Thibetian government, to usurp its powers, and extend the pretensions of his master the Emperor.

Things were in this state on the arrival of our two Missionaries, who, after some weeks of unmolested residence, began to flatter themselves that they might pass unobserved. They were one day seated at their lodging in conversation with a Lama well versed in Buddhistic learning, when a well-dressed Chinese suddenly made his appearance, and expressed a strong desire to inspect any merchandise they might have to dispose of. They in vain declared they were not merchants: he was not satisfied, and in the midst of the discussion arrived a second Chinese, and then a third; after which, the number of visitors was soon swelled to five, by the appearance of two Lamas in rich silk scarfs. They all joined in a multitude of questions, addressed

to MM. Gabet and Huc, and their looks were directed on all sides, in a minute examination of the contents of the dwelling. They at length took their leave, promising to return, and left our missionaries in an uncomfortable state, justly thinking that the pretended chance visit looked like a concerted measure, and that their new friends had very much the appearance of either spies or swindlers.

When dinner was over, two out of the late five reappeared, and at once announced that the Regent desired to see the missionaries; — ‘and that young man,’ — said they, pointing to their faithful Tartar attendant *Samdadchiemba*, who eyed them with no very friendly looks — ‘he must come too.’ The authorities must be obeyed, and they set out together towards the palace of the Regent. On their arrival, they were conducted through a court and passages, crowded with Thibetians and Chinese, to a large room, at the end of which was seated the Regent, with his legs crossed upon a thick cushion covered with a tiger’s skin. He was a man of about fifty, stout, and remarkably fair, with a most intelligent and benevolent countenance. The strangers were invited to seat themselves on a bench covered with red carpet to their right. We must give what follows in the original.

‘Aussitôt que nous fûmes assis, le Régent se mit à nous considérer long-temps en silence, et avec une attention minutieuse. Il penchait sa tête tantôt à droite, tantôt à gauche, et nous examinait d’une façon moitié moqueuse et moitié bienveillante. Cette espèce de pantomime nous parut à la fin si drôle, que nous ne pûmes nous empêcher de rire. — Bon! dîmes-nous en Français, et à voix basse, ce monsieur paraît assez bon enfant; notre affaire ira bien. — Ah! dit le Régent, d’un ton plein d’affabilité, quel langage parlez-vous? Je n’ai pas compris ce que vous avez dit. — Nous parlons le langage de notre pays. — Voyons, répétez à haute voix ce que vous avez prononcé tout bas. — Nous disions; Ce monsieur paraît assez bon enfant. — Vous autres, comprenez-vous ce langage? ajouta-t-il, en se tournant vers ceux qui se tenaient debout derrière lui. — Ils s’inclinèrent tous ensemble, et répondirent qu’ils ne comprenaient pas. — Vous voyez, personne ici n’entend le langage de votre pays; traduisez vos paroles en Thibétain. — Nous disions que, dans la physionomie du premier Kalon, il y avait beaucoup de bonté. — Ah! oui, vous trouvez que j’ai de la bonté? cependant, je suis très-méchant. N’est ce pas que je suis très-méchant? demanda-t-il à ses gens. — Ceux-ci se mirent à sourire, et ne répondirent pas. — Vous avez raison, continua le Régent, je suis bon, car la bonté est le devoir d’un Kalon. Je dois être bon envers mon peuple, et aussi envers les étrangers.’

This good-natured functionary assured the missionaries that he had sent for them merely in consequence of the contradictory reports in circulation, and without the least wish to molest

them. After having found, to his surprise, that they could express themselves in the written characters of China, Tartary, and Thibet, and having satisfied himself as to the nature of their pursuits, he informed them that the Chinese resident was himself going to question them. He advised that they should frankly state their history, and added that they might depend upon his protection, for it was himself who governed the country. As he took his departure, the noise of the gong announced the approach of Ke-shen. The experience of our travellers made them anticipate a less agreeable interview in this quarter; but they screwed their courage up to the sticking place, determined that as Christians, as Missionaries, and as Frenchmen, they would not kneel to any body; and they bade their squire and neophyte *Samdulchiemba* confess his faith, if the occasion should require. The portrait of the celebrated mandarin must be given at full length.

*Ke-shen*, quoique âgé d'une soixantaine d'années, nous parut plein de force et de vigueur. Sa figure est, sans contredit, la plus noble, la plus gracieuse et la plus spirituelle que nous ayons jamais rencontrée parmi les Chinois. Aussitôt que nous lui eûmes tiré notre mouchoir, en lui faisant une courbette de la meilleure façon qu'il nous fut possible.—C'est bien, c'est bien, nous dit-il, suivez vos usages; j'ai dit que vous parlez correctement le langage de Péking, je ne puis que vous en causer un instant avec vous.—Nous commettons beaucoup de fautes en parlant, mais ta merveilleuse intelligence saura suppléer à l'obscurité de notre parole.—En vérité, voilà du pur Pékinois! vous autres Français, vous avez une grande facilité pour toutes les sciences: vous, Français, n'est-ce pas?—Oui, nous sommes Français. Oh! je ne suis pas Français; autrefois il y en avait beaucoup à Péking, j'en voyais quelques-uns.—Tu as dû en connaître aussi à Canton, quand tu étais commissaire impérial.—Ce souvenir fit froncer le sourcil à notre juge; il puisa dans sa tabatière une abondante prise de tabac\*, et la renifla de très mauvaise humeur.—Oui, c'est vrai, j'ai vu beaucoup d'Européens à Canton. Vous êtes de la religion du Seigneur du Ciel, n'est-ce pas?—Certainement; nous sommes même prédicateurs de cette religion.—Je le sais, je le sais; vous êtes, sans doute, venus ici pour prêcher cette religion?—Nous n'avons pas d'autre but.—Avez-vous déjà parcouru un grand nombre de pays?—Nous avons parcouru toute la Chine, toute la Tartarie, et maintenant nous voici dans la capitale du Thibet.—Chez qui avez-vous logé quand vous étiez en Chine?—Nous ne répondons pas à des questions de ce genre.—Et si je vous le commande?—Nous ne pourrions pas obéir. (Ici le juge dépité frappa un rude coup de poing sur la table.)—Tu sais, lui dîmes-nous, que les chrétiens n'ont pas peur; pourquoi donc chercher

\* The Chinese generally take snuff out of a small bottle, but Ke-shen probably required larger supplies, and had a silver box or vessel at his side—'vase en argent.'

à nous intimider?—Où avez vous appris le Chinois?—En Chine.— Dans quel endroit?—Un peu partout.—Et le Tartare, le savez-vous? où l'avez-vous appris?—En Mongolie, dans la terre des herbes.\*

The firm bearing of MM. Iluc and Gabet was properly respected by Ke-shen, who, however, did not treat with the same ceremony their Tartar attendant *Samdadchiemba*, on finding he was a subject of China. He ordered him peremptorily to kneel, and in that attitude obtained from him his history, which might have gone far to compromise the unfortunate squire, but for his connexion with the two missionaries. Ke-shen's character appears to considerable advantage throughout this narrative. Encroaching and overbearing towards the Thibetian government, according to his supposed duty to his sovereign, his personal demeanour to the two travellers proved his due appreciation of the European character, no doubt the result of his experience at Canton. The lateness of the hour put an end to the audience, and our missionaries had an immediate interview, followed by a supper, with their kind friend the Regent, whose solicitude may fairly be attributed as much to his jealousy of the Chinese resident, as his sympathy for the strangers. At this interview appeared as interpreter, on account of his knowledge of the Chinese language (the medium most familiar to the missionaries), a certain Mahomedan chief of the Mussulmans of *Cashmere* resident at Lhasa. This little incident shows our increased vicinity to the Chinese Empire, since Gholab Singh, ruler of Cashmere, became our tributary, and bound himself in the treaty with Lord Hardinge to transmit annually a dozen fine shawls, and a certain number of shawl goats, in acknowledgment of British supremacy.

The greatest cause of anxiety to the Regent, and the circumstance most likely to compromise the missionaries, proved to be the supposed possession of maps of the country, constructed by themselves. It would seem, according to our author, that this fear originated since the visit of our countryman Moorcroft\*, who, according to the *Thibetians*, introduced himself at Lhasa as a native of Cashmere. They stated that, after a residence of some years, he took his departure, but was murdered on his way

\* The time and place of Moorcroft's death near Balkh, as related by Professor Wilson, have been confirmed through repeated notices gathered by Barnes and others during our occupation of Cabul and the adjacent countries, and there is no doubt of the fact. Moorcroft's residence for twelve years, from 1826 to 1838, at Lhasa, without being heard of, directly or indirectly, by any European, whether in India, Nepal, China, or Russia, is incredible on the face of it.

to Ladak. Among his effects were a number of maps and designs which he had executed during his stay in this country ; and hence the fear of map-makers. The truth, however, is that this fear has been of long standing, in China at least, where the common notion of an Englishman is that of a *bipes implumis* who goes about making maps of the country, with an express view to future conquest. Keying, the most liberal Chinese we have ever had to deal with, was in a perpetual fidget about the coast survey, carried on since the peace by that able officer Captain Collinson, between Hong-Kong and Shanghai, and plagued H. M. Plenipotentiary incessantly on the subject. It was useless to protest that nothing but the safety of our traders was in view ; that the commercial treaty was altogether futile without the safe navigation of the seas by our merchant vessels ; and it became necessary at once to cut the matter short by saying that the commanders of H. M. ships must obey any orders they received from their Government in the prosecution of their lawful business.

Maps of the country our missionaries had, but they were not autograph, nor even manuscript. A grand scrutiny took place before Ke-shen.

“ We are fortunate,” said the travellers to the Chinese Minister, “ to find you here. In your absence it might have been impossible to convince the authorities of Thibet that we did not construct these maps ourselves ; but, to a person of your information,—to one so well acquainted with European matters,—it is easy to perceive that these maps are not our work.” Ke-shen appeared greatly flattered by the compliment.—“ It is evident at once,” said he, “ that these are printed maps. Look,” he added to the Regent, “ the maps, instead of being made by these persons, were printed in the country of France. You could not perceive that ; but I have been long accustomed to distinguish the various objects which come from the West.”

*Solvuntur risu tabulæ.*—This incident was of more use to the missionaries, and relieved them more completely from the cloud which had hung over them, than anything else that could have occurred. The only fear and anxiety of the Regent himself was effectually removed, and from being virtually prisoners, and their baggage under seal, they returned in a sort of ovation to their lodging. It did not seem unreasonable for them, under all the circumstances, to hope that they might remain unmolested in the country. This appeared still more probable after their friend the Regent had allowed them to take up their quarters in a house belonging to the Government, where they established a chapel, and where they were visited by both Thibetians and Chinese, some of whom manifested no disinclination towards the



Romish worship. Enough has been shown to prove that, in external rites, there is not a great deal of difference, and there are, besides, certain circumstances which give the Papal emissaries great practical advantages over Protestant missionaries. Whatever may be the evils or scandals attending celibacy in the Romish Church (and Dr. Dens' mis-called 'Theology' proves its dangers in the confessional), it has been very useful to them in the case of foreign missions, and in the exploration of untried regions or new fields of action. The very undertaking we are considering could never have been accomplished by Protestant clergymen encumbered with the 'impedimenta' of wives and families. When a missionary is nominated from England, the prospect of a provision, supposing him to be single, generally induces him to marry, and he fixes himself down, say at one of the five ports of China, for perhaps his life, with the very moderate prospect of converting the empire from a place corresponding to one of our seaports. If he dies prematurely, which is often the case, the funds which sent him out become charged with the maintenance of those whom he leaves behind, and we need only look over the accounts of the Propagation Society to see that a very considerable amount of their funds (most justly and unavoidably we admit) are swallowed up annually in this way.

The interval of prosperity now enjoyed by our travellers, but destined to be too soon interrupted, was varied by some interesting and unreserved conversations with Ke-shen. His Canton recollections seemed to haunt him. 'Ki-chan nous demanda des nouvelles de Palmerston; s'il était toujours chargé des affaires étrangères.' He gave them a graphic and perfectly true description of the absolute power of the Chinese sovereign: —

'Notre Empereur nous dit, Voilà qui est blanc. Nous nous prosternons, et nous répondons, Oui, voilà qui est blanc. Il nous montre ensuite le même objet, et nous dit, Voilà qui est noir. Nous nous prosternons de nouveau, et nous répondons, Oui, voilà qui est noir.—Mais enfin, si vous disiez qu'un objet ne saurait être à la fois blanc et noir?—L'Empereur dirait peut-être à celui qui aurait ce courage, Tu as raison — mais en même temps il le ferait étrangler ou décapiter.'

Ke-shen was a high authority on this subject, for he had been one of the Emperor's privy councillors.

M. Huc persuaded himself, naturally enough perhaps, that the Chinese resident at Lhassa became jealous of the progress made by himself and M. Gabet among the Thibetians, and therefore determined on bringing about their departure

from the country: but any Chinese functionary in his position would have deemed such a measure necessary, and a mere act of prudence as concerned himself, considering he served a master who, as we have just seen, treats his servants in so truculent a style, even when they have reason on their side. Ke-shen had already been once condemned to death himself.

‘Un jour l’ambassadeur *Ki-chan* nous fit appeler, et après maintes cajoleries il finit par nous dire que le Thibet était un pays trop froid, trop pauvre pour nous, et qu’il fallait songer à retourner dans notre royaume de France. *Ki-chan* nous adressa ces paroles avec une sorte de laisser-aller et d’abandon, comme s’il eût supposé qu’il n’y avait la moindre objection à faire. Nous lui demandâmes si, en parlant ainsi, il entendait nous donner un conseil ou un ordre?—L’un et l’autre, nous répondit-il froidement.’

They in vain urged that they were not Chinese subjects, and therefore disclaimed his assumed authority over them in Thibet. The conference was abruptly terminated by their being informed that they must prepare themselves to quit the country. They went at once to their friend the Regent, who, in words at least, seemed to impress them with the notion that he did not consider their departure absolutely depended on the will of the Chinese Resident. The habitual insincerity of Asiatics renders them very ready to say any thing that may be agreeable to their hearers, and their love of ease makes them willing to avoid unpleasant discussions. It is very probable that the Regent was jealous of Ke-shen; but we cannot go quite the length of imagining, with M. Huc, that a ready compliance with the determination of Ke-shen on the part of himself and M. Gabet became necessary, ‘de peur de compromettre le Regent, et de devenir, peut-être, la cause de fâcheuses dissensions entre la Chine et le Thibet.’ We are persuaded that, whatever circumstances may occur to occasion a war between Thibet and China, it will not be for such a cause as this. M. Huc must before now have become sensible that he equally miscalculated in another quarter. ‘Dans notre candeur, nous nous imaginions que le gouvernement français ne verrait pas avec indifférence cette prétension inouïe de la Chine, qui ose poursuivre de ses outrages le Christianisme et le nom français jusque chez les peuples étrangers, et à plus de mille lieues loin de Peking.’ China has long exercised the same sort of power or influence in countries very far west of Lhasa, and therefore more distant from Peking.

It was certainly a stipulation in 1845, between M. de Lagrené, the French minister, and Keying, that the Romish religion should no longer be subject to persecution in China; and Sir John Davis lost no time in obtaining for Protestants

whatever privileges were to be accorded to Romanists. In 1847, however, two Romish bishops, *in partibus*, were found in the interior, and immediately sent off to the coast, whence they found their way to Hong-Kong, indignant at what seemed to them so direct a violation of treaties. The Chinese government declared that the privileges in question were only intended for the Five Ports where Europeans were permitted to reside, and that they did not extend to admitting the teachers of Christianity into the interior.

We altogether concur with M. Huc on one point. If the two missionaries were to quit Lhasa, they might at least have been allowed to leave it in the readiest and easiest way. Within three weeks' journey was the frontier of Bengal, whence it was their wish to proceed to Calcutta. But no: Chinese fears and jealousies had decreed otherwise. The same absurd precaution which had caused certain emissaries from Russia to be conducted by a roundabout course from Kiachta to Peking, doomed our poor missionaries to *travail* from Lhasa through alpine passes to the frontier of China, and from thence to Canton,—a weary course of about eight months. They protested in vain, and declared they would denounce this cruel measure to the French government. Ke-shen was inflexible, observing that he must remember what was expected from him by the Emperor, and take care of his own head.

A good escort, however, was provided, and every care taken for the welfare of our travellers. A mandarin of respectable military rank, and fifteen Chinese soldiers, were charged with their safe conduct by Ke-shen in person, who, moreover, in a most edifying oration, recorded by M. Huc, pointed out their respective duties; and truly the undertaking before them was not a light one, as the description of the journey to the Chinese frontier (where the present work concludes) will easily show. In this almost impassable tract of country we may discover the real cause of the separation, for so many ages, of China from the Western world; for mountains of nearly the same alpine character extend all the way from Tartary southwards to Yunnan and the frontiers of the Burmese empire. The hardships of the present journey, undertaken under all possible advantages, killed no less than three mandarins, that is, their conductor and two others who joined them on the route. We must observe, however, that the former had been invalided from his duties on account of swelled legs and other, probably dropsical, symptoms, brought on by the abuse of stimulating liquors. We must give our author's description of this mandarin's separation from his Thibetian wife, as it is a specimen of M. Huc's style:—

‘ Avant de monter à cheval, une Thibétaine vigoureusement membrée et assez proprement vêtue se presenta : c’était la femme de Ly-kouo-ngan. Il l’avait épousée depuis six an., et il allait l’abandonner pour toujours. Ces deux conjugales moitiés ne devant plus se revoir, il étnit bien juste qu’au moment d’une si déchirante séparation, il y eut quelques mots d’adieu. La chose se fit en public, et de la manière suivante.—Voilà que nous partons, dit le mari ; toi, demeure ici, assise en paix dans ta chambre.—Va-t-en, tout doucement, répondit l’épouse ; va-t-en tout doucement, et prends bien garde aux enflures de tes jambes. Elle mit ensuite une main devant ses yeux, comme pour faire croire qu’elle pleurait.—Tiens, dit le Pacificateur des royaumes\* en se tournant vers nous ; elles sont drôles ces femmes Thibétaines ; je lui laisse une maison solidement bâtie, et puis une foule de meubles presque tout neufs, et voilà qu’elle s’avise de pleurer ! Est-ce qu’elle n’est pas contente comme cela.—Après ces adieux si pleins d’unction et de tendresse, tout le monde monta à cheval.’

One word more about Ke-shen. A most striking trait of Chinese character is recorded by M. Huc, just as he is on the point of departure. We have seen the circumstances under which our missionaries took leave of the imperial representative at Lhassa. Whatever he might think or say on the occasion, *they*, at least, had just cause to consider themselves treated by him with unnecessary harshness ; if not for their removal from Thibet, at least for their removal by the way of China, instead of Bengal. Notwithstanding all this, he drew them aside at their last interview, and said confidentially : ‘ I shall soon be on the way to China myself ; that I may not be overcharged with effects on my departure, I send two large chests by this opportunity ; they are covered with Thibet † cow skins (showing us at the same time how they were lettered) ; I recommend these two cases to your special care. When you reach the relays at night, let them be deposited in your sleeping apartment ; and when you arrive at the capital of *Sse-chuen* province, deliver them to the care of the viceroy.’ Thus, when a Chinese officer, a countryman and nominee of his own, was going the same journey, he preferred entrusting this treasure (for such no doubt it was) to two poor European missionaries, whom he had injured, rather than to a Chinese mandarin of respectable station, who was, in a great measure, his own dependent. He had often said that he admired and respected the European probity, and this was a practical proof of it. M. Huc very justly adds : ‘ Cette marque de confiance nous fit plaisir : c’était un homme rendu à la probité des chrétiens, et en même temps une satire bien amère du caractère chinois.’

\* A play on his Chinese name.

† The Yak of Thibet, *beuf à long poil*, figured in Turner’s embassy.

Some time after Ke-shen's disgrace, there appeared at Hong-Kong the copy of a Peking gazette, which detailed the circumstances of his sentence, and gave the amount of his registered property. The two ministers commissioned on the occasion reported that they found in his house, or at least his possession, 682 Chinese pounds of gold, being about 14,560 English ounces; but of silver the enormous amount was 17,940,000 taels, which is more than six millions sterling, or as nearly as possible the whole amount of indemnity paid to England on account of the war, including the ransom of Canton. Ke-shen might thus truly be said to have 'paid for the war.' But, as if this were not enough, his women were sold by auction (Mr. Robins never had such an opportunity), and when he reached the capital from Canton, he was without the necessaries of life, though the emperor soon packed him off to Elce, the Celestial Siberia.\* After all this, it was rather cool, when his services were wanted, to appoint him resident at Lhassa; where, however, he soon contrived to do something towards repairing his broken fortunes, by helping himself to the gold and precious stones in which Thibet abounds. The two chests in charge of the missionaries were, no doubt, an instalment of his remittances to China; and he is now viceroy of the province of *Sse-chuen*, (whither he sent the chests,) one of the largest of the empire, being equal in area to all France. This strange history is not unlike that of many a minister of the Celestial Empire.

Our Missionaries make no pretension to learning; and are credulous in proportion. But their notices of the life before them are curious, and, we believe, truthful. We will conclude with two very extraordinary Thibetian customs, which we do not remember in Turner: though it must be observed that, while they did not reach Ladak or the Indian frontier, neither did Turner reach Lhassa or the Chincse.

'Les femmes Thibétaines se soumettent dans leur toilette à un usage, ou plutôt à une règle incroyable, et sans doute unique dans le monde. Avant de sortir de leur maisons, elles se frottent le visage avec une espèce de vernis noir et gluant, assez semblable à de la confiture de raisin. Comme elles ont pour but de se rendre laides et hideuses, elles répandent sur leur face ce fard dégoûtant à tort et à travers, et se barbouillent de manière à ne plus ressembler à des créatures humaines.'

\* M. Huc has the true version of the story. 'L'Empereur, dans sa paternelle mansuétude, lui fit grâce de sa vie, et se contenta de le dégrader de tous ses titres, de lui retirer toutes ses décorations, de confisquer ses biens, de raser sa maison, de faire vendre ses femmes à l'encan, et de l'envoyer en exile au fond de la Tartarie.'

It is certainly something altogether new to find any race of women with the ambition 'de se rendre laides et hideuses,' but it must be an amazing simplification of the business of the toilet. The only wonder is that such a custom was ever submitted to, when, as M. Huc states, a certain Nomekhan, or Lama-king of the country, imposed it on the female part of the community, as a corrective of their morals and a protection to their virtue.

'Afin d'arrêter les progrès d'une license qui était devenu presque générale, le Nomekhan publia un édit, par lequel il était défendu aux femmes de paraître en public, à moins de se barbouiller la figure de la façon que nous avons déjà dite. De hautes considérations morales et religieuses motivaient cette loi étrange, et menaçaient les réfractaires des peines les plus sévères, et surtout de la colère et de l'indignation de Bouddha.'

Nothing but a hierarchy, or rather, a nation of priests, could ever have succeeded in so monstrous a scheme of moral or religious discipline, more unnatural than the nunneries of Romanism. 'One need not sure look frightful, *though* one's dead.'

The second strange custom is a Thibetian salutation of respect, more absurd even than the 'nose-rubbing' with which the Esquimaux greet their friends. M. Huc describes it by the terms 'tirer la langue,' which can only mean 'putting out the tongue.' We have read that the New Zealanders have a habit of expressing their hatred or defiance of their enemies by the same elegant gesture, and for such a purpose it might seem sufficiently significant and appropriate among savages: but how a people, at least semi-civilised, like the Thibetians, could ever have fallen upon such a mode of signifying *respect*, is altogether marvellous. It goes far at least to prove the purely conventional nature of all such signs, when the very *opposite* movements have been adopted by different nations to denote the same thing. If, to uncover the head be, in Europe, a mark of respect, it is precisely the reverse in China: and, though to salute with either the right or left hand be a nearly indifferent matter among us, a salutation with the left is so deadly an insult with Mahomedans in the East, as to have been instantly answered with a stab or a shot. For this reason, the native commissioned officers of our Indian army, in giving the military salute, confine it to the sword held in the right hand, and do not at the same time raise the left hand to the forehead.

Since the Ruler of the Valley of Cashmere has become a tributary to the British crown, circumstances must occasionally bring us into contact with the Chinese government through Thibet. From the first conclusion of the treaty between Gholab Singh and the Governor-General of India, Lord Hardinge, with the foresight of a statesman, turned his attention to the

accomplishment of two most desirable objects. First, the exact ascertainment and definition of the boundaries between Cashmere and the Ladak territory; and secondly, the continuation of the same trade between the territory, now dependent on the British Government, and Ladak, as had been before established by treaty between Cashmere and Ladak. We found, in fact, such a treaty existing, by which tea\* and shawl-wool were to be transmitted to Cashmere and the Punjab by the Ladak road; and persons proceeding from Ladak to China, or from China to Ladak, were not to be obstructed on the way. That no means might be left untried, Lord Hardinge engaged the services of H. M. Plenipotentiary in China, to communicate with the minister of the Emperor, Keying, on the subject, and obtain, if possible, the appointment of Chinese or Thibetian commissioners to meet our own on the new frontier of India. The land distances to be traversed in negotiation were enormous. From Canton to Peking was 1200 miles, and from Peking to our frontier more than 2000. Various and Protean were the shifts and changes by which Keying, in Chinese fashion, endeavoured to elude all concern or responsibility in the matter. Among others was this highly ungeographical objection: 'The trading with Thibet would not be in conformity with the maritime treaty, as it is not included in the Five Ports.' When convinced of the real nature of this *non-sequitur*, Keying admitted that the traders on the Indian frontier might carry on a commerce entirely distinct from that of the English merchants, who repair to the Five Ports of China; and he engaged 'faithfully to transmit to his sovereign the whole tenor of the correspondence.' He would hardly fail to do so, being aware that all Lord Hardinge's communications must at last reach Peking through Thibet, and betray any concealment of the subject. Three commissioners were appointed by Lord Hardinge in 1847, to enter the Thibetian territory, and endeavour to settle the frontier boundaries, if possible. Other objects were combined with the principal one. Lieutenant Strachey, one of the commissioners, was instructed to follow up his previous researches in Ngari, and penetrate through Gurdokh to the Lake Manasarowar, and so eastward, as far as practicable, through Darjerling or Bhotan to the British provinces. That officer has printed an interesting narrative of his first journey, in 1846, proving the rigours of those alpine regions to be precisely corresponding to the experience of MM. Iluc and Gabet; and we hope in time to have a detailed account of his more recent and official researches.

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\* Our manufactory of tea in Kumaon is so promising, that we may one day supply it to Thibet and Chinese Tartary, where the consumption is very large.

- ART. V. — 1. *Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie Moderne.*  
Par M. VICTOR COUSIN. 5 vols. Paris: 1846.
2. *Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie Moderne.* 2<sup>e</sup> Série.  
3 vols. Paris: 1847.
3. *Fragments Philosophiques pour faire Suite aux Cours de  
l'Histoire de la Philosophie.* 4 vols. Paris: 1847.
4. *Œuvres de M. Victor Cousin.* 4<sup>e</sup> Série. *Littérature.* 3 vols.  
Paris: 1849.
5. *Œuvres de M. Victor Cousin.* 5<sup>e</sup> Série. *Instruction Pub-  
lique en France sous le Gouvernement de Juillet.* Paris: 1850.

THE five series of volumes placed at the head of the present article form one connected and uniform edition of M. Cousin's entire original works. The translations which he has issued at different periods, and the writings of other celebrated authors which he has carried through the press (accompanied not unfrequently with notes and introductions of his own), are not included in the plan. The three first series contain all his productions of a purely philosophical character. The fourth consists of literary fragments. While the fifth comprises the well-known Reports on Education in Holland and Germany, together with the acts of M. Cousin as Minister of Public Instruction, and his speeches in defence of the University system of France. As these volumes comprise the whole of what our author has published during a long and active life of literary labour, we may regard them as offering a fair opportunity for estimating his merits as a philosopher, an historian, and a littérateur.

Such an edition of Cousin's writings was urgently called for. Several of the publications which, from time to time, have appeared under his name, have been far from giving a correct representation of his philosophical opinions on the one hand, or of the purity of his style on the other. Lectures, taken down in short-hand from the lips of the speaker, have gone forth as though they were finished compositions; and these, again, have been reproduced in foreign editions, without receiving the slightest correction from himself, or the slightest voucher for the accuracy of their contents. For the errors and misunderstandings which have thus arisen there will no longer be any excuse; and we earnestly recommend all persons who wish to learn our author's real opinions, to abjure the use of all apocryphal accounts of them and to have recourse at once, whether for exposition or refutation, to his own acknowledged writings.

In the present edition, duly corrected and arranged by the



author, the means are at length afforded us of reviewing his career from unquestionably authentic sources. Of no living writer, perhaps, could it be said that such a review was more needed, in order to place the literary world at large in possession of his real sentiments, or of the course of their formation. To say nothing of the imperfect character of some of the former editions, it is evident that the fragmentary and miscellaneous nature of his productions, which to be properly judged of must be regarded as a whole, and the rhetorical form in which many of his most important doctrines were delivered, have of themselves contributed to scatter the most disjointed, and even opposite, notions, respecting the true idea of Cousin's philosophy, throughout the world. When we look at his collected works side by side, we find in them a series of efforts, ranging from the period in which their author was scarcely out of his teens down to the present day, each of which is not uncommonly read and quoted, as though it were a full and accurate representation of his opinions, instead of being a small portion of the several stages through which his opinions have been gradually formed. No wonder that philosophical sciolists and keen-eyed critics have discovered among them a harvest of rhetorical phrases—of verbal errors—and even of logical contradictions, upon which to practise their art and display their ingenuity. For if there are few who make sufficient allowance for the ease of mental progress, where a man commits his thoughts consecutively to the press, or who forbear to stamp on its results the title of inconsistency, still fewer are there who can face a paradox without flinching, and allow to the rhetorician a licence in the statement of truths, which very probably the rigid laws of logic may neither justify nor comprehend.

The very first requisite for understanding an author like Cousin aright, is to view him as a whole; to regard each of his successive works as a fragment of the process which goes to make up our integral idea of him; to consider attentively the point from which he started—the advances he made in the course of his continued labours—the influence of men and circumstances upon his mental development—and the mode in which his intellectual life has embodied itself in his writings, as an organic growth. This accordingly is the view which it is our present design to furnish, and which will be based upon the works before us. We have no intention of criticising minutely the philosophical doctrines which our author has propounded, to wind our way through the intricate metaphysical problems he has endeavoured to solve, or to test his solutions by any scientific touchstone. Such a task might indeed be interesting to the speculative philosopher, but it would scarcely be sufficiently

attractive to the public at large. In his works, as now collected and arranged in distinct series, we shall see M. Cousin in the light of a student, a professor, an orator, an historian, and, more than all, of a great writer, whose pointed periods have touched the chords of modern society, and thrilled through the minds of thousands in almost every quarter of the civilised world.

A popular statement of the phases through which M. Cousin has passed in his progress, and of the system in which he has taken up what appears likely to be his permanent abode, may assist in removing the misapprehensions to which Professor Sedgwick alludes in a Preliminary Dissertation to the Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge. After recommending the critical discussion of Locke's Essay in the Lectures of Victor Cousin, both as a guide and safeguard in passing 'onwards to the higher transcendental speculations of the German school,' Professor Sedgwick adds: 'The works of this writer have, by some men, been sneered at and undervalued, because they are critical and eclectic. But this may be, and often is, a first-rate merit. There can be no end to the motley forms of science, if every succeeding author is to give us a new system. Because we reject some part of the scheme of Locke, or think that the common sense induction school of Scotland has fallen short of a perfect system:—because we think that the idealism of the German school may have been pushed too far by shutting from our view the true foundations of that great mass of material knowledge, which rests on the evidence of our senses, and is therefore fundamentally empirical or sensual:—because we believe all this, it follows not, that we are to deny the good that is already done or to close our eyes to the great truths that have been in part unfolded. No system of psychology has perhaps yet been published, or ever will be published, in such a form as to contain the whole essence of metaphysical truth.' (5th Edit. 1850.) Among the text-books for the Cambridge Moral Science Tripos of next year, the only work by a living writer is 'The Philosophy of the Eighteenth Century.'

On the early life of M. Cousin it is not our province to dwell. Suffice it to mention that he was a 'child of Paris,' educated at the Lyceum of Charlemagne; that he became a student at the *École Normale*, on the establishment of that institution in 1810; that he there entered on the study of philosophy under the guidance of MM. Laromiguière, Maine de Biran, and Royer Collard; and that on the elevation of the latter to the head of the University by the restored Government of 1815, M. Cousin, then only twenty-three years of age,

was appointed his successor to the Chair of Philosophy in the *Faculté des Lettres*. From that time to the present day, (with a few interruptions which will be noticed in the sequel), he has retained his connexion with the University of France, and laboured in it personally as a public expositor of the history of philosophy.

Before we follow him into the duties of his new calling, or describe the spirit in which those duties were undertaken, let us pause for a moment and take a rapid glance at the condition of philosophy in France at this precise juncture. The general tendency of philosophical thinking throughout Europe, during the eighteenth century, is well known. That every thing should be made clear and palpable was the unconscious bent of the age, and was made its imperious demand. Mystery it could not endure. All the secrets of the universe must be laid bare to the light of day. Wherever there seemed to be darkness, forthwith, unless light was procured, reality was denied. In fact, the spirit of Voltaire had become the master spirit of the time; and common sense, in the grossest acceptation of the term, the absolute test of truth. The effect of this tendency was to fix upon that which is most accessible to the unreflecting mind, — namely, matter and organisation, — as the sole basis of all things; to regard morals, not as the indication of the deep hidden laws of our spiritual being, but as another name for worldly wisdom; and to look upon religion as a mere creation of priestcraft, cleverly designed to aid ambition, and throw dust into the eyes of the simple. A broad separation grew up between the natural and the supernatural; between that which was supposed to harmonise with the course of nature, and what were considered the shadowy creations of an unreal enthusiasm. On one side was man — a compact mass of nerves and organs — placed in the midst of a material universe; on the other side were dreams about mind, freedom, duty, and religion. It seems never to have occurred to these materialists, that there was a contradiction in the very statement of their principles, — that if man were wholly a part of organic nature, and slavishly subject to its laws, every thing which results from his organisation must be natural also; and that, assuming the ganglia and the brain to regularly secrete morals, religion, and other such phenomena, these more abstruse phenomena would have the same title to be legitimate results of the natural working of the universe as the nerves and organs themselves; and could not, therefore, rationally be thrown aside into the regions of falsehood and imagination. Such, however, in spite of every contradiction, was the bias or rather passion of that period. All departments of mental and moral science were translated into

the language of pure materialism. Cabanis, the physiologist of the school, professed to demonstrate with his scalpel the process by which a vibration of the nervous system becomes transformed into thought and emotion. Volney and St. Lambert were its moralists; while M. Destutt de Tracy elaborated the same theory on the side of psychology and logic with unusual clearness and plausibility.

What those secret and irresistible laws really are, which guide the intellectual tendencies of an age or a people, no one has yet succeeded in explaining. The fact, however, that such laws and periodic tendencies exist, can no longer be a matter of doubt. The tide of materialism, which had inundated France and wrought a sensible impression at once upon both its literature and its practical life, seemed to have reached its height, spent itself, and come to a temporary resting place very soon after the opening of the present century. A reaction was in fact then preparing, and was turning the hidden processes of thought into a new direction, even in minds apparently least disposed to yield to its influence.

The first of the public professors, in whom this nascent tendency became manifest, was M. Laromiguière. Nurtured in the school of the ideologists, nothing was further from his intention than to dispute the main principles for which the ideologist had contended. And yet we find him, in his own despite, veering round to another quarter, and giving up, almost unawares, the whole passive theory of the origin of our ideas. Such a change indeed became inevitable when he introduced the element of *attention* as an indispensable step in every act of intelligence, and maintained, as a necessary consequence, the autonomy of the human will. Connected with M. Laromiguière was a man of still greater vigour of mind, of more independent spirit, and with far stronger powers of psychological analysis,—M. Maine de Biran. Led by no teacher, impelled forward by no influences beyond his own deeply reflective nature, M. de Biran gradually modified his philosophic theory from the lowest depths of materialism, to an idealistic principle almost rivalling that of Fichte himself. Fixing his keen eye upon the power of the *will*, he stripped it of all determining circumstances, disengaged it as a primitive force from the phenomena of desire; and showed that, if we are to have one absolute basis for philosophy, such basis can be no other than *self*, at once the revealer and the type of all causality, whether in Nature or in God. There was still a third, in whom the new tendency manifested itself, combined with a peculiar gift of lucid exposition, both as a lecturer and a writer,—namely M. Royer Collard. He it was, who had the

honour of making the first open breach with the materialistic school, of declaring the whole basis of their speculations unsound, and of professing to take his stand upon directly contrary principles. Conscious that the Scottish school, under the guidance of Reid, had struggled successfully against the empiricism and the scepticism which had prevailed in England; perceiving that it had carried the main points of the controversy in a fair and open fight; M. R. Collard naturally betook himself thither to find at once alliance and sympathy in the combat commencing now in France. The principles for which he was seen contending were, accordingly, the very same as those for which Reid had contended before him. Like his Scottish predecessor, he investigated with the greatest care the doctrine of the immediacy of human knowledge in the act of perception, in opposition to that of representative ideas, or the still more materialistic theory of nervous impressions. Together with Reid, he affirmed the existence of original principles of belief; and in justice to him, let it be also said, that he had the credit of separating, far more clearly than Reid himself, the subjective and constitutive elements of human knowledge from the immediate experiences given in our perceptive and intuitive faculties.

Under the guidance of these three minds, the early philosophical education of M. Cousin had been begun and completed. The materialistic theory he had never himself imbibed. More favourably situated than his predecessors, he was, therefore, never subjected to the necessity of painfully working himself out of the dregs of ideology by an effort, in which their mental strength had been well nigh exhausted. Not only did he come upon the stage after the reaction had fully set in, but he was brought up under the direct influence of the men in whom that reaction was most clearly developed. Added to this, he had been a favourite pupil of M. Boyer Collard; he had been selected by him, as the most worthy expounder of his philosophical principles; and was chosen by him, when hardly mature either in age or culture, to be his successor in the chair of the 'History of Philosophy,' on being himself called upon by higher duties to resign it. Under these circumstances it will not be wondered at that M. Cousin made his first appearance as a professed disciple of the Scottish School. His emancipation by date of birth from the sensational philosophy, his veneration for the teacher whose footsteps he had now to follow, and the reputation which the doctrines of Reid were then enjoying, as being the most energetic protest against the sceptical theories lately in fashion, all concurred to make 'the philosophy of common sense' the starting point, from which he entered on his career as a public professor.

In the December of 1815, Cousin delivered his first lecture

at the opening of the session in the Faculté des Lettres. This lecture appears in the first volume of the present series, and it leaves no doubt concerning the doctrines he had undertaken to expound, and which he was now still further to develop. It was plain that the battle against materialism would be here fought upon the field of Reid's perceptionalist theory. The principle of Descartes, — that every truth is to be ultimately referred to the *consciousness of the Ego*, — is charged with all the consequences of Berkeley and Hume; while the theory of the immediacy of our knowledge of the external world, is described as the portal into all true science and true philosophy.

'What a service,' he exclaims, 'has that philosophy rendered to the world, which, by dissipating the prestige of an illusory representation, for ever destroyed the ideal hypothesis, and succeeded in pulling down the vain props by which philosophy had sought to vindicate the material world,—in order to re-establish it on its natural foundation. Reid is the first who disengaged perception from the sensation which envelopes it, and placed it in the rank of our original faculties. The reign of Descartes ended with Reid. I say his *reign*, not his glory, which is immortal.'—*I. Série*, tome i. p. 14.

Notwithstanding the plan marked out in this opening address, the lectures which followed were any thing but a development of it. The attempt to unravel the theory of perception brought the lecturer unconsciously upon the prior question of personal identity, and the nature of the *Ego* — the perceiving principle itself. Leaving, therefore, the development of the theory of perception, Cousin devoted all his energies to explain the existence, the personality, and the substantial reality of *The Me*, as implying a self-acting and intelligent being; tracing the subject historically, all through the English, Scotch, French, and to some extent, even the German schools of philosophy. During this process, the incomplete nature of Reid's analysis of first principles gradually dawned upon him. It had been the lot of Reid to be the first boldly to take the field against doctrines which had long been deeply rooted in the philosophical mind of Europe. Intent upon the great fundamental points for which he was contending, he had little time, and perhaps less disposition, to construct them into a system, or even subject them to any very close analysis. Hence the 'first principles,' which he enumerated, were any thing but a scientific classification of the *à priori* elements of human knowledge. There was no separation yet effected between the *matter* and the *form* of our ideas; but simply an uncritical, and (as it professed to be) a *common sense* exhibition of the first truths, which rest upon universal consent, and enter necessarily into our knowledge in its various branches.

M. Royer Collard, as we before mentioned, had attempted, and not without some success, an improvement in the statement and classification of these primary principles; and had advanced so far towards the extrication of the *forms* of thought from the *concrete* phenomena, as to employ the term 'Constitutive principles of the human Understanding.' But the analysis was far from being complete; the critical element in his system was still comparatively slight; and the problems respecting the nature of human knowledge were hardly raised above the platform upon which they had been investigated by Reid himself.

Ere the first session was ended, Cousin became fully aware of this deficiency. His mind, naturally acute and analytic, sought to penetrate further into the relation between the knowing and the known; to see what are the elements which come respectively from each, and how they are blended in knowledge itself; to complete, in a word, the table of categories or forms of thought, which M. R. Collard had so felicitously commenced. Where, then, was our young philosopher to look for assistance in this arduous task? or, to whose aid had M. Collard owed his previous measure of success? Rumours of the Sage of Königsberg, as being the source of these improved analyses, had already crossed the Rhine. The barbarous Latin translation, for so he terms it, of the '*Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*,' was even now in Cousin's hands; and he determined, in spite of all the difficulty of the enterprise, to see what light could be shed upon the question from this quarter.

In the opening lecture of the next session we, accordingly, find that a very palpable element of the Critical Philosophy has been introduced into the Scottish method of the year before. The relation of Subject and Object now appears in the foreground, as the question out of which the main problems of philosophy virtually spring. The schools of Locke, of Reid, and of Kant, are regarded as representing three progressive modes of treating the same great question; all of them valuable in one point of view, and all defective in another. Thus early was the value of Kant's critical labours fully asserted, though without yielding to them any implicit assent; and in a few bold sentences was drawn the first rough sketch of that peculiar system of Eclecticism, which has since gathered round its centre almost all the rising metaphysical genius of France, and nurtured into full growth one of the most popular, and in some respects most energetic, schools of modern philosophy.

Cousin, however, was not long content to terminate his researches with the philosophy of Kant. Excited by the reports which from time to time reached him of new and fruitful

philosophical systems, as yet wholly unknown to France, he determined to spend the autumn of the year 1817 in making, as it were, a voyage of discovery into Germany. The '*Natur-Philosophie*' was then in the zenith of its glory; every one had been charmed with its novelty, its poetry, and the eloquence with which it had been expounded by its author.

'The great name of Schelling,' remarks Cousin, 'resounded in all the schools — here celebrated, there almost cursed; everywhere exciting that passionate interest, that concert of ardent eulogium, and violent attack, which we call glory.'—III. *Série*, tome iv. p. 74.

In place, however, of visiting Schelling, whom he had so ardently desired to know, Cousin met, by chance, at Heidelberg, a quiet unostentatious young man, of whom he had scarcely heard, and who then passed as a somewhat clever disciple of Schelling. His name was *Hegel*. What benefit he derived from his intercourse, it would not now be easy to decide. The one knew very little of German—the other just as little of French; and yet after the very first conversation, or rather attempt at it, Cousin assures us that he felt himself in the presence of a Superior Spirit; that on leaving Heidelberg he announced him, and became his prophet; and that on his return to France he said to his friends—'I have seen a man of genius.' Hegel, it seems, made him a present of his *Logic*, which had just appeared; but, says Cousin, 'c'était un livre tout hêrissé de formules, d'une apparence assez scholastique et écrit dans une langue très peu lucide, surtout pour moi.'

Whatever may have been the effect of this intercourse with Germany, certain it is that Cousin, during the next session, (which occupied the greater part of the year 1818,) produced a highly interesting course of lectures based upon the Ideas of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good. The opening lecture is devoted to an exposition and a defence of the principle of Eclecticism, and the second to the question of Method. Having cleared the way by a general view of these two points, he proceeds to the exposition and analysis of what are termed absolute Ideas; whence, preserving all along the grace and clearness which so peculiarly distinguish him, he floats onward through the regions of metaphysical, of æsthetic, and of moral truth,—at the same time criticising the doctrines of every remarkable school of philosophy, developing his own more or less fully, and pointing out the applications of each to art, science, and natural theology. Whatever opinion the philosophical student may form concerning the metaphysical basis of this course, no scholar assuredly will deny either the exquisite touches of criticism, or



the sudden glimpses into broad and practical principles, which are scattered throughout the whole.

During his next vacation, Cousin revisited Germany; and re-  
pairing to Munich, found both Schelling and Jacobi, who appear  
to have received him into their friendship with true German cor-  
diality, and to have devoted an entire month — little enough — to  
indoctrinating him into the mysteries of their philosophy. We  
can hardly help envying our author the reminiscences of a visit  
passed with such companions. The one the most suggestive,  
the most poetical, the most artistic, of modern philosophers,—  
the man who, beyond all others, had realised the ideal side of  
nature, who had given to it the most lofty expression, and had  
construed the world most perfectly into the language of pure  
Idea: the other the modern Plato of the Teutonic schools, at  
once the critic and the counterpoise of Kant, the herald and  
the prophet of intuition, the conductor of the principles which  
Reid had introduced on the stage of perception, into the higher  
regions of spiritual truth. Little wonder is there that Cousin,  
himself a philosopher, and almost a poet—a young enthusiast too  
in the first ardour of the Ideal philosophy, should have allowed  
his enthusiasm to pass into something like blind veneration. Yet  
he never yielded up the proper independence of his own under-  
standing, or failed to point out what appeared to him a departure  
from the sober pathway of common sense; and, however fruitful  
may have been the seeds sown in his mind by his new friends,  
he at any rate made little immediate manifestation of them.  
Almost the whole of the next session (that of the year 1819)  
was in fact devoted, not to the German, but to the Scottish  
school, which he here takes as the basis of an extended course  
on morals. And of all the lectures which he delivered at the  
Faculté des Lettres, these now fill the largest volume, and  
appear the most complete. The character, genius, and historical  
position of the Scottish people are severally portrayed with  
spirit and accuracy: the breach made in the reigning philosophy  
of Locke is traced from its commencement in Hutcheson, through  
its further enlargement in Adam Smith, to its completion under  
Reid, when from it issued the systematised doctrine of common  
sense. Of this last philosopher he gives the following description.

‘Reid was the hero of this philosophic warfare; and he is a com-  
plete representation of the character of his country. There was not  
a single quality of Scottish genius wanting to him. It may be said  
of him, without any exaggeration, that he was *common sense itself*.  
Often common sense appeared in him somewhat superficial; often,  
however, profound; but never actually defective. The Scotch good  
sense is full of *finesse*; accordingly, we find in Reid an infinity of

*esprit*. His first work, "Researches into the Human Understanding according to the Light of Common Sense," is studded with the happiest traits. Malice and irony would appear to predominate there, were they not constantly tempered with serenity and benevolence. Above these rare qualities, moreover, there reigns an admirable method, which of itself would suffice to place Reid in the very first rank of philosophical thinkers.' — I. *Série*, tome iv. p. 26.

Hardly any thing can be more striking than the contrast which Cousin draws in these lectures between the selfish system of Helvetius, the moral despotism of Hobbes, and the grave, steady, deeply-pondered, timid yet sure procedure of the Scottish School, in determining philosophically the basis of good and evil. Whatever may have been the predilections, which he manifested from time to time in favour of French or German speculations, however he may have been dazzled by the vivacity of the one or the profundity of the other, still it is impossible not to perceive that the real sympathy of his nature goes along with the 'principles of common sense.' He clearly saw, that in the grave concerns of our moral life we are satisfied neither with the elegance of an easy theory, nor with the mystifications of abstract speculation; but that we ever need to fall back upon those great catholic principles which human nature in its struggles, its trials, its aspirations, its unwearied progress, has sanctioned as giving firmness to the head, courage to the heart, and steadiness of purpose to the will, in the serious duties of human life.

During the next session, that of the year 1820, M. Cousin continued his historical course upon Moral Philosophy, making now the works of Kant the great object of his study, and the main theme of his teaching. These lectures are contained in the Fifth Volume of the First Series, and comprehend a detailed exposition of the 'Critick of pure Reason,' together with a running estimate of its merits and defects. There have been more profound treatises undoubtedly written upon the 'critical philosophy;' but we much doubt whether any one has seized upon the main points of the argument with more judgment, or ever set them forth in terms so satisfactory to the common understanding. The whole, it should be remembered, was written as a university course, intended, not for the mature and philosophic mind, but for the instruction of students now first entering upon the study of philosophy,—not intended, moreover, for the eye, to be perused and reperused at pleasure, but designed for the ear, and meant to be grasped at once by the listener. For such a purpose it would be difficult to find a 'Cours de Philosophie Kantienne,' in which the matter is at once so

feliculously arranged, and so clearly and elegantly expressed. It was assuredly a remarkable proof of acuteness of mind in a young man of twenty-seven, — with every thing against him, without help or sympathy at home, in a case where a knowledge was to be acquired as well of the most difficult language of Europe, as of the most crabbed metaphysical technology, — that he should have been able to penetrate into those most subtle processes of thought, and re-produce them in language at once fervid and precise. There is, indeed, in the whole of these earlier productions a peculiar freshness and vitality. They want the ease and finish of his later works; but they are, on the other hand, impressed with the wonder and enthusiasm which characterise a mind first passing into new regions of thought, of which it can already perceive the grandeur, though not yet estimate the depths.

A sudden change of circumstances now interrupted the course of the young professor so auspiciously commenced. Having formed the project of publishing the inedited works of Proclus, he had proceeded to Italy to collate some manuscripts. Buried in literary labour, he had not been watching the political changes in his own country; where on his return, only after a few weeks' absence, he found that a reaction had set in, which must have an important bearing upon his own career. Not only was the liberty of the press curtailed, but the Government had also determined to fetter the freedom of public instruction, and close the lips of those who were thought unfavourable to Absolutism. Royer Collard was accordingly removed from the presidency of the University; Guizot was thrown out of the Conseil d'Etat; Cousin, being suspected of liberalism, was silenced at the Faculté des Lettres; and, after a short time, the *École Normale* was itself suppressed.

Arrested in his lectures, Cousin turned with so much the more ardour to his studies. In addition to Proclus, he now determined on rendering the entire works of Plato into French, and on enriching them with notes, introductions, and other apparatus for a critical study of the Platonic philosophy. It was during this same period of leisure that he collected the fragments he had written at various periods for different reviews and journals, and published them with a preface, in which the chief points of his philosophy, as then developed, were expounded with remarkable force and brevity. As we have now therefore arrived at the close of Cousin's first career, this seems the proper place for shortly noticing his progress as a philosophical thinker, before we pass on to the events which soon succeeded.

The first point to which Cousin had directed his attention on assuming the chair of philosophy, had been the proper *method*

of research. The method he adopted—as he himself reminds us—was one sanctioned by the whole spirit of the age, and the undoubted scientific tendency of the European mind. Bacon first showed, how observation and induction formed the true mode of proceeding in the pursuit of natural science: and from his time downwards the same *organum* became gradually introduced into mental philosophy. A false, or rather imperfect, application of this method had given rise, first, to the philosophy of Locke, and afterwards to that of Condillac, along with the whole materialistic school. With the very same weapons, on the other hand, this philosophy had been combated by Reid and Kant; both of whom assumed the facts of consciousness duly observed for the real basis upon which the whole superstructure of their subsequent systems was to be raised.

‘Facts,’ observes Cousin, ‘facts are the point of departure, if not the limits of philosophy. But these facts, whatever they may be, only exist for us, in so far as they reach the consciousness. It is there alone that observation watches them, before delivering them over to that process of induction which draws out of them the consequences which they contain within their bosom. The field of philosophic observation is consciousness—there is no other; but, within it nothing must be neglected; all is important; for every thing there holds together; and, if one portion fail, the unity of the whole cannot be grasped. To enter into the consciousness, and study with scrupulous care all its phenomena, its variations, its relations—this is the first department of philosophy: its scientific name is *Psychology*. Psychology accordingly is the condition, and, as it were, the vestibule of philosophy.’—III. *Série*, tome iv. p. 11.

Cousin’s next purpose was to show that a careful study of all the facts of consciousness reveals three great classes of phenomena, which, however interwoven in their operations, are yet perfectly distinct in their nature. These are the facts of reason, of will, and of sensibility.

In the field of *Reason* the philosophy of Reid had already proved that we are not wholly dependent for our Ideas upon empirical impressions, but that there are original principles necessarily involved in every branch of human knowledge. Reid, however, had never investigated fully what these principles were, and never reduced them to a clear scientific statement; while Kant, possessed as he was of far greater analytic and critical powers, had performed this task with remarkable success. Cousin, accordingly, under the guidance of Kant, had gone beyond the common sense philosophy, had separated the forms of thought completely from the immediate phenomena as given in experience, and seen that it was possible to reduce them to a table of categories. The next

question he asked himself was, is the classification of Kant perfect, or might it not be simplified still further? And the result of his inquiry was the reduction of the four head categories of Kant to the two fundamental ideas of Substance and Cause. Thus far the analysis was simply confined to subjective phenomena. The actual facts of consciousness had been first observed; then they had been traced up to their primitive states, as shown in our rational, voluntary, and sensitive life; and, lastly, the conceptions of reason had been reduced to two great categories, under which all its varieties might be marshalled. The next point, however, which Cousin attempted to investigate, was the passage from psychology to ontology,—from the facts of consciousness to the facts of existence. And here it is that he introduces the notion of the impersonality of Reason, viewed in its purely spontaneous activity; and joins issue with Kant, who had concluded, that *pure* reason only establishes the existence of objective realities within the limits of our sensible experience: thus throwing the evidence of all transcendental realities—such as the being of a God—upon the decisions of the *practical* reason. We freely confess, however, our opinion that, after all, this dispute is more verbal than real. Kant admits that we actually *do* get to the knowledge of ‘noumena,’ or things beyond sense,—holding only that we get there through the practical reason; while Cousin shows that we get there by the spontaneous reason. The mode of stating the question and also the terminology differ, it is true; but the grand result is the same. Like most other metaphysical distinctions, there is no difference in the actual experiences from which all take their start, but only in the terms under which we give them a scientific statement.

Next to the reason, Cousin proceeded to analyse the *Will*. The main purport of this analysis was to prove that will is identical with personality; that it is the universal type under which we conceive the idea of a cause; that, mingling in two different ways with the reason, it forms, in the first place, the spontaneous, and in the second place, the reflective mode of intelligence; and that it belongs to the very essence of the mind alike in its spontaneous as in its reflective life, to be free.

Last of all comes the analysis of *Sensation*. This faculty, he shows, viewed in connexion with the reason and the will, enables us to carry our observations into the regions of Nature,—to see the world around us as a vast assemblage of causes,—to trace their laws, and measure their force. Here, accordingly, the dualism of the universe gives way to the perception of the

essential unity of mind and matter; both being included under the common category of causality.

‘Vary and multiply,’ says Cousin, ‘the phenomena of Sensation as you will, still reason always refers them, and that necessarily, to a force, to which it successively refers, in proportion as our experiences extend themselves, not indeed the internal modifications of the subject, but the objective properties calculated to excite them. In other words, it develops the notion of *cause*, but without going further; for properties are always causes, and can only be known as such. The exterior world, therefore, is simply an assemblage of such causes, corresponding to our real or possible sensations; and the relations of these causes among themselves are the order of the world. Thus the world is made of the same *stuff* as ourselves, and Nature is the sister of man: she is, like him, active, living, animated; and her history is a drama as well as our own.’ — III. *Série*, tome iv. p. 30.

Such were the results to which Cousin had arrived in the first period of his philosophical career; — results which certainly require to be well guarded and accurately explained; but which, notwithstanding, lay firm hold on some of the main principles to which all science, whether physical, metaphysical, or moral, has, for some time past, been steadily conducting us.

There is yet one application of our author’s philosophical principles, to which we must here briefly allude; — and that is, Natural Theology. According to Cousin, there is a point in which the conception of cause and substance unite. The mind cannot rest in the ultimatum of an assemblage of causes on the one hand, or a vast variety of substances on the other. We are necessarily impelled, by the very laws of reason, to seek and to demand some unity to which they stand alike related; in other words, to trace them up to a great first cause — to an absolute being — to a God. Here, therefore, we are brought to the infinite, as being at once the counterpart and the complement of the finite: and our ideas of *mind* and *nature* may be reconciled and grounded in that central point of absolute unity which we term *God*. The following passage is a specimen of the style of reasoning which we are now describing: —

‘The facts of consciousness, which comprehend three internal elements, reveal also to us three external elements. Every fact of consciousness is psychological and ontological at the same time; and comprehends, from the first, the three grand ideas, which science afterwards divides or sums up, but which it can never transcend; namely, Man, Nature, and God. But the Man, the Nature, and the God of Consciousness, are not vain formulas — they are facts and realities. Man is not in consciousness without Nature, nor Nature without Man; but both meet there, at once in their opposition and their reciprocity; just like relative causes and substances, whose

nature is always to develop themselves, and always by means of each other. The God of Consciousness is not an abstract Deity—a solitary monarch retained on the other side of creation, upon the desert throne of a silent eternity and an absolute existence, which, indeed, could resemble only the nonentity of existence: he is a God at once real and true; one and many; eternity and time; space and number; essence and life; indivisibility and totality, principle, end, and middle; at the summit and at the base of existence; infinite and finite at once; in brief, a trinity which comprehends at once God, Nature, and Humanity.

That Cousin penned this and some similar passages under the immediate influence of the pantheistic side of Schelling's philosophy, can hardly be doubted. To deny their purely pantheistic character is plainly impossible; neither does the author himself appear disposed to defend them from this charge, which has been so often made against them. Instead of this, in a note to the present edition he admits that he was led, in the hurry of composition, into '*des phrases excessives*;' and he has given, in a note to the Fifth Lecture of the Second Series, an exposition of the views which he is to be considered as properly maintaining, when stripped of all oratorical figures. In this note he points out, forcibly and clearly, the middle path (which he considers to be the true one) between the abstract deity of the scholastic theology, and the pantheism of the modern German school. It must be confessed, we think, by every candid reader of the note, that Cousin entirely clears himself in it of the charge of pantheism, as being either an admitted element or result of his philosophy. Those who are only seeking for an opportunity of party warfare with him, in either politics or philosophy, may undoubtedly cull a number of '*phrases excessives*' from his writings, and hold them up as decisive evidence of his opinions. It is not, however, from sudden and rhetorical phrases that the real opinions of fervid writers are to be gathered; since, for the sake of greater force of expression, their opinions are not unfrequently thrown into the form of paradoxes, in which the latitude of one is left to be counteracted by the restrictions of another. But let his critics look to the whole structure and tendency of his philosophy, and we assert, without the least hesitation, that they could not honestly venture on such a charge. Indeed, pantheism has always been the child of over-wrought speculation, the refuge of the recluse, when worn out with pondering over the mysteries of existence and the insoluble problems of human destiny; while the whole tendency of our author's eclecticism is to depreciate mere individual speculation, to appeal to the sentiments of mankind at large, and to consider that no philosophical dogma has any authority whatever, until it is shown to be based

upon and sustained by the massive foundations of common sense.

Passing from this digression, and resuming the thread of Cousin's philosophical biography, we come across an episode which was not without effect upon his subsequent literary productions. During the year 1821, his public duties being suspended and his health precarious, he devoted himself, in his retreat near the Luxembourg, to the philosophical works on which he had been for some time engaged. It was the year of the Piedmontese Revolution, the failure of which brought the Count de Santa Rosa to Paris. An almost fraternal affection sprang up between them, which only terminated with the death of Santa Rosa in Greece. About the time that the Italian patriot left for Greece, Cousin departed for Germany, as companion to the young Duc de Montebello. He had always been the advocate of liberal opinions; he had joined the association formed by the Duc de Broglie for the maintenance of the freedom of the press; and he was now the bosom friend of a revolutionary exile. Having thus become an object of suspicion, his steps were watched; and no time was lost before he was accused of visiting Germany for the purpose of promoting rebellion against the governments, was arrested at Dresden, and conveyed a prisoner to Berlin. However, after some months' confinement, an honourable acquittal followed of necessity, with the advantage, during his detention, of having enjoyed the constant society of Hegel, Schleiermacher, and their followers. Berlin was then famous for its school of philosophy; and these were its two greatest thinkers.

In 1825, Cousin returned to Paris, and lived there the next two years in obscurity. In 1827, however, when M. de Martignac became prime minister, and the policy of the Government assumed a more liberal tone, he was restored, in common with Guizot and Royer Collard, to his original position at the *Faculté des Lettres*. The brilliant success which attended his next public course, must be looked upon as forming the zenith of his renown as a professor of philosophy. Never, perhaps, (without going back to the days of Abelard) was so large a concourse assembled to listen to a series of lectures on such a subject. Moreover, when we consider that these lectures were accompanied by contemporaneous courses under Guizot and Villemaine, which were listened to with equal ardour, we can hardly fail to regard the whole as forming in itself a remarkable era in the literary history of France. Above 2000 auditors were present on these occasions, collected from the very *élite* of the metropolis; reporters took down the words as they fell from the lips of the professors; and in a short time the sentiments



which had absorbed the attention of this crowd of hearers at Paris were on their road to every corner of the country. Let us look then for a moment to the lectures themselves, and see what were their contents.

The preface to the fragments, of which we before spoke, was written subsequent to Cousin's return from Germany; and it forms the middle point between his earlier and his later philosophical doctrines. In it we find his first decided attempt to construct a passage from the psychological system with which he started, to the more purely rational system to which he was now advancing. The influence of the Hegelian philosophy, after this, becomes for a time more and more manifest. Such is especially the case with the course delivered in 1828, which grasps some of its principal ideas, and puts them forward in a popular and often in a very striking form. The course itself purports to be a general introduction to the study of the history of philosophy. Its aim is to give such an explanation of philosophy itself, when considered as a necessary element in the life of man; such an analysis of the great ideas, from which all human development must originate; such a view of the plan of providence in human progress, and the modifying influence upon it of race, climate, geographical position, and other circumstances, as should lay the foundations for a philosophical treatment of history, and rescue it finally from its purely empirical character.

The mode in which this is carried out has undoubtedly a close affinity with the Hegelian view of human consciousness, as a process of thought in which the divine idea perpetually realises and unfolds itself. We have the same bi-polar representation of ideas, as being a unity between opposites; the same virtual identity established between thought and existence; the same doctrine of the *immanence* of Deity in creation; the same constant striving to find a purely rational expression for every thing, whether in nature, history, or theology. We do not mean to say that Cousin developed these views with any degree of perfectness; but they assuredly represent a temporary phase, through which his mind actually passed at that period. The course of 1829, on the other hand, is far less Hegelian in its whole character. The author is now again upon his own more proper field; the various movements of the human mind, in its search after truth, come once more before him, in the form of different philosophical systems; and he descends from the transcendental regions through which he had been wandering, to the more sober work of criticism. This year's course, which comprises the two last volumes of the second series, will, in all probability, be ever the most popular of his writings. The connected account

which it gives of the history of philosophy from the earliest times; the distinct classification it makes of systems; the brief yet intelligible glimpses it affords into the interior of almost every school, whether ancient or modern, together with the detailed analysis of Locke, in which is said almost all that ever need be said about the 'Essay on the Human Understanding;' in a word, the singular union of the more sober criticism of the psychological school, with occasional flights into the higher regions of metaphysical analysis, all concur to secure for the course of 1829, an interest and a value peculiarly its own.

The great distinction, however, between the first and second period of M. Cousin's philosophy, is the introduction of the idea of History as an element of speculation, and as contributing an essential part towards the proper comprehension of philosophy itself. From the time of Herder, downwards, it had become manifest, that if any fresh life or vigour is to be imparted to philosophy at all, it must be attained by going beyond the analysis of the individual mind, into the broader field of humanity itself. Mind, reason, thought—call it what we may—has a history and a development of its own, and involves certain great laws of progress, quite apart from the individual. These laws can be watched, and to some extent, at least, be determined by a careful process of investigation; and thus the empiricism of history may unite with the *à priori* elements of philosophical speculation, to pour new life into the great problems of man's nature and destiny. Without this vital element of human experience, metaphysics were coming to be viewed more and more as a mere battle field of words and phrases, grounded upon the inherent force of words or forms of speech round which it revolved, but having no value beyond. The most inveterate speculators of modern Germany have at last taken refuge in *History* against the dismal prospect of being choked by the intense dryness of their own productions. Fichte relinquished his  $A=A$ , for the characteristics of the age and the inspirations of patriotism; Schelling's philosophy was a history and a drama from the very first; and Hegel too, whose hardihood in abstraction is probably without a parallel, yet was constrained to make his dialectical scheme a *process*, in order to give a little movement and interest to the stiffened formulas of which it consists. Schleiermacher, the unmatched theologian of his age, in like manner threw life into the dead rationalism, and, if it were possible, the deader orthodoxy which surrounded him, by showing how the historical growth of the Christian consciousness in the world became a perpetually renewed foundation of formal theology; while the whole of the social philo-

sophy of France, from the dreams of St. Simon to the positivism of Auguste Comte, was based upon some theory or other of human progress, under the conditions of time and labour.

Under these circumstances, the idea of History became more and more present to a nature always full of the views of others : so much so, that this idea constitutes, it seems to us, the main characteristic of Cousin's later productions. During his earlier period he was working mentally in sympathy with Reid, Kant, and Royer Collard ; his great aim then was to analyse the individual mind, to enumerate all the phenomena of consciousness, to disintegrate the form from the matter, and to base his whole conclusions upon these comparatively special grounds. Now, on the contrary, he has passed from the individual mind into the mind of humanity ; he is seeking not simply the laws of *his own* reason, but the laws of the *universal* reason ; and consequently, the main burden of his theme is, changed from the region of psychological analysis, to the rational interpretation of history, the universe, and the Absolute.

The struggle we perpetually witness in these later writings, — that of reconciling the psychological starting point with the absolute results to which they aspire, — probably foreshadows the future course of philosophical speculation. It is a course which indeed has already set in beyond the Rhine, with a clearness and a force not to be mistaken. The age of mere logical pastime has gone by ; the attempt to construct an absolute truth by abstracting the laws of logic, and representing them as realities through the dialectical subtlety of words, can no longer satisfy the cravings even of the most abstract thinker ; it is seen, by most eyes at least, that there is no such thing as an absolute man or an absolute reason ; but that in the course of providence, truth, human truth, is continually unfolding itself ; that by the secret laws of spiritual progress, the mind of man gets a deeper intuitive insight into the phenomena of nature, and the moral world ; and that the problem of philosophy in every age is to embody the highest experience of that age into a reflective system of ideas. The next great philosophy in which the mind of Europe can unite will be, in all probability, the philosophy of history ; and then the critic of *pure reason* will become the critic of *language*, as the great organ of the world's intellect. Experience, and its interpretation, will thus be the two sides of a system, of which history and fact will furnish the one, logic and metaphysics the other. It is in this unity that the old opposition of Empiricism and Idealism must, if ever, disappear.

The events which now ensued form an important portion of

M. Cousin's public life. But we must pass over them rapidly. In 1830, the revolution of July opened a noble field for men of letters and liberal opinions. Two of his contemporary professors, MM. Guizot and Villemain, entered boldly upon the political arena. Cousin remained faithful to philosophy, accepting, however, the Presidency of the *Ecole Normale*. From this moment he devoted himself to the reorganisation of the entire system of public instruction—at the same time carrying on his labours as the historian of philosophy, both in his lecture room and with his pen. Having reconstructed the Normal School, and arranged the programme for graduation in the department of Philosophy, he next turned his attention to the education of the people at large, and determined to lay the foundation for a new and improved system of primary instruction. For this purpose, in the year 1831, he made a tour of inquiry through Germany and Holland. The results at which he arrived were embodied by him in the detailed Report, which has since been so favourably introduced to the English public by Mrs. Austin. The Report served for the basis of the Law on Education. Subsequently adopted by M. Guizot, it has been read and quoted with approbation by the most enlightened educationalists in this country, and has been distributed, by order of the Government of New York, to every public schoolmaster in the State.

In 1832, M. Cousin was raised to the peerage, and was at the same time urged to take a more direct part in political affairs. He has appeared, however, but rarely in the debates, and chiefly in connexion with the laws relative to public instruction. When in 1840 he joined the Cabinet, it was as Minister of Instruction. He held the office only eight months, but time enough to introduce a vast number of reforms, which he afterwards included in a volume, entitled '*Principaux Actes du Ministère de l'Instruction Publique, du 1re Mars au 19me Octobre, 1840*;' this, along with some additional matter, now forms the three first volumes of the fifth series of his works. The chief struggle, in which he was engaged during his more public career, was the defence of the University against the attacks of the ecclesiastics: it is a struggle still going on under the Republic, and not more successfully than under the Monarchy before it. In 1841 Cousin, leaving the Cabinet, re-entered upon his duties at the University; and, from that time to the present, he has quietly occupied himself with literary labours, among which are those relating to Pascal and his sister Jaqueline, and the unpublished fragments of the '*Philosophie Cartésienne*.' In 1846 he commenced the entire edition of his own works, which is the basis of the present Article, and of which five series

are published already. Besides these, a complete edition of Abelard may be soon expected from him. So absorbed, the revolution of 1848 passed over his retreat at the Sorbonne, like a storm which could shake his dwelling indeed, but not disturb its repose. Faithful to the principle of a constitutional monarchy, he saw too plainly the risks and ultimate tendency of the Republic to welcome its establishment; and though he still retains his position at the Sorbonne, yet he has withdrawn latterly more than ever from political contention within the bosom of those pursuits, neither less useful nor less dignified, which he so long has found sufficient for both happiness and renown.

We must now finally endeavour to sum up briefly our biographical remarks, with a general estimate of Cousin's merits as a philosopher, an historian, and a writer. And first of all, in order to fix aright his true place in the domain of philosophy, we wish to submit the following preliminary remarks in explanation. There are three methods, more or less observable in all ages, by which different schools have attempted to give a theoretic or philosophical form to human knowledge. First, there is the method of *simple observation*. To arrange our experiences of the outward world and throw them into some appreciable order, is the soberest and most cautious effort of the philosophic spirit. Knowledge exists before philosophy, but exists in its practical and spontaneous form. It is the marshalling of this knowledge under the laws and conditions of the intellectual faculty, in which the very essence of philosophy consists. This attempt is, in some instances, carried only to a certain length. Mere observers may be content with accurately marking phenomena as they present themselves, seizing upon some of the most striking characteristics, and then seeking to classify them. This is what we intend by the method of simple observation,—a method in which the immediate object of perception, empirically considered, greatly preponderates over the intellectual form in which it is represented.

The second method may be more properly termed the *reflective* method. Here the concrete phenomena are not only observed and classified, but there is a direct striving, on the part of the intellectual faculty, to *think itself* deep into their nature, their origin, and their fundamental unity. The immediate phenomenon here plays a more subordinate, though at the same time an indispensable part; while the laws of the intellect are more vigorously pushed forward with the view of moulding the phenomenon into their own definitive form.

The third method assumes the character and title of the method

of *pure reason*. Here the empirical element almost entirely disappears. The main effort of this system is to realise and express the pure laws of intellect, as though they alone were eternal verities; while the only part which outward phenomena can play under it is, to show themselves over-matched by intellectual forms, and to become but the shadows of mental laws and forces and the passing reflection of their productive energy in the world.

Of the first of these methods we have the most obvious and pleasing illustrations in the departments of natural history, and some of the purely inductive sciences. Here observation and classification do almost all the work, and yet this work is performed (as Dr. Whewell has shown) under the law and guidance of some intellectual idea, which may increase in intensity, until the process of observation merges into that of reflection, or even produces—as in the case of Schelling—a purely intellectual *Natur-philosophie*. In mental science, the method of simple observation belongs to those who make psychology equivalent to philosophy, and so reduce it all to a mere tabulation of internal phenomena. Of the second or reflective method, we have many illustrations. We find it developed in one form in the philosophy of Plato, and still more clearly in the new academy. In later times, it has been differently manifested in Descartes, Leibnitz, Kant, and Jacobi; in all those moralists who, starting from the intuition of the good, strive to compress the phenomena of morals into a logical form, and in all those theologians who, with Schleiermacher, base their system upon a reflective expression of the actual facts of Christian experience. Of the last or rational method, the most obvious examples are the ideal systems of modern Germany; and of these, the most absolute form is the philosophy of Hegel. With him logic, as the pure expression of the laws of thought, is the nerve, bone, and sinew of all philosophy. It will not do with him to observe or to reflect merely;—every thing must be *thought*, it must be seen under the form of pure intellect, nay, it must be a creation of the intellect, construed by it out of nothing, and then its place assigned it in the vast dialectical system of the universe.

Now the position which Cousin takes in this classification is perfectly definite. Although in his opening career there was a leaning towards the method of observation,—although, under the effects of German intercourse, we find expressions now and then which savour strongly of Hegelianism, yet the predominant tone of his philosophy throughout is purely reflective. No one more clearly takes his stand, primarily upon the actual

facts and phenomena of the human mind;—no one more vigorously asserts the authority of common sense; no one more distinctly affirms, by every possible mode of affirmation, his firm conviction, that the material of truth is given in our immediate experience, whether by the perception of the senses, or by the immediate intuition of the soul, while the business of philosophy is to present it to us in a reflective form. One or two passing expressions laid aside, there is absolutely no similarity between the main principles of Cousin's philosophy and those of the German Idealists. His real affinities are never either with Schelling or Hegel—they are always with Plato, Descartes, Reid, and Jacobi.

Now in order to estimate the positive worth of this philosophy in France, we have only to place it by the side of the system which it has supplanted in the teaching of the universities, and we might almost say in the popular faith of the country. It is needless to recount the dreary characteristics of the materialistic systems of the last century and the early part of the present. We only point to the fact, that the vital elements of man's universal belief, as a rational, social, moral, and religious being, are as much thrown into oblivion by the purely empirical school, as they are ignored in the logic of Hegel. Professing to stand upon the basis of experience, that school disowns all classes of experience but one,—and that one the least noble of the whole. To the popular outcry for a philosophy of experience based upon sensation, Cousin opposed a philosophy of experience based upon the deepest and most irrepressible convictions of our nature. His system of eclecticism, though by no means compact as a theory, has consisted in one constant appeal to the convictions of mankind, against the claims of sense on the one side, and the offspring of mere speculation on the other. Convinced that philosophy, as such, can only deal with the forms of truth,—convinced that, though it may enunciate a law, it can back it with no independent authority,—he has ever rested his strongest arguments upon the common beliefs of humanity, as alone able to supply the authority required and to fix it upon the reverence of mankind. No movement was more deeply needed in France, at the time at which Cousin took up the study of philosophy, than this: and the result of it has unquestionably been, a more wide-spread change, as well in the public teaching of the country, as in its popular feeling, art, and literature, than (with the exception of Voltaire) was ever effected among a single people by an individual mind. We do not mean that all which he has contended for is defensible, still less do we mean to say that it supplies what a pure religious faith can alone create;

but, if to have re-established some respect for the principle of free agency—the law of duty—the doctrine of Immortality—the belief in a personal Deity and a Providence, in a country where those convictions had well nigh died away, be something worth the doing, then, in the part he has contributed towards it, has Cousin deserved well of his fellow-citizens and of his age.

As an historian and an editor, the merits of our author have been less contested than as a speculative philosopher. We can merely enumerate his exertions in this department. In ancient philosophy, we have first and foremost the Translation of Plato, with critical introductions to most of the dialogues; next, we have the first book of the *Metaphysics* of Aristotle, translated into French; thirdly, six volumes of the *Alexandrine Commentators*, edited by him; and lastly, a volume of *Fragments*, intended to give an insight into the interior of most of the ancient systems. With regard to the middle age philosophy, Cousin has done some service by bringing to light the inedited manuscripts of Abélard, which, as we said, will now be soon followed by an entire edition of his works. To the History of Modern Philosophy he has made a highly valuable contribution, by his magnificent edition of Descartes, and his labours upon Pascal. In addition to this, the occasional elucidation, which all his works afford of the chief systems of more modern times, has done much to draw attention to the subject. Of the number of critico-historical works which have issued from the French press for the last ten years, the greater part may be looked upon as being in some sense a direct consequence of Cousin's labours.

Lastly, though as a thinker, Cousin must yield the palm of originality and depth to others; though, in amassing the materials of history, the laborious scholarship of Germany will still claim an undoubted pre-eminence, yet there is one character in which we doubt whether he has been surpassed; and that is in almost every thing which goes to form what the French call '*un grand écrivain*.' Of all nations in the world, the French are among the greatest masters of prose; and of all their prose writers, scarcely any one can be said to excel Cousin in power of expression and perfect finish of style. No doubt there is a great difference in this respect, according as we refer to different periods of his life. The earlier pieces have certain marks of immaturity about them which were to be expected from so young a man; while some of those belonging to the middle period are far too oratorical in their construction to serve as a model for calm and philosophic statement, although admi-



nable as specimens of metaphysical improvisation. This is an error, into which lecturers before mixed audiences are too likely to fall. The lovers of lighter literature will see his style in all its purity in some of the later fragments, such as the biography of Santa Rosa, and the articles on Blaise and Jaqueline Pascal. The peculiar faults of most modern compositions—diffuseness and excessive rhetorical embellishment—are here avoided; and when ornament and figure are introduced, it is for illustration only, and in the most perfect taste. Nothing is strained or overloaded; nor is there a sentence more than is necessary to convey the meaning clearly and forcibly to the reader; yet, with all this, there is an ease, a harmony, a music of language and of feeling, which renders the whole as penetrating as the highest poetry.

Some, even among competent judges, may think that the preceding pages are too partial: and we are not ashamed to admit that the small detraction of verbal critics, to which M. Cousin has so often been exposed in this and other countries, has impelled us to dwell upon those many excellences which they have failed to notice, and are, often, perhaps, unable to appreciate. We have all heard of his rhetoric and inconsistencies, and have been reminded that his talent lies in words rather than in thoughts. Some critics apparently are of opinion that philosophical greatness consists wholly in dialectical subtlety—in the pertinacious carrying forward of logical deductions, without ever turning back to look into those indispensable premises to which every thing must be ultimately referred, and which, indeed, rest in the nature of humanity itself. Cousin's metaphysics are certainly not great in this respect; they are as much the metaphysics of the poet as of the logician; and much, indeed, should we rejoice if our verbal disputants would but attempt for once to give to their philosophical ideas that life and power and practical effect which are so characteristic of Cousin, before they venture to reiterate their contempt. Let us acknowledge, that there are qualities in the true philosopher greater than mere subtlety; that to govern words, apply them wisely, make a language bow beneath him and fulfil his bidding, if not the highest praise, is something more than to be ever slavishly disputing about terms and definitions. And, assuredly,—if a life earnestly devoted to philosophical literature,—if the organisation of one of the most energetic schools of the age,—if a power of irresistible eloquence,—if the graces of classical composition,—if the fact of guiding the entire current of a national philosophy for more than twenty years,—if the creation of a vast metaphysical literature, and

the re-establishment, more or less, of all the educational institutions of France, be any claim to public gratitude, — then will the names of few men of letters of the present century be entitled to take precedence of that of Victor Cousin.

ART. VI. — 1. *Gaspacho: or Summer Months in Spain.* By W. G. CLARK, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: 1850.

2. *Revue Retrospective, ou Archives Secretes du dernier Gouvernement.* Nos. 4. 11, 12, 13. *Mariages Espagnols.* Paris: 1848.

IN a somewhat abstracted nook of that busy and material Europe, — which is seen traversed on all sides by railroads, corresponding in all directions by telegraphic wires, constructing tunnels under the Thames, throwing bridges over the Dordogne and the Menai Straits, — there exists a strange and romantic land, which the noisy wing of the restless, money-making Genius called ‘Progress’ does not seem to have touched.

The greatest part of its inland traffic is still carried on, after the primæval fashion of past ages, by pack-laden mules, which in crossing the country by almost imperceptible paths, bear small articles of necessity or convenience from the town to the village, from the village to the town. Its high roads are few in number, and on the best of them the traveller who meets with a tolerable inn once in every fifty miles is a lucky man. Early in the morning the small farmer may be met riding to market with a long gun tacked to his Moorish saddle; and the traveller who leaves his *posada* towards evening takes care to journey ostentatiously armed. The great national amusement is still the same which diverted the people some hundreds of years ago. In an immense circus, crowded by persons of both sexes and all classes, from the *Manola* to the *Duquesa*, every eye is fixed upon an infuriated bull, which, goaded by javelins, pursued by cries, rushes first on the spear of one *picador*, then on that of another, until, after tossing a certain number of horsemen in the dust, and sending a due proportion of horses staggering on their bleeding entrails round the ring, he at last falls, — deceived by the red flag, daunted by the firm eye, and stabbed by the cool hand of the steady *matador*, amidst passionate plaudits, waving handkerchiefs, and the contending smiles of humble and of noble beauty.

In this singular land still pass scenes of love, intrigue, and action, which would seem exaggerated in the page of the novelist or on the stage of the theatre. The sudden elevation of the

favourite, the abrupt fall of the minister, the plot in the palace, the insurrection in the street, the mysterious scandal whispered about the court,—all furnish stories which appear from time to time in our newspapers, little less marvellous than the adventures of Mr. Borrow; startling the credulity and, in their rapid succession, confusing the memory of our quiet fireside politicians. Yet, though life in the country of which we are speaking appears before us rather as a melodramatic performance, in which the scenes of the Middle Ages are represented in modern costume, than as a sober reality of our own epoch, that country known under the denomination of Spain, is itself no mere ideal. It has an extensive and important territory, with magnificent ports in two seas, it borders upon France and Portugal, is in the immediate neighbourhood of Italy, confronts the northern coast of Africa, is endowed by nature with all her products, and possesses a hardy and diversified people. No wonder, therefore, that it is an object of grave importance to an English statesman.

This consideration induces us to attempt, after a summary fashion, to unravel the complicated mesh of a political history, which, for nearly twenty years, must have been puzzling the brain and wearying the observation of many of our readers. We speak of the political history of Spain since the death of Ferdinand VII. in 1833.

The tale begins, as is fitting the subject, with an incident combining at once love and politics. Ferdinand, in his old age, married a young, charming, and able princess; and in order to leave his crown to the only children he had by her,—namely, two daughters,—he abolished the Salic law which at that time prevailed in the kingdom. This change in the right of succession divided the court into two parties: that of Don Carlos, who, by the law of the old *régime*, would have inherited the crown; and that of Queen Christina, who, as regent, administered the government for her infant daughter, Queen Isabella. The first represented old traditions: it was necessary, therefore, for the second to appeal to new ideas. Thus the *Carlists* took up arms for absolute monarchy; the *Christinos* for constitutional liberty.

These last, however, soon became themselves again divided into two conflicting bodies,—viz. the *Moderados*, who were in favour of the constitution which had been granted by the crown, and which was favourable to the interests of the aristocracy and landed gentry; and the *Progresistas*, who wished for a constitution giving more power to the middle classes, being chiefly the inhabitants of the towns. The most aristocratic of these two bodies, though then actually in power, was, as long as Don Carlos kept the field, in a weak and false position. To allow the war to

languish, was to prepare the victory of one opponent; to carry it on by popular measures, was to risk transferring their authority to another. But a single alternative remained — foreign assistance; and as the assistance of France was the nearest at hand, and capable of being the most efficacious, the *Moderados* sought from the French such aid, as they thought might be sufficient to put down the rival pretender to the crown and keep out the rival party from office.

Queen Christina naturally inclined to this course: And she was awaiting an assistance, on which she had some right to reckon, amidst the magnificent fountains and shady avenues of the royal summer residence at La Granja (a solitude which, it is said, she had sought in order more freely to indulge her rising passion for a young and handsome officer in the Royal Guard, by name Muñoz), when suddenly a military insurrection broke out among the troops who had accompanied her to this secluded spot. It was seconded by a movement among the people at Madrid, and was successful. The *Moderados* were driven from office. The *Progresistas* entered it, and established a form of government which suited their views, and was calculated to keep them in power. The military force of the middle classes was organised throughout the towns by the creation of a National Guard; while the civil authority of the middle classes was also established on a similar basis by means of municipal corporations popularly elected.

The English Government had at that time a general interest in Queen Isabella's cause. For, the political sympathy which was drawing the absolute monarchies towards each other, made it plainly desirable that constitutional States should also spread their principles, and augment their alliances. England had as yet manifested no preference in favour of one or the other of the two parties into which Queen Isabella's adherents were divided. Nevertheless, any one who is acquainted with Spain, and its immemorial division into English and French factions, will easily understand what now followed: how those who had looked to France for help were almost certain to entertain the conviction, and at all events quite certain to raise the cry, that their opponents were supported by England. Thus the Revolution of La Granja was instantly declared to be the work of the English representative and of English gold.

The French Government had an especial object in cultivating this supposition. The abolition of the Salic law had broken down the fence, which had long kept Spain and France under the joint sway of the Bourbon family. The two princesses, now heiresses to the Spanish throne, might contract such marriages as

would completely sever the two Crowns and the two Countries. The French wanted some Spanish party which should oppose this separation. They could not hope to find it among the *Progresistas*; because, as representatives of the popular feelings in Spain, the *Progresistas* were naturally hostile to any thing which favoured French domination. They could not hope to find it among the Carlists, because these, faithful to the principle of legitimacy, looked upon King Louis Philippe himself as an usurper. But neither of these objections applied to the *Moderados*. Many of the men of letters in their ranks had imbibed a taste for French literature. Many of the great nobles professing these views, held titles which had descended to them as a badge of devotion to the grandson of Louis XIV. The whole body were opposed to the Duke of Bordeaux as standing in the same situation towards his own country, that Don Carlos did towards theirs. Here, then, was a great and powerful band of Spanish politicians, who, besides their immediate need of the support of the French Government, would not be indisposed subsequently to support the views of the King of the French, and unite in misrepresenting their adversaries as revolutionists and enemies to the throne.

After giving this explanation respecting the connexion between the Government of France and the *Moderados* on the one hand, and the origin of the connexion between the *Progresistas* and the Government of England on the other, we must pass on rapidly through an accumulated series of startling events.

The civil war terminated successfully for the Queen Regent; a result (it must be confessed by all impartial persons) greatly owing to the two institutions,—‘the National Guard’ and ‘the popular corporations’ which the *Progresistas* had introduced,—institutions which had given a vigour and action to a class in Spanish society, the influence of which had never previously been felt. It is probable, however, that this class exercised the temporary authority it had acquired over the upper with little forbearance. Be this as it may, the aristocracy could not brook the position into which they had now fallen, nor did they find it difficult to keep alive in the breast of the Queen Regent the memory of the insult she had experienced at La Granja. The consequence was, a common determination between the nobility and the crown, to make an attempt, under legitimate forms, at remodelling the constitution. The first blow aimed was against the corporations; these saw their danger: the National Guard was their military force; it seconded their petitions by rebellion. Every thing at such a crisis depended on the army; the still beautiful widow of King Ferdinand determined to try the effect of her personal eloquence upon the general who com-

mandated that army, and who had acquired an extraordinary *prestige* by the fortunate termination of the civil war. She left the capital, and sought General Espartero's camp in the neighbourhood of Barcelona; but her arguments or blandishments were employed in vain. As she found that she could not make her policy prevail, she retired into France; and was succeeded in the high office which she abandoned, by the successful soldier whom she had failed either to convince or to seduce.

It is easy to see that these events could not be agreeable to the French Government; they had overturned the party, and driven out of Spain the princess on whom the Bourbon policy of France had principally relied. It is easy to see also, that the same events, although they presented no particular advantage to the English Government and caused no particular satisfaction to it, could furnish it on the other hand no especial occasion for regret. This slight difference in feeling was as usual exaggerated; and, in the same manner that the insurrection at La Granja had been described by the French journals and the *Moderado* press, as the work of English gold and of Mr. Villiers (now Lord Clarendon); so this subsequent revolution was equally declared to be the work of English gold and of Mr. Aston, who had not long succeeded Lord Clarendon as British minister at Madrid. These reports, however, appeared of little consequence, since the power of the General whom the recent turn of affairs had raised to the regency, seemed secure. Meanwhile that power had, after all, one irremediable cause of weakness—it ceased at the young Queen's majority. This circumstance, more, perhaps, than any other, rallied against it a formidable band of malcontents, among whom were some of the most eminent of the *Progresista* leaders. Joining with their old enemies the *Moderados*, they provoked an extensive rising in 1843; and the insurrection was finally brought to a successful issue by the landing at Valencia of General Narvaez, a *Moderado* officer of repute, at that time in exile on the French territory. This daring man, whose determined character was already known, but whose keen grey eye and fierce expressive countenance now appear for the first time in the foreground of the picture of Spanish politics, marched with rapidity to Madrid, routed a considerable force near the Spanish capital, entered it, and at once established his authority. General Espartero was forced to embark for England; Queen Isabella, aged thirteen, was immediately invested with the Royal authority; Mr. Aston, disgusted with the unrelenting and violent abuse to which he was subjected, withdrew from his post, being succeeded by Mr. Bulwer: whilst Queen Christina returned to Spain, and finished her own romance by marrying

the young officer (now known as the Duke of Riansares) who had charmed her early widowhood. In the meantime the long obnoxious corporations were changed; the National Guard was disarmed and put down; and a law, obliging the Queen to seek the consent of the Cortes to the husband she might select, was abolished.

The epoch had thus arrived for resuming and accomplishing those plans which had been so long in germ; and for consummating such marriages for Queen Isabella and her sister, as should promise to perpetuate both the interests of France in Spain, and the influence of the *Moderados* over Spanish affairs. Difficulties for a time arose with respect to the manner in which this project could be perfected. But, finally, Queen Isabella was united to her cousin Don Francisco de Asis, Duke of Cadiz,—eldest son of Don Francisco de Paula, King Ferdinand's younger brother, and of Doña Carlota, Queen Christina's sister; whilst the Infanta Doña Fernanda was married to the Duke of Montpensier, King Louis Philippe's youngest child;—these marriages taking place at the same time in violation of a pledge which the Government of France had given to the English Government, to the effect that Doña Fernanda should not be married to a French prince until the Queen her sister had issue. This event caused the greater sensation, in consequence of certain reports concerning the improbability of the young queen\* having children in the connexion she had formed, and the possibility of their legitimacy being disputed if she had: under either of which circumstances, the Spanish crown seemed likely to come directly to King Louis

\* It is not often that the interior of royal palaces are so fully revealed to the eyes of contemporaries, as in the case of these marriages, by the publication in the *Revue Retrospective* of a part of the correspondence between the Queen Mother, Louis Philippe, M. Guizot, and M. Bresson. The obstacles in the way of the *combinaison Bourbon* were all but insurmountable: a *profonde antipathie* on the part of Queen Christina *pour tout ce qui vient de sa sœur*: and on the part of Queen Isabella, *un éloignement aussi prononcé pour le Duc de Cadiz*. Count Bresson's letter to M. Guizot (12th July, 1846) presents a striking picture of some of the circumstances attending this transaction:—‘La bouderie, la menace, and la rudesse avaient produit leur effet. Je rentrais avec plaisir dans mon caractère,’ &c. The Queen Mother, he informs M. Guizot, objected against the Duc de Cadiz, ‘qu’il était douteux qu’il fût homme: me parlant de la voix, des hanches, de la conformation du prétendant:’ and she added that she encountered in her daughter ‘des preventions d’une vivacité et d’une énergie, qui semblent ne faire qu’augmenter.’

Philippe's grandchild, as it had formerly gone to the grandson of Louis XIV.

The English Government manifested much indignation; and after stating its objections, on various grounds, to the marriages themselves, protested against any child of the Duke of Montpensier ever becoming sovereign of Spain, on the ground that by the treaty of Utrecht any descendant of the Orleans family was excluded from such a position. This protest was the more important, since it pledged England, for many years, to a particular course of policy, which, nevertheless, had eventually to be decided in Spain and by Spanish parties. Now, the great bulk of the *Moderado* party had promoted the alliances to which Great Britain objected, and had pledged themselves to support the line of succession which Great Britain was committed to oppose; whilst the great bulk of the *Progresistas*, on the contrary, had objected to the alliances which the English Government had objected to, and stood opposed to that line of succession against which the English Government had protested.

Here then was not merely the renewal or continuance of the old divisions between the *Progresista*, as the English party, and the *Moderado* as the French one, but a really politic and almost absolute reason for keeping up these unhappy divisions.

Such a result ought to have caused serious disquietude to those by whom it had been achieved; but in reality they considered it a triumph, and were thus celebrating it (for a few troubles, which had for a moment disturbed the royal household at Madrid, had just then passed over), when, — during the full height of their confidence in the perpetuity of the colossal power of King Louis Philippe, under whose shadow they had pitched their own fortunes, — arrived the intelligence of the total overthrow of that able prince, and the flight of himself and all his family to England.

It is impossible to conceive any circumstance more startling to Spain, than the sudden and apparently easy revolution which had occurred in the neighbouring kingdom. That revolution was universally attributed to two causes. First, to the recent policy of the French Government abroad; which, by severing the relations of amity between Great Britain and France, had led the cabinet of Louis Philippe into alliances uncongenial with the sentiments of the French nation: Next, to the fallacious idea practically adopted by that cabinet — we mean the idea, that a representative government could go on without much reference to public opinion, if it could only, under constitutional forms, acquire a majority (it did not matter by what means) in the Elective Assembly. Now the foreign and home policy of



France and Spain had lately been precisely the same in these two particulars. The natural supposition, therefore, at once was,—that some prompt and decided change must take place in the councils of Her Catholic Majesty; or, that ere long\* the throne of Queen Isabella would be upset by some shock similar to that which had overturned the throne, apparently so much more powerful, of her mighty neighbour and ally.

This was so much the general conviction in Spain itself, that all parties there seemed at first inclined to prevent violent results by prudent and moderate courses. The Government, requesting extraordinary powers from the Cortes, declared that that body should be kept sitting, in order to judge of the manner in which these powers ought to be exercised. The opposition leaders, on their part, believing that by the natural current of events they should shortly come into power, deprecated revolution and violence above all things, as likely to carry matters beyond the point at which men of reputation could engage in them.

All of a sudden, however, affairs put on an entirely new aspect. General Narvacz appeared one morning in full uniform before the Legislative Assemblies, and declared them to be prorogued;—in spite of the promise recently given, and without assigning any cause for such a violation of so solemn an engagement. The consequence was clear. On the 26th of March (the Cortes had been prorogued on the 22d) an insurrection broke out at Madrid. The Minister of the Interior described it as, ‘a disturbance occasioned by groups, few in number, and of the lowest class, and vagabonds.’\* But no sooner had tranquillity been restored, than arrests of all kinds took place. Two of the most eminent of the opposition leaders in the Cortes, Señores Olozaga and Escosura, were seized, imprisoned, and finally sent off to Cadiz, to be there embarked for transportation to the Philippines. They were never tried nor sentenced, nor even accused of any particular crime; nearly all men of mark in the same party underwent somewhat similar treatment. The Spanish Government has since avowed and justified its conduct,—on the ground, that a government has on these occasions the right to deport beyond the seas not merely the guilty or even those suspected of being guilty of revolutionary designs, but those whom it knows to be entirely innocent of all intentions or wish to promote disturbance, in case their popularity or importance should make it convenient to get them out

\* See Parliamentary Papers. Extract from a circular by the Minister of the Interior to the political chiefs.

of the way.\* It had, in fact, come to the resolution to remain in power at all events; it thought that force alone could preserve it there; and force, therefore, it determined unscrupulously to employ.

But, whilst General Narvaez had come to this determination, — which we do not mean to criticise too harshly, since, after all, it was perhaps the natural one for a Spanish General and politician: — Lord Palmerston, on the other hand, — prompted by the feelings and views which were more likely to occur to a British statesman, — instructed the British minister at the court of Madrid earnestly to recommend to the Government of Spain another system of conduct; namely, that it should attempt to increase its strength by the adoption of popular measures, and by so acquiring the confidence of popular men, — at the same time, refraining most cautiously from any course of violence which must require an army to support it. Sir Henry Bulwer had to fulfil these instructions; and he endeavoured to do so in the first instance by verbal admonitions. He soon, however, found, not only that these were disregarded, but that, according to a custom common enough both in Old Spain and New, he was looked upon as a personal enemy by those to whom the counsel which he was ordered to give was displeasing.

In the mean time the aspect of affairs grew darker: it seemed probable that the adherents of Don Carlos would again take up arms, and there were also symptoms which indicated the possibility of a military ‘pronunciamento’ at Madrid. In either case the British Minister for Foreign Affairs was sure to be asked, what instructions he had sent to the British representative in Spain. Those instructions were upon record. It was natural, therefore, that the agent to whom they had been confided, and who was obliged as a matter of duty to obey them, should also feel anxious to have some record of his having done so. Under these circumstances, Sir H. Bulwer wrote a note in the spirit of the advice he had already given verbally. But a note of this kind might either be received as emanating solely from his own views, or might be condemned as containing a little more or a little less than was conformable with the injunctions that had been laid upon the writer. Consequently, and as a proof that he did not speak merely from his own authority, or say more than he was precisely told to say, Sir H. Bulwer enclosed a copy of that dispatch to himself which contained the views of the British Government. That he had not mistaken the probability that the

\* See discussions in the Cortes and speech of Mr. Bravo Murillo, in January, 1849.

adherents of Don Carlos would again take up arms, was ere long made manifest by a rising of the Carlist faction; that he had not exaggerated the danger which existed in placing an implicit reliance on the soldiery at Madrid, was manifested by a military insurrection which also took place in that capital; that he had not done more than act in strict conformity with the orders of his own Government, was established both by the inclosure he had transmitted to the Spanish Government and by the instant approval which Lord Palmerston gave to his conduct, with orders to communicate that approval to the Duke of Sotomayor.

These facts would have made the real nature of the case sufficiently clear in most countries. But Spain is still the country which justifies M. de Talleyrand's declaration, that two and two make five in it; and accordingly the whole weight of the Spanish Government's displeasure fell, not upon the Government of which Sir Henry Bulwer was the agent, but upon Sir Henry Bulwer himself; who, after being held up for some little time in the official press as a sort of omnipotence of evil, was finally dismissed from the Spanish capital on the ground that his life was in danger. To this pretext there was subsequently added a variety of charges, either setting forth no offence at all, or setting forth offences—such as giving large sums of money and employing British vessels of war to promote insurrection—which, if we can suppose such an improbability as that they could have been perpetrated at all, must have been so with the clear cognisance and express orders of the whole British Cabinet, with which, notwithstanding, the Spanish Government never openly declared itself affronted. The whole of these proceedings strike us as being something like the behaviour of an individual who, having had his head broken by a severe drubbing, should bring an action against the stick which belaboured him, instead of against the gentleman who had employed it. At all events, the violent animosity manifested towards a public servant, who had executed a trust to the satisfaction of the head of his department, must be considered entirely irrelevant to the real questions, which the anger excited by his recommendations had brought prominently before the public, and with which, after all, the public is principally concerned.

These questions in our opinion are,—1st. What was the policy of the British Government in giving these recommendations, and was it justifiable? 2ndly. What was the policy of the Spanish Government in manifesting such resentment at the recommendations, and whence its motives?

With respect to the first question, it might be sufficient to say, that the British Government,—having a deep interest

in the welfare of Spain and the preservation of the Spanish Crown, for which it had made great sacrifices. --was perfectly justified in tendering any advice to the Spanish Government, which it did not seek to impose, and which nine Englishmen out of ten would have given at the time. But we are not willing to let the case rest here. We admit that the particular advice tendered on this occasion embodied a general policy, which as a whole may be attacked, and ought as a whole to be defended.

It will be remembered that the *Progresista*, or Liberal party, from the time of the revolution at La Granja up to the fall of Espartero, had been by the force of circumstances more or less connected with England, and that the *Moderado*, or Conservative party, had on the other side been more or less connected with France. We must recollect also, that this species of indefinite alliance had been renewed at the time of the Spanish marriages more distinctly and permanently than ever by an act of France and the *Moderado* party;—in opposition to what England considered the obligations of a treaty, and in opposition to what the *Progresistas* considered the natural interests of their country. In this position the recent revolution in France, of February, 1848, found affairs. A variety of persons, who admitted the impossibility of avoiding the political and party combinations which events had produced prior to this great catastrophe, were of opinion that, in consequence of that catastrophe, such combinations ought to have been at once revised.

‘That the Throne of Spain should not descend to a grandson of Louis Philippe was,’ they said, ‘of great importance to Great Britain, when the Orleans Family occupied the French throne; a British statesman was right at that time in maintaining a certain hold over a party in Spain which was opposed to so close a connexion between the French and Spanish Monarchies: but the Prince, who was lately King of the French, was at that moment,’ they added, ‘an exile at Claremont; England had no longer any thing to fear from the influence of the French Monarchy in Spain, it had rather to apprehend the overthrow of the Spanish Monarchy by republican doctrines. In such a state of things,’ they continued, ‘the British Government should have deserted its late colleagues—the Spanish Liberals; and have united closely and firmly with its late adversaries—the Spanish Conservatives.’ But if, in one point of view, there is some plausibility in this course of reasoning, it is, on the other hand, to be considered, whether a sudden rupture with the Liberal party in Spain, at a time when it was contending for the principles of constitutional monarchy, and a sudden connexion at that instant

with the Conservative party, which was then pursuing extreme and despotic measures, could have been made suitable to the consistent character of England as a nation ; and also, whether such a course could have offered any sound political ground for the conclusion, that the English Government, in adopting it, would have been adopting the best means for counteracting French influence or Republican opinions.

Besides, it should be borne in mind that, at the period to which we are alluding, it seemed pretty certain, either that Monarchy would be speedily re-established in France under a prince of the House of Orleans, or that its new Republic would become consolidated. In the one case, was it not clear that any temporary alliance which England might have formed with the Orleans party in the Spanish peninsula, would have been speedily dissolved,—that that party would have reverted almost immediately to its old patrons,—and that all that England would have gained by her short connexion with men whom she could not attach to her, would have been the utter alienation of others upon whom she might previously have counted ? On the other hand, in case the Republic should maintain itself in France, would not the Spanish Liberals, naturally disgusted with England for having abandoned them, have sought the support of France ? Would not the very reason, that we had united with their opponents in order to save the Monarchy, have made them desirous to unite with their neighbours in order to establish a Republic ?—whilst the Republican Government in France would itself have had a direct political motive for carrying its institutions across the Pyrenees in order to carry there its influence. Thus that very alteration in its policy which the British Government, it has been thought, should have adopted, with the view of checking the overflow of Republican ideas, and preventing the possibility of a Spanish Republic, would probably have conducted to the one mischief, and might very possibly have produced the other.

These questions, however, open out into far wider considerations when we turn back, and look abroad at the confused and gloomy prospect which, in March, 1848, a British statesman had the anxious task of watching.

In the centre of that capital, beneath whose brilliant surface lie those dark and mysterious caverns, out of which break ever and anon fitful tempests of bewildered thought and misdirected passion, to sweep over the rest of Europe, there were, at this precise moment, two factions in power contending over a prostrate throne for the supremacy of their opinions. The one had adopted a Republic in order to prevent anarchy ; the other was willing to promote anarchy in order to preserve a Re-

public. The first desired to modify old customs and notions into new forms: they were for maintaining peace at home and abroad, and not altering their policy towards other States merely because such States were Monarchies. The second desired to break up and destroy the ancient castes of society, and mould it altogether into strange and fantastic shapes. The apostles of their doctrines desired to spread them with the book and the sword. Governments which stood 'upon the old ways' were in their eyes natural enemies. Their argument was, 'To us who have destroyed a throne all kings must be hostile: it is ridiculous in us, therefore, to look upon kings otherwise than as our foes.' If any thing was of more grave importance than another at such a crisis, it was to check the force of these enthusiasts by disproving such statements. With this view the British ambassador remained at Paris, after the sovereign to whom he was accredited had left it. With this view it was necessary that our policy at Madrid, where it was sure to be especially watched, should be as much as possible the same after the expulsion of the House of Orleans as it had been previously.

It does not, however, follow, because England could not connect herself closely and intimately with General Narvaez, that she was to adopt invidious and unlawful means to overthrow him. The course of the English Government was rather to wait on events; by maintaining friendly relations with it, to keep the Liberal party from becoming French and Republican; by prudent and moderate counsels to it, to keep the Conservative party from driving their opponents to extremes; and to favour, in any legitimate manner that occurred, the formation of such a cabinet as would be neither Orleanist nor Republican. It was, moreover, clear that the more violent the course which the Conservative party adopted in its defence, the more distinctly it was necessary for Great Britain to separate herself from the apparent sanction of such violence. The instructions which Sir Henry Bulwer received, and the conduct which he followed, are, we think, as clearly justified by the foregoing explanation as the limits of this sketch allow.

But if such were the line, which it was wise and politic for the English Government to pursue in Spain under the particular circumstances in which it found itself placed, there were motives, not wholly invisible, we think, though perhaps not at first sight likely to attract attention, for the course adopted by the Spanish Government. A glance at them may render their course less marvellous and unintelligible than it would otherwise appear. The Spanish Government had in no degree loosened its connexion with the House of Orleans in consequence of late events. On

the contrary, it had immediately invited the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier into Spain; and had a firm and not irrational belief that the regency of the Duchess of Orleans would soon replace in France a republic which looked rather like the effect of accident, and surprise than of design or public opinion. Its first object, consequently, was to maintain its actual condition by all means and at all hazards, during the brief interval which it thought must elapse previous to the proclamation of the Comte de Paris. It was not sufficient for it to maintain Queen Isabella on the Spanish throne; it was also necessary to maintain its own position as Queen Isabella's ministry, in order to guarantee the security of the Duchess of Montpensier's succession.

Under these circumstances, the Spanish Ministry was naturally suspicious of the part that England might play towards it. In its eyes there was no medium between having the English Government as an open and unscrupulous friend, sanctioning and supporting all its measures; or having it as a secret and politic enemy, which, under the plea of disapproving its policy, would in some way or other get it out of power. In this latter case, to remove from Madrid a British representative, who, from his intimate acquaintance with its public men and parties exercised considerable influence, was one of those adventurous throws in the Game of Fortune which suited the Spanish character, and was agreeable to its two dominant passions—revenge and ambition. One cause for hesitation alone existed,—namely, the question whether the danger, which would be thus provoked, was not too great to be voluntarily run for the occasion.

It appears from parliamentary documents and Spanish newspapers, that this hesitation was removed in part by certain articles in the English journals, and certain speeches in the British Parliament. What remained of it dictated both the diplomatic assurance,—that the offence given was meant to be no offence at all,—and, also, the mission of Count Mirasol to London. Proceeding in no official character, and having no official instructions, the Count was in a situation which enabled him to say whatever he deemed most appropriate to the circumstances, and enabled the Spanish Government at the same time to deny his authority for any thing he might say, which it should deem either impolitic or inconvenient to acknowledge. The conduct now ventured on was, no doubt, exceedingly unjust and violent towards an individual, and exceedingly irregular and disrespectful towards a government. But such injustice and irregularity are to be covered up in Mr. Ford's ample cloak of '*cosas de España.*' The stroke struck was a stroke of party

policy, rude and daring in the extreme, but which, we must admit, for the time and purpose, proved eminently successful.

When Sir Henry Bulwer crossed the Spanish frontier, the situation of Spain fully justified the apprehensions he had expressed concerning it: and from that moment became apparent the Spanish characteristic which is so shrewdly set forth, as far back as in one of Lord Stanhope's pithy dispatches. 'Spaniards will never do for themselves what they think others will do for them.' 'Why,' said those Spaniards who had been before disposed to take a decided part against the actual Minister, 'Why should we do at our own risk and peril what the English Government will now soon do for us?' and, again, as soon as these persons found that the English Government did nothing, then this inaction on the part of England threw complete discouragement over their own hopes and plans. If the British fleet had appeared in a hostile attitude at Cadiz, '*Abajo el despotismo*,' '*Vivan los Ingleses*,' would probably have resounded from one end of the Spanish peninsula to the other; but as the British fleet showed no symptoms which were not entirely pacific, and the English Government quietly dismissed M. Isturitz without doing any thing more, the ideas of the Spanish people underwent a complete revulsion; and, instead of believing that the Government of Great Britain felt itself so strong that it did not think it necessary to put forth its force, they very confidently concluded that their own Government was so strong that the British Government did not dare to attack it.

General Narvaez was not a person to lose the advantages to be acquired from this impression: his energy and capacity grew with the dangers amidst which he found himself; and,—although, notwithstanding the terror which he now universally inspired, a formidable Carlist insurrection did break out, and a variety of other manifestations of dissatisfaction perpetually required his vigour and vigilance to suppress them,—he was eventually able to justify, to a large body of his countrymen, the course he had pursued by the success which had attended it. We cannot regret this, since, in the desperate position into which he had brought affairs, the failure of his policy would probably have been the overthrow of the Spanish throne; and a reign of confusion and disorder is even worse in our eyes than a reign of despotism. But we rather apprehend that the events we have been describing have somewhat tended to generate two suppositions: the one, that England may be insulted with impunity; the other, that the safety of a government in extreme peril is to be found in extreme violence.

The first supposition, if it really exist, the Government and



people of England will, we doubt not, should the necessity arise, speedily disprove; the second will as assuredly disprove itself. There are no general laws that can take in all exceptions: there is no situation in which a man of strong will and great ability may not for a while triumph, in spite of principles which, in their multiplied experience would show that he ought not to have succeeded. The Duke of Valencia (General Narvaez) has in excess those faults and qualities which predominate in the Spanish character; and he has consequently a powerful control over his countrymen, and has succeeded to an extraordinary degree, in dazzling their imagination and exciting their fears. But such men as General Narvaez are by no means of common occurrence; and even in his case we are to bear in mind the saying of the Greek sage to the King of Lydia: 'It is necessary to see how you end, in order to judge whether you have been fortunate.'

It appears to us, we confess, impossible to continue for an unlimited time to govern Spain by a large military force; — yet without a force of that description, it appears to us equally impossible for General Narvaez to maintain the system he has established. The next questions which arise will be what is to become of General Narvaez without his army? or of General Narvaez's system without himself? Violence is always an easy mode of obtaining momentary tranquillity; but wise men apprehend that in the ultimate effects of the reciprocal action and reaction by which men are swayed and governments conducted, momentary tranquillity may be injudiciously obtained through means which promote permanent disturbance.

Already, we think we see in the different accounts which reach us from that political kaleidoscope which the 'Times' correspondent from Madrid holds up to our eyes, signs and symptoms of a new shaking of the many-coloured glass; nor will such an event surprise us, — though we do not believe that any change will, at this time, throw the variegated materials presented to our view into any durable shape, or be more than a temporary mutation of persons. Politics in Spain, however, are and will be, for some years at least, very much the politics of persons; and this reflection leads us to pause over the passing page for a moment, and endeavour to sketch, however hastily and imperfectly, the portrait of that remarkable officer, who fills the last niche in the pantheon which Spain ought some day to build to the men who are always startling the world beyond the Pyrenees by their rapid rise, and brief but unlimited and ostentatious power.

It would be unjust to paint General Narvaez as a mere

soldier, conscious of no other power but brute force, or as a mere tyrant, actuated by no other sentiment but remorseless ambition. In moments of action, it is true, he shows no pity, no scruples; he tramples over every thing and every body that stand athwart his path. But his mind is a passionate, not a vindictive one; and he as readily forgives a foe whom he has vanquished, as he unscrupulously shoots an enemy who is still capable of resisting him. With the utmost ardour of a fiery and impetuous nature, he has none of the small envy of a subordinate one. He claims the first place for himself above all competitors, but he is generally ready to accord the second, without jealousy or scruple, to the most deserving. To his followers he is unbounded in his favour and support; towards his opponents, if he deems them formidable, he is equally unbounded in his enmity. Though inclined to a military tyranny by the vehemence of his temper and the habits of his life, he is not so by theory: on the contrary, his first notions of politics were imbibed in the camp of Mina. Nor is this all: the natural eloquence which he inherits inclines him (as it formerly did Wentworth, Earl of Strafford), to the parliamentary form of government, in which his address in debate and his powerful appeals to the passions in a lofty strain of oratory, have often been remarkable.

We have only to add, that the use he made of the victory which he achieved in 1848 at once over Progresistas and Carlists was conformable to this delineation of his character. He restored the constitutional government which he had previously suspended, and granted shortly afterwards, in spite of some of his colleagues, a free pardon to all political offenders. In the case of some this was generosity;—to others it was less than justice. But perhaps it is of more rare occurrence and shows more loftiness of spirit, to pardon those whom we have wronged than to pardon those who have wronged us. There can be no doubt but that the conduct of Lord Palmerston had a tardy influence on the course which General Narvaez thus pursued; and that the desire to stand well with England and public opinion in England, was present to his mind. But we also believe that the natural bias of his character would have led him, to show grace to discomfited opponents when the struggle for dominion was once over; and to prefer a constitutional form of government to a mere military tyranny, as soon as he shall have thought that the former could be managed with very little more difficulty than the latter.

Previous to this period we should have been sorry to see any reconciliation between the two governments. In a military despot, ruling by the sword and caring for nothing but the

sword, who had driven some of the most conspicuous patriots of his country into banishment, and who sought to maintain his power by despotism without reference to justice, there was nothing more attractive at Madrid than Buenos Ayres. But with a man who had shown the courage to lay aside this terrible character, and to acknowledge the benefits of a milder system, we could be well disposed to treat. No sooner, therefore, had General Narvaez adopted the conduct which we have just described, than we were sincerely desirous that he should make such advances towards Great Britain as would enable her, without any sacrifice of honour, to accept the olive branch.

The Government of Spain did make such advances; and it chose judiciously, as the channel of its communications, the King of the Belgians. From his Majesty's connexion with our court, and the general credit attached in Europe to his wisdom, moderation, and justice, he was on all grounds the fittest mediator who could have been selected. The result of the negotiation was the expression, on the part of the Spanish Government, of an earnest desire to resume its ancient relations of amity with that of England, and an offer to receive at Madrid any minister whom the British Government might please to send there. In the correspondence laid before Parliament, Lord Palmerston also expressed a desire to cultivate amicable relations with the Government of Spain; and accepted as satisfactory the declaration that that Government was willing to receive *any* minister at its court, whom her Majesty might be disposed to send there. In justice to Sir Henry Bulwer, Lord Palmerston then stated that that gentleman would have been the person best calculated to represent her Majesty at Madrid; but that since he was already at another important post, Lord Howden would be named as his successor.

We are not disposed, under the circumstances, to be over critical respecting the terms and form of this arrangement. No decided steps having been taken by the British Government in 1848, and a Constitutional Government having since been restored at Madrid, there was no excuse, either national or personal, for keeping open a quarrel after a fair opportunity for concluding it was offered: while the offer, on the part of Spain, to receive any minister whom Great Britain might send, and the expressions used by Lord Palmerston with respect to Sir Henry Bulwer in reply, appear sufficient to cover the honour of the British Government and the honour of the British agent. Anything less than this would have been insufficient,—anything more was not absolutely necessary,—and it only remains for us to say that we cordially and sincerely hope that the reconciliation which

has put an end to this diplomatic misunderstanding, will be a firm and a sincere one, and outlast the scandal both of unpaid Spanish Bonds and of differential duties on British ships.

Indeed, one circumstance has tended to cement the relations between Great Britain and Spain since 1848; this is the peculiar position of Cuba: whilst another circumstance has equally tended to remove the principal cause for difference between the British Government and the *Moderado* party: we mean the probability, never before acknowledged, of Queen Isabella having children. Thus the future opens with new prospects; and as for the past, except as an amusing narrative of strange events, we can afford to forget it. It would be ungrateful to regard with logical severity the actions of a people of poets, who still keep up a sort of link between real life and the drama; and who, by carrying us at moments back to the most interesting period of Italian story, allow us to comprehend the compound of Machiavel and Ariosto.

Our article was thus far completed, when an event, of which a foreboding had for some time haunted us, broke forth, awakening and bewildering those who had fallen into a somnolent belief that the chapter of Spanish accidents had at last closed. We speak of the telegraphic despatch, suddenly announcing that General Narvaez had arrived in France. To all appearance a voluntary exile, he has laid down his power, like Sylla; but has not ventured, like Sylla, to remain a private citizen among his countrymen.

As a soldier of great energy and will, he had been selected by a timid Court, in a moment of danger, to save it from popular concessions by any and every means which could be placed at his disposal. He established, therefore, naturally a dictatorship, and gave to this dictatorship the character best suited to his own qualities and individual character. Such a dictatorship was certain, in the end, to be too costly and overbearing for the Spanish nation; and was certain, also, before very long, to be grating and disagreeable to the Spanish Court. For, the first was sure to dislike its master as a tyrant, and the second was equally sure to dislike its protector for not being a sycophant. General Narvaez's situation thus became, when it seemed most enviable, most intolerable: the parliament, which he had reconstituted but not destroyed, could not be restrained from perplexing him with retrenchments; the sovereign, whom he had governed but not gained, kept pricking him with slights. His party, under the influence of his sway, had acquired an overwhelming majority in the Chambers; true: the country, under the terror of his

power, had sunk into submissive repose ; true : but these, which were the triumphs of his policy, brought about the downfall of himself. His adherents lost their principal reason for blind obedience, from the moment their enemies no longer excited their alarm. Such is usually the circle in which vicious means of success bring round misfortune upon their authors. We can conceive the irritated feelings of the conqueror of Espartero ; of the expeller of Sir H. Bulwer ; of that violent man who, when it towered for awhile above contradiction, thought his authority established on a rock : we can easily conceive his feelings, whilst teased to retain office by those who were in reality desirous to strip him of power ; such a position he could bear no longer — *abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit.*

Oh ! for the vanity of human wishes ! He, who had destroyed every foe in the path to his elevation, is reported (and, for the purpose of our moral, it matters little whether the report was true or false, — since it was so probable as to be believed) to have at last declared that he would sooner put a pistol to his brains, than keep for one hour longer the rewards of his ambition !

We do not, however, feel assured as yet, either that the new performance, announced with a change of decoration, is even at its third act ; or that General Narvaez — if Providence preserve his life for a few years, perhaps but a few months, longer — will be found to have retired permanently from the Spanish stage. Such, too, we perceive, is the expectation of his friends, to judge by a recent panegyric on him in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. In the first, apparently, of a series of articles on ‘ The Military Statesmen of the European Revolution,’ the predominance of armies over us unfortunate civilians is made a supposed necessity in the present state of Europe, and General Narvaez takes the lead among our future masters. He is characterised as a Casimir Perier on horseback, and as having saved Spain by keeping its Conservative party together through his immense authority. His recent fall is attributed to umbrage taken at him by the Queen Mother, and to a military opposition in the senate, which, though not consisting at present of above twenty votes, the countenance of the Queen Mother might make more formidable. But, independently of these changes, it is suggested, that the time was come when he must have strengthened his government by useful accessions, and by moral reforms as well as material. This admission shows what had been the nature of his past administration. At the same time, should the unity of the Conservative party be broken up, and the *Progresistas* be again *aux portes du pouvoir*, Narvaez is still looked up to, to again become *l’homme necessaire*, as in 1848, — *le plus propre à tenir tête à la contagion révolutionnaire*. Thus a

*Progresista* administration and a revolution are, in the eyes of the supporters of Narvaez, the same.

We shall not, however, attempt, from our present points of view, to pry further into coming events. Our task will be accomplished, if this rapid sketch of the past serve to make the future, be it what it may, a little more intelligible.

ART. VII. — 1. *Speech of Sir W. Molesworth on Colonial Expenditure and Government*, July 25th, 1848.

2. *Speech of Sir W. Molesworth on Colonial Administration*, June 25th, 1849.

3. *Some Particulars of the Commercial Progress of our Colonial Dependencies*. By J. T. DANSON, Barrister-at-Law. (Read before the Statistical Society, Feb. 19th, 1849.)

4. *The Colonies of England*. By J. A. ROEBUCK, M.P. 1849.

5. *Speech of Lord John Russell on Colonial Policy*, Feb. 8th, 1850.

OUR colonial empire — independent of the vast possessions of the East India Company; independent, also, of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory, and the uncivilised parts of North America — stretches over an area of nearly four million square miles, and includes a population of more than six million souls; of whom two millions and a half are whites, and one million and a half are of British birth or descent. The distribution of these numbers may be seen more minutely in the following table, where our colonies are classed into groups. The figures for Africa do not include our last acquisitions at the Cape, nor on the Gold Coast. The East Indian colonies mean Mauritius and Ceylon. The population is given for 1846, the last year for which we have any accurate returns. Since then, of course, a very considerable increase has taken place, both by immigration and by natural multiplication.

Colonies.	Area in Sq. Miles.	Population of British Descent.	Total Population.	Average an- nual Imports. 1842—1846.	Average an- nual Exports. 1842—1846.
				£	£
North American	486,000	1,100,000	1,995,000	4,847,995	4,188,077
West Indian -	85,000	60,000	936,000	4,511,649	5,496,211
African -	138,000	20,170	475,000	1,039,139	669,846
East Indian -	25,400	6,000	1,680,000	2,259,036	1,648,202
Australian, &c.	3,100,000	300,000	420,000	2,189,982	1,931,132
Total	3,834,400	1,486,170	5,506,000	14,847,801	13,933,468

Now, it is abundantly evident that the question of abandoning or retaining an empire such as this — with a commerce equal to one-fourth that of the mother country, with a population equal to one-fifth that of Great Britain and Ireland, and with an area exceeding ours in the ratio of thirty-two to one — is far too momentous to be disposed of at the fag end of a discussion on our annual budget. It demands a time and place to itself: it deserves to be discussed on its own merits; and to be regarded from a higher and more comprehensive point of view than one of mere retrenchment and economy. It is something more than a point to be settled between Mr. Hume on the one side, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the other.

The advocates for cheap government at any cost, with Mr. Cobden and the Financial Reform Association at their head, have resolved upon a reduction of our public expenditure to the amount of ten millions, out of an effective total of twenty-three. The object is one of difficult attainment; and on several recent occasions Mr. Cobden has admitted — and every one will agree with him — that whatever savings may be enforced in various departments, by a closer watchfulness and a stricter control — by a sterner supervision over sanguine experimenters and lavish ship-builders — still, no very material reduction in our chief items of national expenditure — viz., the army, navy, and ordnance — can be effected, so long as we retain our vast and distant colonial empire. He proposes, therefore, to abandon that empire, *as a measure of economy*; and his mode of reasoning is, as it always is, simple, plausible, and bold, — admirably calculated to produce an impression on a nation impatient of misty declamation, anxious for clear views, and priding itself on its common sense. His arguments are entitled to careful examination; and must be met in a manner as downright and straightforward as his own. The nation neither will nor ought to allow itself to be put off from the most searching inquiry by rhetorical flourishes about the vastness of our empire, by a deference to ancestral wisdom, by an appeal to traditional associations and hereditary policy. It is of the last importance that we should clear our minds upon the subject, — should ascertain *whether* our colonies are valuable, and *why* they are valuable; what equivalent, in the present or in prospect, they yield as a compensation for their cost; in short, whether we are to retain them, and on what ground that retention is to be defended.

But before entering upon a discussion of this question (which we propose to treat as broadly and concisely as we can, to the neglect of all avoidable details), we must premise that we find a difference *in limine* between our views and those of the Financial

Reformers as regards the paramount importance they assign to a mere curtailed amount of national expenditure. The cry for cheap government has been so pertinaciously raised during the last few years; it is supported by so active and energetic a party of politicians; it finds naturally such a ready welcome in the popular mind; it comprises such an indisputable nucleus of truth, surrounded by such a vast nebula of plausibility—that it requires no ordinary courage to make head against it, or to hint that it may be carried to an injudicious and dangerous excess. Nevertheless, it is unquestionable that cheapness *may be bought too dear*; that retrenchment, on a strictly-regulated and already curtailed expenditure, may be as unwise as retrenchment on a lavish expenditure is just and needful; that rigid frugality in public outlay, though always a duty, may not always be the first or paramount duty of the crisis or the hour; that, in fact, there may be more important objects for our consideration than the saving of one or two millions to a people which so frequently spends fifty millions in some wild speculation, or some gigantic blunder. In public affairs, as in private, there is a true and a false—a genuine and a counterfeit—a short-sighted and a comprehensive—economy. There is an economy which looks only to the price, as well as a profuseness which looks only to the object. There is a spirit of shallow, niggard, and ungenerous parsimony, which looks only at the cost of the public service, and not at the mode in which that service is performed; which would risk or sacrifice great objects in order to save a small expense; which is narrowly mercantile, instead of being broadly imperial; which considers an official salary excessive, if any fairly competent person could be found to undertake the duty for less remuneration; which would put the service of the State on the same footing as the supply of a workhouse, and have it done *by tender*; which would starve departments that, to be efficient, require to be managed with a liberal and, at times, even with an unsparing hand; which, in a word, considers only present saving, and disregards the future outlay and ultimate extravagance which injudicious and untimely saving may entail. And there is a wise, sound, and far-sighted economy—alone deserving of the name—which is profoundly convinced that, in an empire such as ours, the best government is the cheapest, whatever be its money cost; which is conscious that where millions are at stake, thousands must be often disregarded; that expenditure may often be cheaper than saving; that it is both common sense and enlightened economy for the State to secure the services of its ablest citizens, and to keep every department of the public service in the highest condition



of efficiency, — whatever be the outlay requisite to attain these purposes.

If the great British nation were, like a private individual, possessed only of a fixed limited income, which no exertion could increase, it would then be matter of simple necessity, as well as duty, to proportion our expenditure to that income, whatever the consequences might be. We should be compelled to organise our servants and our establishments on a scale suited to our means — to leave unattained, however important, objects for which we could not pay the necessary price — to incur perils it would be too costly to provide against — to forego the services of those superior talents which we could not afford to remunerate — to sell off any outlying portion of our estates which led us into heavy expenses, and yielded an insufficient present rental. But this is not our case: not only must we obtain at any price those objects, and do at any cost those deeds, and retain by any expenditure those possessions, which involve our national safety, interests, and honour; but we can well afford to do so. It is idle to say — with our enormous national wealth, with our vast annual accumulations, with our working classes spending fifty-four millions yearly in self-imposed taxation for noxious indulgences, with our mercantile and middle classes flinging away millions after millions, first upon delusive mines, then upon unneeded and unpaying railways — that we cannot afford to do anything which the nation deliberately and conscientiously resolves that it ought to do. It is something more than idle of Mr. Cobden, after having been so mainly instrumental in relieving us of fiscal burdens estimated at more than twenty-five millions a year, to pretend that we cannot now endure an expenditure which we did endure when our national wealth was only half its present amount, and when our burdens were twice as heavy. If, then, our colonies are to be abandoned, let it not be on the plea that we cannot afford to maintain or defend them. If it be true that no ties of national interest or obligation bind us to retain them, let them go; but if this be the reverse of truth, let us not be terrified into cutting them adrift from any such insane notion as sometimes takes possession of elderly gentlemen of the most enormous wealth, that we are actually insolvent, and that nothing but the most instant and fanatical retrenchment can save us from the workhouse.

Holding these views, we shall not think it necessary to meet the new school of financial reformers, by endeavouring to prove that the colonies do not cost the mother country as much as is alleged — exaggerated as their estimates often are. We shall point out distinctly the *grounds* on which we regard them as

valuable, and think they ought to be retained. We shall not allow our attention to be diverted from the question as a whole, by any discussion of details, — by disputing as to the specific importance or desirability of our settlements at Labuan, at the Falkland Islands, or on the Gold Coast. Neither shall we take into consideration the value of our purely military dependencies and outposts. The importance of these is a military rather than a strictly imperial question. They are part of the details of our system of defences, and their proper place is in a debate on the Army and Navy Estimates, or in consultations in the departments of the War Office or the Horse Guards. We confine ourselves to our colonies, properly so called, respecting which Mr. Cobden is of opinion that, since the recent systematic change in our commercial policy, they are of no value whatever to Great Britain: — respecting which, however, we hold that this change has only altered the point of view from which we are to form our estimate of their value.

The line of argument we have to meet is lucid, plausible, and attractive. It may be stated thus. In former times, and under the old mercantile system, we valued our colonies as outlets for our manufactures, and as sources of supply for needful products which we could not obtain, or could not obtain so cheaply or so well, elsewhere. We valued them as the principal and the surest channels for that commerce which we felt to be the life-blood of the nation. They were secure, increasing, and favoured markets for those articles of British produce which other nations excluded as far as they could by severe and prohibitory tariffs; and they produced for us exclusively those valuable raw materials and articles of luxury which we wished to debar other nations from procuring. In conformity with these ideas, we bound them to the mother country in the bands of a strict and mutually favouring system of customs' duties: we compelled them to trade with us exclusively; to take from us exclusively all the articles with which we could supply them; and to send to us exclusively all the produce of their soil. In return, we admitted their produce to our markets at lower rates than that of other countries, or excluded the produce of other countries altogether. This was a consistent, intelligible, and mutually fair system. Under it our colonies were *customers who could not escape us*, and vendors who could sell to us alone.\*

\* Bryan Edwards thus describes the system: — 'The leading principle of colonisation in all the maritime States of Europe (Great Britain among the rest) was commercial monopoly. The word *monopoly* in this case admitted a very extensive interpretation. It

But a new system has risen up, not only differing from the old one, but based upon radically opposite notions of commercial policy. We have discovered that under this system our colonies have cost us, in addition to the annual estimate for their civil government and their defence, a sum amounting to many millions a year, in the extra price which we have paid for their produce beyond that at which other countries could have supplied it to us. In obedience to our new and wiser commercial policy, we have abolished all discriminating and protective duties; we have announced to our colonies that we shall no longer favour their productions, and, as a necessary and just corollary, that we shall no longer compel them to favour ours,—that we shall supply ourselves with our sugar, coffee, cotton, and indigo, wherever we can buy them cheapest, and that they are at liberty to follow the same principle in the purchase of their calicoes, silks, and woollens. They are therefore to us now, in a commercial point of view, friendly trading communities, and nothing more. The very object for which we founded, governed, defended, and cherished them, has been abandoned: why, then, should we any longer incur the cost of their maintenance?

Being, then, on the footing of independent States, as far as their tariffs are concerned, they yield us nothing and benefit us in nothing as colonies, that they would not yield us and serve us in, were they altogether independent. Nay, they are even less serviceable to us; for the experience of the United States has shown us how immeasurably faster colonies advance in population, in enterprise, in agriculture, and in commerce—in everything which makes them valuable as customers—when separated

‘comprehended the monopoly of supply, the monopoly of colonial produce, and the monopoly of manufacture. By the first, the colonists were prohibited from resorting to foreign markets for the supply of their wants; by the second, they were compelled to bring their chief staple commodities to the mother country alone; and by the third, to bring them to her in a raw or unmanufactured state, that her own manufacturers might secure to themselves all the advantages arising from their further improvement. This latter principle was carried so far in the colonial system of Great Britain, as to induce the late Lord Chatham to declare in Parliament that the British colonists in America had no right to manufacture even a nail or a horseshoe.’ — *History of the West Indies*, vol. ii. p. 565.

‘The maintenance of this monopoly (says Adam Smith, book iv. c. vii.) has hitherto been the principal, or more properly, perhaps, the sole end and purpose of the dominion which Great Britain assumes over her colonies.’

from the mother country than when still attached to it by the bonds of allegiance and the clumsy fetters of remote and injudicious control. 'Our exports to the United States in 1844,' (says Sir W. Molesworth,) 'equalled our *real* exports to all our 'other colonies together.\* Had these States\* still remained hampered by their connexion with Great Britain, is it possible to imagine that they would have advanced with anything like their actual gigantic strides? Seven years after they had declared their independence, their population was short of 4,000,000. By the last census, sixty years later, it has reached 23,675,000 souls,—all customers for our productions.

In the next place, our colonies used to be regarded as inexhaustible storehouses of waste and fertile land, and as outlets for our dense and often suffering population; and it is in this view, perhaps, that most persons are still disposed especially to value them. But what is the fact? Have we not the plainest indications that even in this respect they would be more valuable if they were independent, and that even now the United States, because independent, are preferred by our emigrants? According to Sir William Molesworth's statement in 1848, of 1,673,600 persons who had emigrated during the preceding twenty years, 825,564 went *direct* to the United States, and how many more went indirectly through Canada, we can only guess. According to the Appendix to Lord John's Speech in 1850, out of 787,410 persons who emigrated in 1847-8-9, 525,136 went to the United States. So it is abundantly clear, that as fields for emigration we can have no motives for the continued retention of our colonies.

Again—we used to make some of our colonies serviceable as prisons for our convicts—distant and safe receptacles for the disposal of our metropolitan villany and filth—places for 'burying our dead out of our sight.' *Now* we can use them as such no longer. Our colonies have one and all remonstrated; have refused to receive the sweepings of our gaols any longer; have threatened to rebel, if we persist in sending them;—and we have ourselves, on more than one occasion, admitted the system to be an indefensible one, and have announced our determination to abandon it.

We have been taught to believe that our colonial empire, 'on which the sun never sets,' is about the most important element

\* At present, however, this is by no means true. In 1849, the total exports of British produce and manufactures was 58,848,000*l.* of declared value; of which 16,594,000*l.* went to our colonies, and 9,565,000*l.* to the United States.

in our national greatness, and that these vast dominions in every part of the world add incalculably, though in some mysterious way, to our imperial dignity and strength. And such vague declamation as the following is given us in lieu of argument. 'The extent and glory of an empire are solid advantages for all its inhabitants, and especially for those who inhabit its centre. Whatever the possession of our colonies may cost us in money, the possession is worth more in money than its money cost, and infinitely more in other respects. For, by overawing foreign nations and impressing mankind with a prestige of our might, it enables us to keep the peace of the world, which we have no interest in disturbing, as it would enable us to disturb the world if we pleased. The advantage is, that the possession of this immense empire by England, causes the mere name of England to be a real and mighty power; the greatest power that now exists in the world. If we give up our colonies England would cease to be a power; and in order to preserve our independence we should have to spend more than we now do in the business of our defence.'\* Mr. Cobden and his party argue on the other hand, and with much force, that this 'prestige of empire' is a hollow show, which other nations as well as ourselves are beginning to see through; that outlying dependencies which require to be garrisoned in time of peace and protected in time of war, draft off from this country the forces which are needed for our defence at home; dissipate our army and navy in forty or fifty isolated and distant quarters; and waste the funds which should be devoted to the protection of the mother country. It is idle, they affirm, to pretend that a system which gives us such a vast additional territory to defend without giving us any additional means of defending it, can be other than a source of dangerous weakness; that if we had no dependencies, we should be impregnable and invulnerable at home; and that half our navy and a fourth of our army would suffice for the protection of our hearths and homes. If, indeed, the colonies paid tribute into our treasury, if they furnished contingents to our military force, and supplied a fixed quota of ships and stores toward the augmentation of our navy, — the case might be different. But they do nothing of all this: over-taxed and overburdened England pays for a great part of their civil government, and nearly the whole of their naval and military requirements; the impoverished and struggling peasant of Dorsetshire—the suffering artisan of Lancashire—the wretched needlewomen of London — all have to pay their contribution

to the defence and the civil rule of the comfortable Australian farmer, the wealthy Canadian settler, and the luxurious Jamaica negro. If Sir W. Molesworth's Statistics may be taken as approaching to accuracy, our colonial empire costs us at least 4,000,000*l.* a year — a sum nearly equal to the income-tax — to the malt-tax — to the sugar-tax; — any one of which might be repealed, to the infinite relief of our people, in case our colonies were abandoned. \* \* \*

Lastly, we govern them ill; and, governing them as we do from a distance, and having such an immense number and variety of them to govern, we cannot govern them otherwise than ill. They are perpetual sources of difficulty and dispute; they are always quarrelling with us, and complaining of us, and not unfrequently breaking out into open rebellion; they yearn for independence, and would gladly purchase immunity from our vexatious interference and ignorant control by encountering all the risks and difficulties to which a severance of the Imperial connexion might expose them. — Since, then, the colonies are commercially as free as America or Spain; since they are no longer favoured or enforced customers for our productions; since they would be at least as available to our emigrants if independent as if still subject to our rule; since they refuse to help us by relieving us of our convict population; since they are sources of weakness and not of strength to us in times of peril or of war; since they pay no part of the expenses of the mother country, and only a small portion of their own; since we mismanage their affairs and impede their progress; and since they themselves wish to be set free from a fettering and galling yoke; — what argument, which will bear the test of close investigation, can be adduced to warrant our retaining them in tutelage?

Such is — clearly, concisely, and, we believe, fairly stated — the reasoning we have to meet. Such are the conclusions, deduced to all appearance from the premises by the legitimate process of logic, against which we are to show cause. The position is undoubtedly a strong one: nevertheless, we hold that there are sufficient grounds for maintaining inviolate the connexion actually existing between the colonies and the mother country.

And, first, let us look a little more closely into the question of their actual cost. Sir W. Molesworth's estimate in his speech of July, 1848, is as follows: — He finds the total colonial military expenditure for the year 1843–4 put down at 2,556,919*l.*, and assuming that it has not been much diminished since, he estimates it 2,500,000*l.* per annum. He then, on the ground of the use made of our extensive colonial empire in all debates, as

an argument against any reduction of our navy estimates, assumes that one-third of the ships on foreign stations, or forty-five vessels with 8000 men, may be debited to the colonies, as maintained simply on their account. The cost of these, added to direct rates, in the navy estimates, he takes at 1,000,000*l*. The civil expenditure of Great Britain on account of the colonies he puts down at 300,000*l*., and the extraordinary expenses at 200,000*l*. a-year—making a total of 4,000,000*l*., which he considers the colonies to cost the mother country in actual outlay.

Now, in this account, we have several things mixed up which have no very legitimate connexion with one another. The military and maritime stations which are maintained in different quarters of the world as *dépôts* for our forces, as harbours of refuge, as fortresses for the benefit of our troops in case of war, as positions serviceable and necessary for our navy, or for the defence of our general commerce, are clearly not colonies, and ought not to be reckoned as such in the analysis of our expenditure. They are kept up, because we imagine them (whether rightly or foolishly is nothing to the present purpose) important to our Imperial strength and safety as a great maritime and commercial nation, and one of the principal Powers of Europe. We may be wrong in keeping Gibraltar and Malta; but in a discussion as to the cost of our colonies, any allusion to them is obviously out of place. Then our penal settlements—in as far as they are penal settlements—must not be confounded with colonies: the sums which we expend there for the maintenance and safe custody of our convicts, form no part of the cost of our colonies. The Parliamentary Papers very properly class our dependencies under three distinct heads—Plantations and Colonies, properly so called, such as Canada, Western Australia, and the West Indies; Maritime and Military Stations, as Malta, Gibraltar, the Ionian Islands, &c.; and Penal Settlements, as Sydney, Van Diemen's Land, and Bermuda. This last place, however, being partly kept up for military and naval purposes, is classed in the second division, as is also Mauritius, though a productive colony, because in the late war it was found absolutely essential to possess it as a means of protecting our commerce in those seas (prizes to the amount of seven millions having been carried in thither before we seized it), and because it has been deemed necessary to incur considerable expense in repairing and completing its fortifications. Now let us separate the sum, which Sir W. Molesworth lumps under one head, into its proper divisions. The total cost in 1843-4, charged upon the military purse of Great Britain was (throwing out 48,941*l*.

of 'general charges,' which we cannot well appropriate) 2,509,026*l.*, thus:—

* Military and maritime stations	-	- £ 952,934
Penal settlements	-	- • 189,005
Plantations and colonies proper	-	- • 1,367,087
		<hr/>
		£2,509,026

The military expenditure for our colonies, then, instead of being as Sir W. Molesworth stated, above two millions and a half, was little more than *one million and a quarter*. But even this sum has since been greatly reduced; for we find by a Parliamentary Paper, bearing date April 27. 1849, that the average annual military expenditure charged to Great Britain on account of our different dependencies, for the five years ending 1847, stood thus:—

Military and maritime stations	-	- £ 831,193
Penal settlements	-	- 134,769
Plantations and colonies proper	-	- 982,508
		<hr/>
		£1,948,470

The just proportion of our naval expenditure, which should be charged to colonial account, it is impossible to estimate with any precision; because, though we know the number of vessels attendant on our purely military and maritime stations, it is impossible to say what proportion of the force employed on foreign service is required for the protection of our commerce, and what for the defence and supervision of our colonies. With our ships spread over the whole world, even to the remotest corners, with our merchants settled in all parts, constantly claiming the interference and protection of Government, and prompt and vehement in their complaints whenever their representations do not meet with instant attention, a numerous and widely-scattered naval force would still be required, even if our colonies were independent, or abandoned to other alliances. Sir W. Molesworth's estimate—forty-five ships and 8000 men as fairly chargeable to the colonial service—is only a guess, and we can do little more than oppose to it another guess made by Mr. Danson after a careful examination of the reasons adduced by the Committee on Navy Estimates, which sat in 1848, for the naval force employed on each station. Mr. Danson's conclusion is that only fifteen ships and 3200 men properly belong to colonial account. This would reduce the expenditure more than one-half. We are, however, enabled to present our readers with a



return which will give us at least some ground for forming an approximate judgment of the force employed on colonial service, properly so called, as compared with that required for political objects, or for the protection of our general commerce. The pendants flying on foreign stations were in 1850 (exclusive of nine on the packet service) 121 in number, and were thus distributed:—

Colonial quarters of the world:—

East India, China, and Australia	-	-	19
Cape of Good Hope	-	-	8
N. American and West Indies	-	-	13
			—40

Non-colonial quarters:—

Mediterranean	-	-	-	20
Coast of Africa	-	-	-	31
West coast of America	-	-	-	11
S.E. coast of America	-	-	-	12
Western squadron, Tagus, &c.	-	-	-	7
				—81

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Now, the Cape of Good Hope is generally regarded as much more a military station than a colony proper, and is classed under the former head in the public accounts. Moreover, the vessels reported as on this station include those of Mauritius, and also those employed in the suppression of the slave trade on the eastern coast; so that not more than four vessels with 800 men can be fairly allowed for the colonial demand. So vast a portion of our trade is carried on with China and the East Indies and Australasia\*, that, under any circumstances, a large force would be required in those seas, to ensure the safety of our merchant ships, especially as piracy, to a formidable extent, still prevails in the Indian Archipelago. Four of the vessels reported on this station are detached for the use of Australia and New Zealand; and the unsettled state of our relations with China have rendered necessary a great addition to our naval force. Of the nineteen vessels it is very doubtful whether more than six are devoted to strictly colonial service. Our trade to North America and the West Indies, in which quarter thirteen vessels are stationed, amounted, in 1849, to more than one-fourth of our whole foreign commerce; and would still, if our colonial empire were abandoned, require the presence of a considerable force, probably half that at present maintained. From

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\* In 1849, 11,000,000*l.*, out of a total of 59,000,000*l.* of exports.

this summary it would appear that from sixteen to eighteen vessels, with about 3600 to 4000 men, may fairly be charged to colonial account (in addition to a sum varying from 74,000*l.* in 1843-4, to 82,400*l.* in 1846-7, which appears in our naval estimates for expenditure on ships, in place of the forty-five vessels and 8000 men debited to it by Sir W. Molesworth.

A sum of 200,000*l.* is put down by him for 'extraordinary expenses,' an item we are not prepared to dispute; but when he states our civil expenditure on account of the colonies at 300,000*l.* per annum, he is again in error. The total cost to Great Britain of the Civil Government of *all* her dependencies, had reached its maximum in late years in 1846-7, when it was 492,192*l.*, since which time it has been greatly reduced. In 1850, it was estimated at 441,527*l.* But when we come to analyse this amount, we find it thus apportioned: —

Military and maritime stations	-	-	£ 92,780
Penal settlements	-	-	259,804
Plantations and colonies proper	-	-	139,608
			£492,292

In 1850, the sum chargeable to actual colonies was about 136,000*l.*

We will now bring into one single glance the various items of the actual cost of our colonies, properly so called, compared with the rough estimate of Sir W. Molesworth.

	Sir W. M.'s Estimate.	Actual Cost.
Military expenditure	- £2,500,000	£ 982,500
Naval —	- 1,000,000	500,000
Civil government	- 300,000	136,000
Extraordinary expenses	- 200,000	200,000
£4,000,000		£1,818,500

The cost, fairly calculated, to Great Britain of her colonial empire, is, then, something less than two millions yearly. There was a time, unquestionably, when it was far greater. In the old days of protection the arguments of those, who are for abandoning our colonies on the score of their costliness, might have been based upon far stronger and more startling facts. At a time when the protective duties on the produce of our sugar colonies alone were calculated to cost us 5,000,000*l.* a year, and those on Canadian timber at least 1,000,000*l.* more, it would have been difficult to maintain that these dependencies did not cost us more than they were worth, and more than we could

easily or wisely pay. But now, when all these objectionable discriminating duties have been abandoned in principle, and when the few remains of them are in rapid process of extinction; when the burden of our colonial empire is reduced to the simple pecuniary outlay of two millions annually; and when the East Indies, the most valuable portion of it in a commercial point of view, not only costs us nothing at all, but actually pays 60,000*l.* annually into our military chest, towards defraying the expense of a larger reserve force than might otherwise be necessary; the time does seem singularly ill chosen for proposing to abandon this empire, on the plea of our inability any longer to endure the burdensome expense. We must, however, do Sir W. Molesworth the justice to admit that this suggestion of abandonment does not proceed from him. His proposal is limited to a reduction of imperial expenditure, on account of the colonies, to a sum of two millions—more, as we have shown, than it actually amounts to: And towards the attainment of this object he makes several useful suggestions, which have received the attention they deserve, and some of which have been partially followed out.

Since, then, there is no foundation for the idea that we need to abandon our colonies from sheer inability to retain them, we may proceed to point out a few of the reasons which may be urged for preserving the connexion inviolate, and which we think will be deemed conclusive by the nation at large, if not by all political parties in it.

In the first place, not a single one of our colonies is inhabited by a homogeneous population. In none, is the British race the sole one; in scarcely any, is it the most numerous. Some of the dependencies have been taken from savage tribes; others have been conquered from other European nations. In Trinidad we have *seven* distinct races; in the Cape colony at least *five*; in Canada *four*; in Mauritius *four*; in Ceylon at least *three*; in Australia and New Zealand *two*. The Australian colonies are the only ones which, from the unimportance of the native savages, we can venture to consider as peopled by a purely British race. In Lower Canada, the French form *five-sevenths* of the population; and taking the whole of our North American provinces together, more than one-fourth of the inhabitants are of French origin or descent. In the West Indian group the whites are only *one in fifteen* of the whole; the remainder are, mainly, recently emancipated slaves, still retaining (as the late visitation of cholera brought painfully into view) much of the ignorance of their African origin, and many of the feelings of

their servile condition. The population of the Cape, in 1847, is stated at 170,000, of whom 72,000 were whites, and of these 52,000 were Dutch; the rest were Caffres, Hottentots, and Negroes. The population of Mauritius was, in 1845, 180,000, of which number (though we have no certain record later than 1827), probably not more than 10,000 at the outside were whites, the remainder being Coolies and Negroes. In Ceylon the estimate for 1847, gave 1,500,000 as the number of the native or immigrant coloured races, chiefly Cingalese, and 5572 as the number of the Whites, some of these being Portuguese, and many being Dutch, from whom we took the island. In New Zealand, the natives, a hardy, intelligent, and noble race, amount, it is calculated, to 120,000, and the inhabitants of European descent to not more than 18,000, at the latest dates.

Now, with what show of decency or justice could England abandon to their own guidance and protection countries peopled by such various, heterogeneous, and often hostile races,—even if any considerable number of their inhabitants were unwise enough to wish it? What inevitable injustice such a step must entail upon one or other section of the colonists, what certain peril to the interests of them all, and of humanity at large! Let us follow out this inquiry in the case of two or three of them. We will assume that Canada would go on without any serious disturbances, now that the various populations which inhabit it have been so much more amalgamated than before by being pressed together into one legislature. We will suppose that the Australian colonies would be able to stand on their own feet, and to maintain their own interests, and would manifest that marvellous faculty for self-government and social organisation which has always been the proud distinction of the Anglo-Saxon race. We will concede that the settlers in New Zealand would succeed in civilising the wild tribes around them, and would make them friendly fellow-citizens, and useful subjects and auxiliaries; though we should not be without some apprehension as to the result, since with a warlike, shrewd, and energetic people seven to one is fearful odds. But what would be the result in Jamaica, in Mauritius, at the Cape, and in Ceylon, where the Blacks outnumber the Whites in overwhelming proportion, and where the Whites themselves belong to disunited and hostile nations? In Jamaica, and our other West Indian possessions, one of three results would follow,—either the Whites would remain as now, the dominant class, and would use their legislative power for the promotion of their own interests, and for the compression of the subject race;—would induce large immigration, would prohibit squatting, would com-

pel work; would tax the necessities of life rather than their own property or their own commerce,—perhaps might even strive to restore a modified slavery: or, the Blacks, easily excited, but not easily restrained when once aroused by their demagogues and missionaries, would seize upon the supreme power, either by sudden insurrection, or by gradual and constitutional, but not open force; and in this event few who know the negroes well, who have watched them during the prevalence of cholera in Jamaica, or who have the example of Haiti before their eyes, will doubt that another Haiti would ere long, though not perhaps at once, be the issue of the experiment: or, lastly, the Whites, fearing the second alternative, and finding themselves too feeble to enforce the first, would throw themselves into the arms of the United States, who would, as we are well aware, receive them with a warm welcome and a covetous embrace, and would speedily reconvert 800,000 freemen into slaves. This we think far the most probable alternative of the three. But is there one of the three which any philanthropist, any Briton, any friend to progress and civilisation, could contemplate without grief and dismay? Or is there any fourth issue of the abandonment of these colonies which bears even the shadow of likelihood about it? Whether the Negroes subdued the Whites, and established a black paradise of their own, or the Whites, with the help of the Americans, reduced the Negroes to slavery, the result would be almost equally deplorable. All the hopes which England has nourished of civilising and redeeming the African race must be abandoned, and all the sacrifices she has made so ungrudgingly for this high purpose will have been thrown away. But, apart from this consideration, we have simply *no right* to abandon the Blacks to the possible oppression of the Whites, nor the Whites to the dubious mercies of the Blacks. We cannot do so without a dereliction of duty, amounting to a crime. Towards both races we have incurred the solemn obligations of protection and control; both have acted or suffered under a tacit covenant, which it would be flagrant dishonesty to violate; towards both we have assumed a position which we may not without dishonour abdicate, on the miserable plea that it would be convenient and economical to do so.

In the case of the Cape, where the Dutch outnumber the English colonists in the proportion of *five to two*, and where the coloured races are more numerous than both put together, even if we take no account of the subject tribes recently added to our sway, what would be the result of a separation from Great Britain?—Either the resumption of her old dominion by Hol-

land, or a struggle for superiority between the two white nations, (the Hottentots in the meantime looking on with amazement and contempt;) which, however it might end, would be disgraceful and disastrous, and which, if numbers afford any ground for predicting the result, might probably terminate to the advantage of the Dutch. And no one who has read the early history of that settlement, and the barbarous and habitually oppressive treatment of the natives by that people, would not regard such a catastrophe as a step backwards in civilisation, and an event to be deprecated and averted by every means in our power. An abandonment of this colony by England would be at once a shameful breach of faith to those of our citizens who have gone thither on the strength of the Imperial connexion, and to those native tribes whom we have rescued from the brutality of their former masters. In Ceylon,—where a small nucleus of five thousand Europeans are surrounded by a hostile population of fifteen hundred thousand Orientals, and where a formidable and sanguinary insurrection, only just quelled, has given us an intimation of what may be expected from such a people when worked upon by native priests and foreign demagogues, our responsibilities are equally serious. A desertion of our post as masters must be accompanied by an ample and costly indemnity to those European settlers, whose position, through such a step, would be no longer tenable or safe, and most probably by the loss of the whole or the greater part of a commerce which has now reached an annual amount of one million and a quarter. Instead of abandoning it, Sir W. Molesworth proposes to hand it over to the East India Company.

Colonies with mixed and aboriginal populations such as these, then, we simply *could not* abandon; colonies, with a population exclusively or overpoweringly British, come under a different category. But even with these, we think it is not difficult to see that the interests of civilisation will be far more effectually served by their retention than by their abandonment,—by still maintaining them as integral portions by the British Empire,—than by casting them adrift to run the chances of a hazardous voyage unassisted and alone. They would ‘go ahead’ far faster, we are told, if independent, than if still subject to the hampering rule of the mother country; and the example of the United States is triumphantly appealed to in confirmation of the assertion. We reply, that we can well believe that they would go ahead far faster if free than if fettered, but not than they will now, when colonial legislatures have been created and endowed with the powers of managing all strictly colonial concerns. There is scarcely an advantage, conferrable by freedom, pos-

essed by the United States since their separation from Britain, that will not now be enjoyed in an equal degree by our North American and our Australian dependencies. Moreover, there are figures on record which appear to show that, vast as has been the progress of the United States, it has been not only equalled but surpassed by the strides forward of our principal colonies in recent years. Between 1790 and 1850 the population of the United States multiplied from four millions to twenty-four, or an increase of 500 per cent. That of Lower Canada multiplied between 1784 and 1848 from 113,000 to 770,000, or 600 per cent., and that of Upper Canada, between 1811 and 1848, from 77,000 to 723,000, or 840 per cent. Between 1830 and 1850, the United States' population increased from 12,866,000 to 23,674,000, or not quite 83 per cent.; that of the two Canadas, between 1831 and 1848, from 746,600 to 1,493,290, or more than 100 per cent.; while the population of the Australian group sprang up from 51,910, in 1826, to 350,000, in 1848, showing an increase of nearly 600 per cent. in twenty-two years. In commerce also the comparison is very favourable. While the commerce of North American and Australian colonies (imports and exports) increased in seventeen years, between 1829 and 1846 \*, from 8,150,000*l.* to 14,900,000*l.* yearly, or more than 80 per cent., that of the United States had increased in the same period from \$146,000,000 to \$235,000,000, or 60 per cent.

If, indeed, it were true, as is often ignorantly alleged, that the colonies hated Great Britain, and were anxious to cast off their allegiance to her, much might be urged against the policy of retaining unwilling and therefore troublesome and dangerous dependencies. But, we believe the statement to be the reverse of true. They may hate the Colonial Office: they do not hate England. They are often indignant, and sometimes we think they have been so with justice, at the vexatious interference, the injudicious control, the irritating vacillations, the sad mistakes of the authorities at home; they often bluster and sometimes rebel; they nurture in their bosom, as does every community, a noisy knot of turbulent and disaffected men; they talk largely at times of their desire of independence, and occasionally even forget themselves so far as to hint at 'an-nexation.' But this is the mere effervescence of political excitement. Let us hear the testimony of one who knows the colonies well, whose name is peculiarly associated with them,

\* We have not been able to procure complete returns for any earlier or later years.

and whose vehement hostility to the Colonial Office, renders his statement on this point of singular value : — ‘ The *peculiarity* of ‘ colonies,’ he says, ‘ is their attachment to the mother country. ‘ Without having lived in a colony — or at any rate, without ‘ having a really intimate acquaintance with colonies, which only ‘ a very few people in the mother country have or can have — ‘ it is difficult to conceive the intensity of colonial loyalty to ‘ the empire. In the colonies of England, at any rate, the feeling of love towards England, and of pride in belonging to her ‘ empire, is more than a sentiment ; it is a sort of passion which ‘ all the colonists feel, except the Milesian-Irish emigrants. I ‘ have often been unable to help smiling at the exhibition of it. ‘ In what it originates I cannot say, perhaps in a sympathy of ‘ blood or race ; for the present Anglo-Americans (not counting ‘ those Milesian-Americans who pass for belonging to the Anglo-Saxon race) feel in their hearts’ core the same kind of love ‘ and respect for England, that we Englishmen at home feel for ‘ the memory of Alfred or Elizabeth : but, whatever may be its ‘ cause, I have no doubt that love of England is the ruling ‘ sentiment of English colonies. Not colonists, let me beg you ‘ to observe, but colonial communities ; for, unfortunately, the ‘ ruling passion of individuals in our colonies is the love of ‘ getting money. How strong the collective love of England ‘ is, how incapable of being ever much diminished by treatment ‘ at the hands of England which is calculated to turn love into ‘ hatred, you will be better able to judge when I shall come to ‘ our system of colonial government. Here I must beg of you ‘ to take my representation in a great measure upon trust. If ‘ it is correct, the fact shows that the possession of dependencies ‘ which are also colonies, conduces to the might, security, and ‘ peace of the empire ; not merely by the prestige of greatness, ‘ as other dependencies do, but also by the national partizanship ‘ for England, of the communities which she plants. To her ‘ own strength there is added that of a large family of devoted ‘ children.’ \*

We entirely concur in this representation. So strong do we believe this sentiment of pride and attachment to be, and so warmly do we think it is reciprocated by the mother country, that if, in an evil hour, the counsels of the counterfeit economists were to prevail, and England were to resign her children to the vanity and feebleness of independence, we feel certain that the very first peril they encountered from without, the very first time they were menaced either with insult or with conquest by

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\* Wakefield’s *Art of Colonization*, p. 100.



a foreign Power, they would instinctively and undoubtingly appeal to England for assistance and protection; and England would respond to their confidence with the most prompt and generous aid. It is idle to imagine that Great Britain would stand tamely by to witness the oppression or danger of any of her children, or that politicians who should coldly advise such conduct, would not thereby condemn themselves to future powerlessness and obscurity. The spirit of the nation would ensure her being dragged in as principal into any serious quarrel in which any of her former dependencies might be involved. We should have to bear the expense of defending them from attack, without having any control over their conduct in incurring it.

Finally: there is one other consequence which would ensue from the abandonment of our colonial empire which demands to be most deliberately weighed, — and by none more deliberately than by that section of the free traders who are foremost in recommending so entire a reversal of our old national policy. If we emancipate our colonies, and cast them on their own unaided resources both for self-government and self-defence, they will of course immediately look about them for the means of securing these primary objects. However economically they may manage—however small the salary they may assign their governors—however homely and republican the style of life they may require their officials to adopt—they can neither govern themselves, nor defend themselves, without a considerable revenue. An appeal to the example of the United States has no validity as a reply. The United States are surrounded by no ambitious neighbours; they are liable to no attack from without; they have no wars or quarrels to fear but such as they pertinaciously insist upon bringing upon themselves. They are an aggressive, not a defensive people. In spite of these advantages, we know too that their revenue is large. What their actual expenditure for civil and military purposes actually is we do not know, and shall perhaps never clearly ascertain; inasmuch as before we can come to any conclusion on the matter we must be able to add the expenditure of each State of the Union to that of the Federal Government, which alone is published to the world. Nay, further, we must be able to add the cost of their militia and volunteer forces to the cost of their standing army. Now though we cannot authenticate with any precision all the facts we need, we are not without some disclosures from which much instruction and some startling inferences may be safely drawn. The organised and enrolled militia of the States amounts to the immense force of 2,008,068 men, who cannot be clothed, armed,

trained and drilled, it has been estimated, at a less cost, either to the State or to themselves, than 7,500,000 dollars a year. Then we learn from the last report of the American Secretary to the Treasury that the annual aggregate *federal* expenditure alone reached 21,278,000 dollars before the Mexican war, 41,734,000 dollars while that war lasted, and 38,974,000 on the average of three years since its termination. If we compare this last figure of 8,000,000*l.* with our British budget of 20,000,000*l.* for the same purposes, and reflect that ours includes the demands of a vast colonial empire, and that theirs *does not* include the outlay of each separate State for State purposes; that their population is short of 24,000,000, and that ours (exclusive of India, which costs us nothing) is 32,000,000; — we shall not be disposed to imagine that even a cheaply managed republic like America can dispense with a large revenue, nor that any of our emancipated colonies — whose very defencelessness would tempt the covetousness and ambition of the whole world — could be more successful in solving such a problem. *How then must their revenue be raised?*

There are three sources from the combination of which it might be derived: the sale of waste lands, direct taxation, or customs duties on imported articles. The first of these sources could never produce much; for in order to attract settlers or purchasers, the price must not materially vary from that current for land of equal quality elsewhere. The price in the United States is a dollar and a quarter an acre; a price even twice as high would go but a very small way in raising a colonial revenue. Direct taxation is always burdensome, irritating, and unwelcome, — the ready and common resort of despotic governments, but invariably avoided, as far as possible, by republican ones, — eschewed by every country generally in proportion to the influence which the people exercise on their financial ministers. In colonies where the population is scanty and scattered, there would arise peculiar and insuperable obstacles in the way of levying a capitation-tax, a land-tax, or an income-tax, — obstacles which will suggest themselves at once to every mind. The source of indirect taxation alone remains; and from this accordingly we should find that the revenue of the emancipated colonies would inevitably be raised. A further option has to be made in the choice between import and export duties; when the former, among a commercially educated people, will obviously be the most popular, and will certainly be adopted.

Now, in a densely populated and luxurious country like England, moderate duties suffice to procure a large revenue; and, as a matter of experience, moderate duties are com-

monly found more productive than high ones, because among thirty millions of people an increase of consumption speedily makes up for a reduction in the rate of charge. But this could not be the case in a thinly peopled colony; a low scale of duties could never raise an ample or adequate revenue; the money must be obtained, and objectionable and burdensome as such a way of obtaining it would be, and would be acknowledged to be, still, as it would be *less* burdensome, less irritating, and more practicable, than any other, it would be adopted as a matter of course. The first effect, then, of our proclaiming the independence of our colonies must inevitably be, the enactment by them of a *high tariff on all imported commodities*; and as the commodities required by new countries are, by the nature of the case, articles of manufactured rather than of agricultural produce, and as England is the chief manufacturing country in the world, it would be chiefly on our productions that this high tariff would press, however unintentional such a result might be, and however, in diplomatic language, it might be 'regretted and deplored.'

The rate of the duties imposed by such a tariff it is in vain to guess; this must depend primarily on the necessities of the State imposing it. If, however, the example of the United States is of any service in helping us to a conjecture, it may be observed that her tariff imposes duties of from 30 to 50 per cent. on all our chief productions, and that a powerful section of her people are clamorous for an augmentation of these rates. We have no reason to suppose that a lower scale would meet the requirements of Canada, Australia, or the Cape. Now, a high tariff is necessarily, *ipso facto*, and without any malicious intention, a *protective* one. Each of our colonies contains a number of artificers, conversant with all the processes of English manufacture, trained in English factories, familiar with the use and construction of English machinery; most of our colonies are rich in raw materials: and it is idle to suppose that a protection of 30 or 50 per cent. will not suggest to the unsleeping enterprise and energy of some of our colonial brethren the idea of manufacturing for themselves the wool or the cotton which they produce, and clothing themselves as well as feeding themselves at home. To many of those expatriated artisans a manufacturing occupation cannot but prove far more congenial than fighting through the difficulties of the untamed wilderness; and an industrial interest is thus certain of springing up,—the result of protection, and requiring, therefore, the continuance of a protective policy in future. Even now there are symptoms how easily such an interest might be excited into being, even in our most

purely agricultural dependencies. It is only a few months since a friend of ours returned from New South Wales clad in woollen pantaloons, grown, spun, woven, and dyed in the colony, of most excellent quality, and furnished to him cheaper than any English tailor would have supplied them.

Now, if Mr. Cobden, after having spent the last ten years of his energetic and useful life in abolishing protective tariffs at home, should wish to spend the next ten years in establishing them in every other corner of the world, and in laying the foundation of a reactionary policy which shall close the markets we ourselves have planted in the wilderness, one after another, to the produce of our spindles and our looms,—we cannot hinder him;—but we should wish him to do it with his eyes open.

We hope we have succeeded in making it clear that our colonies are far too valuable portions of our empire to be lightly laid down or put away; and that if they should not continue to be so, the fault will lie in some sad mismanagement of our own. Many of them, in simple justice to the native population, or to those British subjects who have settled there on the faith of the Imperial connexion, we *could not* possibly abandon. Others the interests of civilisation and humanity compel us to retain. All of them ought to be, and will be if we govern them aright, sources of strength and pride to us. The very interests of that free and enlightened commercial policy for which we have fought so long and sacrificed so much, forbid us to entertain the thought of severing the time-hallowed connexion between Great Britain and the communities which have gone forth from her bosom. Nor is there any call or motive for such a step: the cost of our colonies, though less by one half than it has been represented, we could easily sustain were it twice as great: the affection of the colonists it is easy to preserve, or to recover where, through misjudgment or misunderstanding, it has been shaken or impaired. By ruling them with forbearance, steadiness, and justice; by leading them forward in the path of freedom with an encouraging but cautious hand; by bestowing on them the fullest powers of self-government wherever the infusion of British blood is large enough to warrant such a course; in a word, by following out the line of policy announced and defended by Lord John Russell in his speech on the introduction of the bill for the government of the Australian colonies in February of last year,—we may secure the existence and rivet the cohesion of a vast dominion blest with the wisest, soberest, most beneficial form of liberty which the world has yet enjoyed, and spreading to distant lands and future ages the

highest, most prolific, most expansive development of civilisation which Providence has ever granted to humanity. To abandon these great hopes, — to cast our colonial empire to the winds, with the sole aim of saving two millions a year, — is a line of policy which, we sincerely think, is worthy only of a narrow and a niggard school; which will be counselled only by men who are merchants rather than statesmen, and whose mercantile wisdom even is confined, short-sighted, and unenlightened; one, which, we feel assured, can never be adopted by England till the national spirit which has made her what she is, shall have begun to wane and fade away.

ART. VIII.—1. *Italy in 1848.* By L. MARIOTTI. London: 1851.

2. *Military Events in Italy, 1848-49.* Translated from the German. By the Earl of ELLESMERE. London: 1851.

3. *Scenes from the Life of a Soldier in Active Service.* London: 1850.

IN our last number we gave a sketch of the early fortunes of the Italian struggle, up to the defeat of Charles Albert, and his withdrawal from Lombardy. We left the broken Piedmontese retiring on the Ticino, as Radetsky marched once more into the silent streets of Milan. We resume the thread of the events which followed the capitulation. A formal armistice was concluded; by its terms the troops of the King of Sardinia were to be generally recalled within his own boundaries; vacating, among other places, Parma, Modena, and Venice. The foot of Austria was on Italy once more. The Austrian forces, indeed, which had entered the Legations and attacked Bologna, were withdrawn for the time; and Tuscany preserved from invasion, or at least reprieved, by the mediation of the British minister. But at Modena the Austrians instantly restored the expelled ruler; at Parma they undertook the temporary government in the name of the Duke, through the appropriate substitution of a military detachment; once again ratifying the connexion between foreign domination and petty indigenous tyrannies.

On the very day upon which Radetsky entered Milan, Venice passed under the authority of the Commissioners representing the monarchy of Charles Albert. Four days later the news of the armistice arrived. Utter anarchy now threatened Venice: but in Venice there was a man. To the crowd, without a government, and filling the Place of St. Mark with passionate

and menacing clamours, Manin came forward: he told them that the rule of the Commissioners had ceased; that an Assembly should be summoned within forty-eight hours. 'In the interval,' he added, 'I govern.' His self-constituted dictatorship was ratified by universal consent; and his ability and courageous energy enabled the city of the Lagoons to add a memorable page to her history. Garibaldi, at the head of a vagrant column of Lombards, Poles, and adventurers of all lands, haunted the shores of Lago Maggiore, and maintained a partisan warfare in the mountains. The flame of insurrection, trampled out in the plain, still burnt on the edges: Italy continued too disturbed to be considered at peace; although as a great national struggle, conducted by regular armies, the war of independence for the present might be said to be over. Mediation was offered for the purpose of effecting a final arrangement which might be beneficial both to Italy and Austria, on something like the basis formerly proposed by the latter Power. But as between herself and Piedmont, Austria was completely victorious. It soon became evident that she appreciated her advantages, and did not mean to resign them except to force of arms. It was not to negotiations that she would now yield any portion of her Lombard provinces. If France or England wished to liberate them, or transfer them to Piedmont, they must first drive out the holders — by war.

Whatever disposition might exist to look with favour on the cause of the Italians, or to regret their failure, neither justice nor policy permitted this alternative. So far as law between nation and nation applied to the case, there was no disputing the right of Austria to take precisely the course which she had taken, and to stand firmly on the ground which she had reconquered. If the views of Austria were now clear, scarcely less clear was the line of conduct on which the Sardinian Government would be sooner or later forced; not so much by well considered views, as by *impulses* external and internal, by the 'pressure from 'without' both in and out of Piedmont. Months before the denunciation of the armistice, the English minister acquainted his government with his deliberate opinion that the ultimate intention of Piedmont was to withdraw herself from the mediation, and resume the war. During the interval, the advice of England was earnestly and repeatedly pressed upon the Sardinian Government not to take the imprudent step of recommencing hostilities: advice of which neither the sincerity nor the friendly motive could be doubted, but such as, nevertheless, belonged too evidently to that class of advice which, in opposition to passion or pressing interest, is *never* taken.

Frequent disputes arose on the terms of the armistice. The Sardinians had not recalled their fleet from Venice; the Austrians had not given up all the cannon at Peschiera: and other questions were still open, of that irritating kind so certain to spring up between future belligerents or litigants when the heart's desire of each is not to accommodate but to quarrel. Of these, it would be waste of time to attempt here to discriminate the merits. Had the negotiations for the pacification of Italy, which were to have been opened at Brussels, ever actually come into formal existence by the meeting of the representatives of the various Powers, the real labour of the assembled diplomatists would not have lain, so far as Austria and Sardinia were concerned, in the conciliation of such questions. It would have been more difficult to find any ground of final agreement, or even of discussion, between two parties, — of which the one was determined to concede nothing, and the other equally determined not to be contented without some concession.

The brave and ill-supported army of Piedmont knew what war with the Austrians was; but so did not the demagogues of the towns. Through all Italy, where Austrian troops did not impose silence, the former cries resounded with increased rather than diminished passion. The defeat of Charles Albert in the field had not told, as it ought, chiefly against the influence of those whose slack support was mainly chargeable with the result. The moderate politicians had lost influence by the failure of the champion of monarchy, and the field was more level than before, for the Republicans to enter in. As month after month went by, and the weight of Radeletsky pressed heavier and heavier on Milan,—as the determination of the cabinet of Vienna became more and more pronounced, that there should be no further change with their consent, that the kingdom of Northern Italy was to be put aside as a dream which they had scattered, and that the country from the Friuli mountains to the Ticino should still stand in the map as the 'REGNO AUSTRIACO LOMBARDO-VENETO,' — the war party naturally gained strength, and with it the political party most urgent to renew the contest. If nothing was to be gained by peace, why renounce without necessity the chances of war? It was treason to talk of peace with the foreigner: there was one condition of peace, and one only,—that no 'Tedesco' should govern south of the Alps. The war was still holy, though the Pope had denounced it, and the king had too readily retired. Let the peoples combine, and do the work which had been relinquished by a traitorous or *fainéant* sovereign. Let a 'Central Italy' be created, the nucleus of a new campaign. Let a Constituent Assembly for all the

Italian States secure their independence and perfect their freedom. These and similar exhortations daily resounding at Bologna, at Leghorn, at Rome, and, not least, at Genoa, produced an agitation hostile to peace without producing that earnest resolve and cordial union needed for the success of war.

During the summer and autumn of 1848 the staggering government of Rome had stumbled down a long series of errors and struggles. Our space does not permit us to retrace at length the conflict not only between old and new, but between incompatible powers; the ever-recurring collision of clerical with lay authority; of infallible despotism with parliamentary kingship; of cardinals with a constitution. At this period, says Farini, 'Mamiani governed in the name of Pius, who either left him to act as he liked, or resignedly approved, and afterwards murmured. The political clergy conspired against Mamiani: the revolutionists conspired against the Pope.' And, let us add, each party was an excuse and stimulus to the other. The minister, though deficient neither in ability nor honesty, failed in adequately controlling these extremes. From him, with a short interval, the scarcely possible task passed into a stronger and more ill-fated hand. In Pellegrino Rossi, a man of ability which all acknowledged; of energy which many dreaded and resented; of firm will and unconciliating manners; stood between the feverish excitement of the people and their weak sovereign. His singular and varied career was wanting, not in integrity, but in obvious consistency and unity. A citizen of more than one land, a politician of more than one colour, he had been mainly instrumental, as ambassador of France, in raising to the throne the present Pope; and had thus, in the person of Pius, inaugurated the movement which he was now resisting as minister of Rome. Rossi was certainly not indifferent to that great cause of the independence of Italy for which he had sent his son to fight. We will not say that he had despaired of Italy; but his eulogists will scarcely maintain that the cause of the war was now in his eyes the foremost of causes. A minister earnest for the independence of Italy above all things, might have found support in an honest enthusiasm: Rossi seems to have had none, except from that well-meaning and contemptible majority,—the 'virtuous men of the plain' of all revolutions. Having accepted office under the Pope, he felt it to be his duty, in the first place, to govern Rome, and restore some order in the anarchical city: and, under his leading, the Papal Government was struggling to regain its footing, and to stand firmly against the demands made on it. He anticipated violence from the anarchists: and at the same time believed the



opposite party to be conspiring with their adversaries, in the view of pushing on the revolution to self-destructive extremes. His duty and inclination led him to repress both alike. The placemen of the old system, and the 'circoli'-spouters of the new, vied in hatred to the reformer and the represser. Some obscurity still attaches to the circumstances of his murder; and unfortunately, we cannot yet record that the conspirators have met with the fate of some of the classical tyrannicides, whose example they or their apologists invoked.\* Meantime, through the vile applause of many, and through the scarcely less vile acquiescence of almost all, the concerted crime of a few was assumed to themselves by the people of Rome. By a not undeserved consequence, the merits of the actual questions at issue between the Pope and his people became, as far as foreign observers were concerned, darkened and lost sight of in the horror inspired by the blackest act which had stained the Italian revolution. It was not asked whether every day did not practically demonstrate more and more to Romans and to \*Italians the permanent evils at home, and the paralysing effects in the present crisis for the whole peninsula, of the contradiction enthroned in the Holy City. It was only recollected that the ministry now forced on the Pope had been inaugurated in the murder of Rossi, and extorted by an array on the Quirinal of cannon and troops against a few defenceless priests.

The Pope, at this crisis, neither abdicated nor refused compliance with the demands made upon him. He named the ministry according to the demands of the people; he then called together the diplomatic body and protested to them beforehand against all the acts which might be done by the aforesaid ministry; and within the week he fled from Rome. But not without leaving a short note, characteristic of the man; in which he earnestly recommended both the persons in charge of the pontifical palaces, and the quiet and peace of the city generally, to the protection of the Ministry—of that Ministry against whose every act, and against whose existence even, he intended in a few days to protest publicly, as he had already protested in private. It is impossible not to note that this kindly tempered man, so solicitous for the safety of individuals and for the public tranquillity, is identical with the master whose own selfish act endangered, by suspicion of complicity, the lives of the servants

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\* 'Benedetta quella mano,—Che il tiranno pugnò;' as they sang in their execrable and lying ode of triumph. In truth, the deadliest blow given to Italian liberty was that, which was struck by the accursed hand of the assassin of Rossi.

who might be supposed to have assisted him, and with the ruler whose flight from his duties left the city exposed to anticipated disorders. Once in safety at Gaeta, he denounced the existing Ministry and named a government commission, to which he cannot have expected that obedience should be paid, and the members of which in fact refused to act. What contradiction even at Rome could be well more flagrant, than that a Ruler, who had fled, and had declared himself no longer free to govern, should attempt to govern by proxy in his absence?

Every effort was made on the part of Mamiani and others to induce the Pope to return; but he absolutely declined all communication with those whom, as not professing absolute submission, he persisted in regarding as revolted subjects; — winding up his expression of refusal with a prayer for the peace of Rome. To this prayer he gave its just interpretation by applying, without delay, to the Catholic Powers for their forcible intervention. Among others a letter was addressed to his ‘très cher fils,’ the Emperor of Austria, requesting assistance against his rebellious subjects,—a letter undoubtedly written, while his rebellious subjects were still with obviously sincere anxiety attempting to come to some understanding with him. With such a temper on his side events took their only possible course, and under less disorder than could have been expected. On behalf of the Roman Government and people, Mamiani addressed to the foreign diplomatists a well reasoned circular\*, which will well repay perusal. Speaking of the Pope in very respectful language, he traces the disorders which had taken place to the very difficult problem of combining the temporal and spiritual power. Of these, however, he proposes to maintain the union in the same august person; nevertheless, concluding virtually that the solution of the problem by the total administrative separation of the two jurisdictions is the sole permanent cure for the disorders of the Papal States.

The Pope on his side having ‘exhausted all the means in his ‘power’—that is, excommunication and the like weapons—again, by formal application†, under date of February 18th, invoked the aid of the four Catholic Powers against an ungrateful people whom he had loaded with benefits, and whom his secretary, Cardinal Antonelli, now loaded with those abusive terms, ‘blackest villany,’ ‘most abominable impiety,’ &c. &c., which in politics or polemics flow with so fatal a facility from the priestly pen. The Romans on their side inaugurated a Republic once more in the Capitol.

\* Parliamentary Papers, III. 652.

† Parliamentary Papers, IV. 180.

A Republic and a Triumvirate. — For these, too, among other marvels, the year 1849 was to bring to pass. When they came to the decision which declared the temporal power of the Pope to have terminated, Mamiani, consistently with his former views, voted against it; and he retired from the assembly on its being carried. This fidelity, with other offences against the popedom, he is now expiating as an exile in Piedmont.

Under these trying circumstances, internal order continued to be tolerably maintained at Rome. But the confusion of men's minds was extreme throughout Italy; and, as natural in such a state of things, the more determined, though few, carried with them the half-consenting multitude. The plan of an Italian Constituent, for which late events seemed to have designated Rome as the proper place of meeting, gained strength, and became more and more the watchword of the violent party. The Pope had left Rome open to Mazzini: And the exiled head of a proscribed party actually saw before him in near perspective the presidential chair of that Roman, and through the medium of the 'Constituente,' perhaps that Italian, republic of which he had so long dreamed.

The Gioberti ministry in Sardinia had given its adhesion to the idea of the Constituent; so had the Grand Duke's government in Tuscany. It would appear to have been less in fear of temporal evils than of those spiritual consequences, which the censures of the Church fulminated against all abettors of the party in power at Rome, that this amiable prince afterwards withdrew himself from the league, and from his States. The desertion was more excusable than that of the Pope, but still highly blamable; for it exposed his people to an anarchy which their own humanity of disposition, rather than any wisdom of their ruler or rulers, saved from being stained by blood. Upon this, the Provisional Government of Tuscany fraternised with that of Rome; bringing, it is true, no great increase of strength by their accession. Meantime, the ministry of Gioberti represented in Piedmont a very decided, though not extreme, liberalism. It had made the King address to a Chamber, which echoed its language, a speech described by the Austrian envoy to 'breathe of 'war in every word;' — assuming in direct terms the 'Kingdom of North Italy' as an existing fact, and expressive of a confident readiness to maintain in the field the cause of Italian independence, should friendly mediation finally fail of attaining it. Gioberti, however, had ever clung to the idea that the regeneration of Italy might and must come from Rome. He had striven hard to conciliate the Pope to the views of the liberal party, and to keep up among the Liberals the idea that the Pope

was the most Italian of Italians. In his joint character of Liberal and Churchman he wished to see the Pope restored, but not restored by Foreign Powers. This was soon made impossible. While, the growing strength of the Republicans, the disorders of Central Italy, the sight, especially grievous to a clerical statesman, of the scandal brought upon the papacy by the existing state of things in Rome, more and more alarmed him; it came to pass in a few weeks, that the rapidly nearing dilemmas at the end of the course which he had done so much to open, inspired him with a fear of enemies more to be dreaded even than the Austrians. By degrees, his mind grew familiarised with the idea of an Italian intervention, the final object of which, beginning in Tuscany, was to restore the Pope and keep down the Republicans. He did not venture to declare in words—perhaps, through that force of self-deception which ingenious men sometimes exhibit, did not even perceive,—that this scheme, whether or not in itself desirable or feasible, was at least incompatible with the cause to which he was pledged before all others—the independence of Italy. It obviously could not be carried out without the acquiescence, it almost necessarily involved the alliance, of Austria, or at least a peace of which he had not now to learn the conditions.

To give up all question of Lombardy, and to constitutionalise and reorganise Central Italy, in a liberal but monarchical sense, at the point of the sword, if needed,—this might have been a task worthy of some great Sardinian minister, but certainly not a task for one who had claimed the kingdom of North Italy in a speech not three weeks old. In short, Gioberti ‘Austrianised.’ The idea was broached only to meet with the utter failure, which in our judgment it merited, and to cause the immediate fall of the minister whose mental inconsistency it betrayed. The Austrians or French had as much right to restore the Pope as the Sardinians. As Roman Catholics their interest was identical. As Italians, the governments of Rome and Florence, republican or under any other form, were not the enemies, but the allies, of Gioberti against Austria; and not the less his allies for being republican, so long as they did not assail him in Genoa.

In this case, as in others, the attempt and not the deed increased the confusion it was meant to allay. It gave strength to the war party, and aggravated the danger of the position of the king in resisting its demands. According to the representations made by his ministry to Mr. Abercromby, that danger was no small element among the considerations which ultimately led to the unhappy decision to recommence hostilities. The agitation of the clubs rose daily higher: the emigrant Lombards were

active: the Chamber voted an address, which was in every word an exhortation to hostilities. The continued pressure on the people of a war expenditure, without any of the advantages of war, the dangers arising from the prolonged agitation of men's minds, the evident hopelessness of reconciling by any mediation claims so directly opposed as those of Sardinia and Austria, and, finally, the chance of accelerating the effects of mediation by arms—these considerations were all assigned as grounds of action, and doubtless were all real. But, as usual, prudence was on this occasion furnishing arguments for the conclusions of feeling, or at least of passion. In a letter, written March 8th, four days before the denunciation of the armistice, Mr. Abercromby thus notices the failure of his efforts:—‘The *deplorable* ‘*infatuation* which prevails upon the questions of the realisation ‘of the kingdom of Upper Italy, of fighting the Austrians and ‘driving them from Italy, has completely warped judgment and ‘good sense.’ Infatuation it was in one sense, yet not so inexcusable or unaccountable, we think, as it has been represented. Generally it has been censured without reserve.

A strong sympathy for the Italians had induced many to palliate in Charles Albert his former attack, although their moral judgment disapproved of it. But this sentiment had been shaken by the events which had since occurred: so much so, that in great part it was transferred to the Austrians, who had indeed done more to earn it, both by manhood in the field, and, as far as Piedmont was concerned, by moderation after victory. It might have been reasonable (it was argued) to commence; but was now inexcusable to renew, a war, undertaken to bestow on the Italians an independence, which they had shown themselves unable to maintain, and institutions of which they had proved themselves unworthy. Such, somewhat harshly stated was the commonest English view; with which we cannot altogether agree. Those who blame the renewal of the war as absolutely inexcusable, forget or do not allow for the sensation which day by day must have been aroused in Turin, as well as Genoa, by the tidings of the stern military rule day by day tightened on Milan—the heavy contributions, the seizure of arms, (under penalty of death for concealment), all the rigour of martial law. ‘The yoke ‘which we strove so hard to break last year is heavier than ‘ever on the necks of our brethren in Lombardy. We went to ‘war, either to free them, or without excuse; and there is now ‘no hope whatever of obtaining anything for them except by ‘force; nor are we at peace with Austria now, but have ‘80,000 men ready to assail her.’ It is not in human nature that such thoughts as these can have failed to influence, more

or less, even sober and steady-minded men in Piedmont during the first months of the year 1849 : neither would they be, nor ought they to have been, altogether silenced by the reflection that the Lombards had much for which to blame themselves.

The Government of Sardinia, and above all the King personally, stood in a position which, though created by his own acts, was not the less one of inextricable embarrassment. The choice of 1848 had become all but the necessity of 1849. Whatever judgment might be formed of the attack on Austria in the preceding year, it was not easy for them to stultify themselves or their country by admitting it to be unjustifiable, or to renounce its objects, except on proof that they were unattainable. How could the sword of Italy, the King of North Italy—the champion of Italian independence—with an army of 80,000 brave men ready to move at his command, deliberately and uncompelled renounce, without having gained a single advantage for it, a cause to which he was so deeply pledged? From every Lombard city held down by an Austrian garrison a call, like that of Constance, came to him —

‘ Hast thou not spoke like thunder on our side?  
Been sworn our soldier? bidding us depend  
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?’

If it had been ever right to assist Italians to drive out the Austrians, was it less right to assist them now, when their own vote had given them the additional claim of subjects on his protection?

The true explanation of the attitude and conduct of the Sardinian Government is briefly this: — They stood with arms in their hands ready to maintain pretensions both for themselves and for others, which they had never abandoned, and repeatedly declared that they could not abandon; and they took the final step in obedience, not so much to reasoning or probabilities, or to cool logic of any kind, as to that instinctive impulse which drives men to the most dangerous plunge, when retreat is scarcely possible and suspense has become intolerable. The world has been since made well aware, that the course taken was in every way an error: an error most of all in this, that the army did not share the infatuation of the Deputies. It was not zealous for war; it had learnt to respect the Austrians, and not to love the Lombards. Since we now know, that it would have put down any violent attempt to overthrow the Government at home, or force upon it a change of measures, we also know that the King should have waited and watched events, even if unable to renounce his views. That there were chances of success must be obvious to all who reflect what diversion a

few weeks would have created for him by aid of the Austrian defeats in Hungary. The additional fault lay in the imprudence of the attack—a fault which, though great, success would have obliterated; but which, combined with failure, drew from the moral and great European world one chorus of conscientious disapproval and exultation in the defeat of an unprincipled attempt.

We have to thank Lord Ellesmere for a valuable and interesting contribution to our military histories, in his translation of the work named at the head of our article: but the most lively and picturesque, though popular, sketch of the campaign of Novara is to be found in the pages of 'The Soldier on Active Service.' The title of this volume, by the way, is a misnomer—it should be 'Our own Correspondent on Active Service;' for the gentleman by whom the greater portion of it is written, a literary man of some eminence, was, in fact, attached to the head-quarters of Radetsky as reporter or contemporary historian for the 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' in which recognised capacity he shared the tale and campaigning of the Marshal, on the familiar footing of one of the staff; and even received from him, on one occasion, in acknowledgment of the justice which he had done to the brave men under his command, the continental embrace. 'There was one article which almost moved the old man to tears—I think it was that which contains the report from the head-quarter at St. Angelo. "Well" and bravely written," said the old man; "our friend has done his best;" and with this he pressed my hand and kissed me. I could desire no prouder recompense—I can enjoy no more lasting recollection, than that of the kiss of Father Radetsky.' There is nothing altogether new under the sun. The contributor on the battle-field is but the reappearance in modern garb of the bard who attended of old to mark and make celebrated by song the exploits of the heroes, — αἰεὶ δὲ ὁ ἄρ' αὖ κλέα ἀνδρῶν.

This campaign was perhaps peculiarly favourable to such a narrator. It was no holiday or sham work, but real war: at the same time the shortness of its duration exempted it in part from the concomitant horrors. We see it all from the bright side; the animation of the march, the good fellowship and abandon of the bivouac, the excitement of head-quarters as the messengers—the so called 'Plovers' of Radetsky, ever on the wing, come and go with news and with orders—the suspense, the final struggle and the victory; and most of those who read the book will close it with a natural sympathy and liking for the brave Austrian army, and the cheerful hospitable staff which surrounds its beloved and venerated commander. That

liking will not prevent us from associating a deeper and sadder feeling with the name of the field where the cause of Italy — for such it was after all — was beaten down.

The denunciation of the armistice was to take place eight days before the actual commencement of hostilities. Its formal announcement was met by Radetsky with a proclamation couched in a tone of scornful — almost insulting — defiance and anticipated victory; by his soldiers with acclamations of enthusiasm. ‘Have you heard? — God be praised! — he has *denounced*,’ was said by one to another, as they met in the streets of Milan. Different enough, and evident even to the eyes of an Austrian observer, were the feelings of the inhabitants of the unhappy city. No immediate rising, however, was to be apprehended from a disarmed and cowed population, whose leaders were mostly in exile. Trusting the tranquillity of Milan to a garrison of 4000 men, and to the terror of his return, the Austrian commander marched, with all his strength collected for a blow which he doubtless hoped and intended to make as decisive as it proved.

Nearly at the same hour of the same day the hostile armies crossed at widely separate points the Ticino. The volume to which we have referred contains, in addition to the narrative of Radetsky’s chronicle, a short sketch of the campaign taken from the other side, by an officer attached to the person of Charles Albert, which puts vividly before us the crossing of the doomed Piedmontese army. Doomed indeed in their own presentiments, in their doubts of their cause and their leaders, in their sense of their enemy’s proved superiority; yet, as the moment approached, borrowing from the animation of action some of the cheerfulness of hope, passing from gloom to spirited resolve, and preparing to play boldly a venture which, if desperate, should not be ignoble. It is at least a relief to every man to have crossed the Rubicon of his purpose, be it what it may. A fanciful touch adds so much reality to the picture to which we refer, that we must insert it: —

‘At this instant all secret apprehensions were forgotten; and for my part I felt hope revive. That revival was partly due to one of those circumstances, puerile in themselves, but which we cannot help in moments of interest taking into account. While employed in scrutinising the opposite shore with my glass, I had my attention diverted by a flock of wild ducks which were swimming towards the Lombard shore; at the last stroke of twelve they rose at once from the surface and soon disappeared in the distance in direct flight for Milan. As the tales of Roman augury rose to my recollection, I gave way to the superstitious feeling of the moment, and hastening towards the river awaited with impatience the signal for its passage.’



So much for auguries! Alas! — εἰς οἰωνὸς ἄπιστος — and that, though not altogether wanting, was not vividly present, to the minds of the brave thousands who, in the spirit of the French marching to Waterloo, in Foy's striking, though French description, 'all without fear, and almost all without hope,' followed their king on an expedition which the soldiers regarded without enthusiasm, and many of the officers with disapproval. They fought to win a country for others, rather than to defend the rights of their own.

By a movement of singular boldness, Radetsky, in crossing with his whole force at Pavia, had thrown himself on the right flank of the Piedmontese army, leaving open to the enemy the road to Milan, and placing himself in a position which in the general opinion of military men defeat might have rendered extremely dangerous. He intended, however, to conquer. The first and great aid towards this intention was given him by the withdrawal from its position, and behind the Po, almost without resistance, of the division commanded by the unhappy Ramorino; an act at the time inexplicable, and which, by a doom of which we are not competent either to arraign or maintain the justice, has since been judged and punished as criminal.\* Thus rid of one division, he was able to attack and defeat at Mortara two others of the line which composed the Piedmontese army. This army reduced in numbers and dispirited by such severe and sudden losses, now concentrated itself in a strong position around Novara, and waited the enemy there. It had not to wait him long. Radetsky, though with the roads to Alexandria and Turin open before him, could not leave behind him untouched a well organised army of 50,000 men, with

\* Lord Ellesmere's author treats the movement of Ramorino as having little or no influence on the result of the campaign, and insinuates that its importance has been exaggerated to cover the Piedmontese defeat. 'For,' he says, 'Ramorino's division was worth little, and its resistance could not in any case have made the difference of half a day's delay.' This reasoning appears to us obviously weak. Half a day's delay might be as good as half a year's; not to mention, that Chrzanowsky expected his first intelligence from the cannon of Ramorino. As it was, the Piedmontese divisions had scarcely time to occupy Mortara before they were attacked, and their dispositions were imperfect; some of the troops, and a great part of the artillery, were actually not up. The confusion of the whole night affair was great, and the Austrians were not unaided by lucky accidents. An attack the next morning might have had a different result, and a repulse at Mortara would have changed the course of the whole campaign.

more than a hundred pieces of cannon. He marched straight on his enemy. On the 23rd of March, 1849, three days after the Ticino was crossed and the war began, was fought the Italian Waterloo. Courage and skill struggled hard and long with greater skill, and perhaps more determined courage — or, at least, more united. Yet the Piedmontese behaved well; and by no part of the Piedmontese army was their duty more thoroughly and more earnestly done than by some of the officers most opposed alike to the war and the politics of its favourers.

The Piedmontese artillery were true to their high reputation — the princes showed all the courage of their race — the king exposed, almost with rashness, from the beginning of the day, that life which, before the end, he was anxious to lose. But though General D'Aspre's division, which, coming up first, attacked the Piedmontese early in the day, was for a time pinched by their superior numbers, the issue of the action soon ceased to be doubtful, as Radetsky brought up his reserves against the wearied enemy; when the arrival of his fourth corps from Vercelli, cutting off the natural line of retreat, converted failure into utter and irretrievable ruin. Towards sunset the long cannonade paused; the Austrians stormed at the bayonet's point the principal positions of the Piedmontese, and drove them scattered over the country or into the town. Night fell on a field in complete possession of the conquerors; whose watch-fires were lighted up to the very walls of Novara, within which disorganised bands of the beaten soldiery, separated from their standards and officers, savage with defeat and even with hunger, were fighting, plundering, and murdering.

Charles Albert had lost the great stake for which he had played with despairing heroism; and had not been able to lose life with it. He could not make peace with the Austrians, nor they with him: yet he knew that the war was over; laying down the sword, he laid down the sceptre also, and gave to his son the task of making peace. On the very night of Novara an Austrian picquet stationed on the road to the capital stopped, and questioned, and finally let pass, not without suspicions of the truth, a wearied traveller with one attendant; who had been, a few hours earlier, King of Sardinia. Surrounded and followed by respectful regrets, he hurried rapidly through his country to Nice, and left it to die in a foreign land; slain by Novara, as truly as if the Austrian cannon had not, in spite of himself, spared him. His remains have since been laid in the Superga, with a ceremonious magnificence and a profusion of funeral honours for once really representing the feelings of which they are so often a mock personation —

feelings honourable to the people with whom he had shared so great an attempt and so great a failure. It may be doubted whether history will confirm to him in permanence the epithet which has been attached to his name, — ‘Magnanimous:’ but it will certainly not refuse to join with the record of great errors and conspicuous calamities, the recognition of something noble in his nature and something lofty in his ambition; and the Italians of a happier and better Italy than the present, whether united or federate, under whatever names or forms of government, will never cease to regard with an affectionate and charitable reverence the memory, though not stainless, of the first constitutional King of Piedmont, and the champion and martyr of Italian freedom.

The main terms of an armistice, preparatory to peace, were arranged at once between the young King and the Marshal — terms as favourable as Piedmont could have expected: and Radetsky, with the bulk of his forces, returned to Milan. The cannon of Novara had been heard in that city; but the Milanese would not credit the tidings of the result. Let the popularity of Austrian rule in Milan be measured by the account of their own reporter. Strange as it may seem, he tells us that they believed at first they were receiving the remnant of a defeated army, likely soon to retire from Milan and re-occupy Verona. Accordingly they flocked in numbers to the Vercelli gate, to see the beaten troops defile. The bearing of the troops, of the officers, of the old Marshal himself (‘the old man,’ says his enthusiastic chronicler, ‘did not look like a loser of battles’), gradually undeceived them; ‘the faces grew darker as we proceeded;’ and the brilliant procession passed, with its *vivats* and various languaged acclaim, through the crowded streets of the melancholy capital, all hushed ‘in the silence of astonishment and despair.’

A projected rising in Lombardy had naturally formed an element in the calculations of the Piedmontese campaign, and had the war been prolonged, or the army of the King been able to support the confederates, a general insurrection would undoubtedly have broken out. The rapid termination of the campaign prevented these expectations from being generally realised: but how efficient an aid might have been derived from this source was shown by one illustrious and melancholy exception, the fierce and bloody revolt of Brescia. That city, the appointed centre and head-quarters of the Lombard rising, kept its perilous engagement. Under resolute and skilful leaders, the people rose, drove out the garrison, and refusing to credit the news of the armistice of Novara, resisted for many days, with desperation,

the forces employed against it. 'The attack,' said the Austrian 'official account, was terrible—the defence *worthy of a better 'cause'*—that is, of a better than the best of causes. Brescia is a Lombard city; yet the advocates of Austria and success unscrupulously reply to all arguments on behalf of Italy, that the cowardice of the Lombards unfits them to be free. It was finally bombarded and bayonnetted into submission; and the Lombard-Venetian kingdom enjoyed once more the peace which follows conquest. Venice alone remained beleaguered but unsubdued. The earlier armistice had partially suspended the attacks of the Austrians; it was broken; and now that Charles Albert was driven from the field, she had to look for the full brunt of their strength:—'You have heard the tidings,' said the President Manin to the representatives of the people; 'what do you now wish to do?' The government, it was replied, should take the initiative. 'Are you disposed to resist?' 'We are.' 'Will you then give me unlimited powers to conduct the resistance without question?' 'We will.' Pressing round their chief, and grasping his hands, they passed a concise decree in two clauses, worth all the proclamations of all the Circoli. 'Venice will resist the Austrians at whatever cost.' 'For this purpose the President Manin is invested with unlimited powers.' Its 'ancient spirit was not dead' in the city of Dandolo.

In Piedmont, a few, and comparatively but few, of the more violent agitators had the baseness to represent the accounts of Novara as a fiction, and the armistice as a 'tradimento.' Voices were heard—one such voice at least was heard—in the Chamber, which had voted the war, denouncing the treacherous or timid armistice, which again had '*saved Radetsky (!)*, as the 'armistice had saved him last year.' But the mass of the nation was sound, and showed both good sense and good feeling under the heavy blow. Nevertheless, aided by the hereditary jealousy felt by the Genoese towards Piedmont, the agitators succeeded in raising that city to protest, by revolt, for the continuance of the war, and against the peace with Austria. The foolish and ill-conducted revolt was speedily put down; though not before the Republican government at Rome had injured their cause by preaching that Italy had no more to hope from kings, and recognising as allies the insurgents of Genoa—thus indicating once again their rooted error, and doing what they could to justify the scheme of Gioberti. Events were now, however, tending to place the Republican government of Rome in a more conspicuous and creditable position before the world than Italian Republicans had hitherto held. Neither Roman nor Tuscan troops had come in collision with the Austrians in the campaign of Novara; yet

both governments had signified their hostility to Austria in so many ways, that if words and acts have any meaning, it was preposterous in them to meet the attack which they might naturally anticipate, with complaints and clamour or with anything but the sword. That, however, the Romans at least were not now indisposed to draw: while, the Republic of Tuscany fell with much proclamation and little bloodshed, except at Leghorn, — where the Austrians cruelly visited on the many an irregular resistance made only by a few, after the capitulation had been signed.

In the meantime Pio Nono was enjoying, as it were, a political '*villeggiatura*' at Gaeta. The most serious cares of the Head of Christendom were at this time devoted to the arrangement of that theory of the Immaculate Conception which he afterwards put forth as a panacea for the rebellions and heresy of the tempest-tossed world. The mundane interests of the papacy had, however, been discussed at tedious length during secular intervals, between the sovereign of Rome and his advisers on the one side, and the representatives of the four Catholic Powers on the other. The rational hope at first entertained that the Pope would, by some concession, aid his own subjects to restore him, had failed before his conscientious perverseness; his spiritual engines had not ejected his opponents from the capital; and it was clear that if the Holy Father was to be restored, it must be by some other artillery. Whether he was to be restored; by whom; on what minimum of terms; or, as he himself desired, on no terms at all; these questions, long agitated in that which a contemporary writer called '*the benevolent (?) farce*,' at Gaeta, and long wearying the patient diplomatists and the more impatient world, it is useless to resuscitate now.

At last there was known to the world the conjunction of events — for we cannot call it a combination of measures — resulting from the quadruple disagreement — the '*concord of this discord*.' The Neapolitan army was about to march on Rome, to restore the Pope. Spain was to send a force, so to speak, to assist at that ceremony. Austria had her own quarrel with Rome; and her part in the drama was already taken, or about to be taken, in the investment and siege of Bologna; and France was meditating an expedition to Civita Vecchia, — to do what? to put down the government of an independent people, and restore an expelled sovereign? Not exactly; to do something called in diplomatic language '*maintaining the due influence of France in Central Italy*;' and with a view to that object, to occupy Civita Vecchia; and, it might be, Rome.

Threatened on all sides, the bearing of the Government of

Rome was more in accordance with their own high claims than with the opinion hitherto entertained of them. They earnestly, and not without hope, remonstrated with the French; they welcomed and defied the Neapolitans; they prepared to resist any and all. They levied troops, they formed defences, they prepared Rome to meet attack from whatever side it might come, to the best of their ability. They were charged at the time with raising money by the sale of great works of art. Had the charge been true, we do not know that it would have been more culpable to sell the treasures of the Vatican for defence, than to seize them in the name of conquest; but we are not aware that any one of the Vatican treasures disappeared from Rome under the sway of the triumvirs, or received the slightest injury during a period which some represent as one of anarchy and plunder.

In truth, whatever may have been the previous faults of the men who spoke in the name of Rome, neither their position nor their cause were now ignoble. Obscured as these have been under an almost universal cloud of obloquy, it may be worth while to state, in few words, what Mazzini and his comrades were, and what they defended. They were the rulers of an Italian State, apparently by free choice of the people; certainly without any external show of opposition or disaffection. As Romans, they defended the right of a people to repudiate a bad government, and to resist its restoration by foreign power. As Italians, they stood forth a relic of the Italian war, and their cause was still the cause of Italy. It was in this character, if she assailed them, that Austria would assail them; and, as such, whatever might be their hope of success, the right of resistance at least was theirs.

Some of the most determined soldiers of that cause, from various lands, but mostly Italians, had, under Garibaldi and other partisan leaders, come to Rome as their last centre and stronghold; where they formed the nucleus of an army. Even the employment of these forces is among the atrocities charged on the triumvirs. Garibaldi's troops, we dare say, included many ruffians; if not, they were unlike any army, regular or irregular, that ever enlisted; they included, also, many young men of noble and rich families, to whom the cause of Italy was not a mere subject of club oratory and after-dinner effusions. Men were slain in the ranks during the siege of Rome, who left large sums of money to the cause for which they had given their lives. The stern discipline maintained by their leader gave, as is universally admitted, no cause for complaint respecting the conduct of his irregular forces towards the inhabitants. The Pope is

supported by a French army; the King of Naples is surrounded by faithful and highly paid Swiss regiments; but it is an inexcusable sin in the revolutionist Mazzini to have leant for support on the condottiere Garibaldi.

With soft words, and a show of overwhelming force, the French disembarked at Civita Vecchia, which they grasped at once; the iron hand making itself felt through the velvet glove. Still we doubt, whether an officer in the corps confidently conjectured with whom they should first cross swords: it might be with Austrians, it might, perhaps, be with Italians, of one or other colour. In the mean time, they were there 'for their own hand,' to promote or to combat reaction, as might be. Occupying Civita Vecchia, the French general sent to Rome messages of a double tenor, of which the bulk was friendly but indefinite, and the definite request hostile. His mission was, to protect the rights of the Roman people; to enable them to choose a government for themselves in real freedom; to secure them from reactionary enemies. His demand was to be admitted into Rome. In plain but not unconciliatory language the Republican Government declared, that they asked for no protection, that the free choice of the people was declared already, and that the forces of a foreign Power could come to Rome only as positive allies or as enemies. Paving the road with reiterated professions of friendly intention, the French advanced upon Rome, incredulous of the resistance which was promised them. It was already clear that the condition of the Roman States had been in some degree misrepresented: where they looked for anarchy they found at least outward unanimity; where they had expected to be welcomed as restorers of order, if not as restorers of the Pope, they found not a voice raised, except to denounce their interference.

Yet, after all, Europe was astonished to hear that the Triumvirs, with the aid of Garibaldi, had kept their word to resist, and kept it victoriously; that Oudinot, arriving at the gates of Rome, had met neither welcome nor shrinking, but well-levelled cannon, loopholed houses, and barricades; surmounted, it was said, as if in bitter irony, with the French declaration of the respect due to independent nationalities; and that, dashing against them with some of the best troops in the world, he found himself, after a sharp conflict of some hours, still outside Rome, and in retreat; with the loss of some hundreds in killed and wounded, and a whole column of prisoners. 'To us, citizens of Rome,' said the head of the barricade commission in a tone partly heroic and partly bombastic, 'this is no surprise: but it will astonish Paris.' It did indeed. Paris resounded

with mingled indignation. To a certain point, the blame might be shared very generally among its various parties. The idea of restoring to his seat the spiritual father of Catholic Christendom was first taken up by the Republican Cavaignac as an election clap-trap for the simpler and more religious portion of the French constituency, the agricultural millions. Like his more substantial and more honest claims to support, it failed against the single claim advanced by his competitor in 'the great name.' The idea, however, met some acceptance, both factitious and real. Sure to be backed for its own sake by all the pseudo earnestness of the mediæval party, it was scarcely less sure of support from the heterogeneous politicians of the party of 'Order,'—a party more thoroughly earnest in the pursuance of their object, and not less unscrupulous as to means; for a Papal restoration was reactionary, and might be popular. The Prince President and his government adopted it, undoubtedly with the expectation of effecting their object without violence; and, viewed in this light, there were plausible grounds of policy to recommend it. As the leading parties in France did in fact acquiesce in the more glaring, though scarcely more real, injustice of a war against a sister republic for the restoration of the Pope, it is plain they would have applauded one effected quietly, and with some semblance of popular sanction. But the French are not fortunate in their Italian politics; and they were committed to the enterprise, before they could be aware that they would have to perpetrate in full the wrong of which they coveted the fruits. They resented it as a grievance, that they did not meet at Rome with the favourable or timid dispositions upon which they had, without just right, counted; and that they should be obliged in the face of Europe to beat down by force the resistance which they had hoped to overawe by display.

The Constituent Assembly, now on the point of resigning their powers, had sanctioned the expedition with no very clear views of its purpose, beyond those expressed in the general phrases of maintaining French influence, and, among other things, guarding against the reaction which an invasion by Austria would or might create. They now protested against the use made of a sanction which they had so indefinitely — (might it not be said, so recklessly?)—granted; voting that Oudinot had gone beyond the intentions with which they had authorised the expedition. The Government vindicated their instructions, and adhered to the necessity of making the influence of France felt in Central Italy; that is, of anticipating the Austrians in the possession of Rome. Still their object was not to impose a government on



Rome, but to aid in reconciling the Pope with his people, and in maintaining and developing those liberal institutions which he had given! They were told, and told most truly, that this was to impose a government on Rome. They were told, that they were contradicting every profession ever made by France in behalf of freedom and national independence: they were told, that it was a strange employment for a French army to restore a government of priests. They were told a great deal more to the same effect, every word of which was cuttingly true. But the party of Order could not afford to admit by concession, that their adversaries were half so much in the right as they really were on this occasion. Moreover, right or wrong, the French had declared their intention of entering Rome: they had attempted it and failed, and the slur must be wiped off their arms. Thus the disgrace of the failure was brought in to cover the iniquity of the quarrel: and the plain right of Rome was sacrificed to faction and national vanity. ‘Oh, Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!’—and in that of Order? Ask Hungary. Ask Naples. Order is an all but priceless thing, and so is Liberty: yet neither the one nor the other are worth being purchased, and seldom is either of them really purchased, by crime. In fine, the Government persevered in their attack, and were supported by the New Chamber. The definite intentions of occupying Rome, and the indefinite objects of the proceeding, were repeated in the President’s message, of June, 1849. France would be present in Central Italy to preserve the Roman States from spoliation, to aid liberty, and prevent reaction; and if she did happen to restore the Pope by the way, what could be better? ‘*Si notre presence avait pour resultat le retour de Pie IX. ce souverain, fidèle a lui-même, ramènerait avec lui la reconciliation et la liberté.*’ Seldom has a flimsier veil been spread over an indefensible aggression.

While the French were waiting reinforcements and negotiating—that is, attempting to do by persuasion and menace the injustice which they otherwise were resolved to do by force,—the Neapolitan army (nearly 15,000 men, with twenty pieces of cannon) was advancing on Rome. Part of their forces, with the king, advanced as near Rome as Albano. In the neighbourhood of Palestrina they were attacked by Garibaldi, and suffered a severe check; to celebrate which the king, proclaiming it to be a victory, ordered a ‘*Te Deum*’ at Naples, and fell back on his main body at Velletri. A suspension of arms, meantime, was concluded between the Romans and the French. It lasted just long enough to allow Garibaldi to follow the king to Velletri, and, with a smaller number of irregular troops, to inflict

upon the regular Neapolitan army a defeat too unmistakeable in its character to admit of a second thanksgiving for a fictitious victory. The Neapolitans retreated, or ran, across the frontier, and so ended this section of the war. The Neapolitan official account took great credit for the unexampled rapidity and safety of the retreat. If we may trust credible statements which we have heard, the panic and rout of Velletri were so scandalous that it is hardly possible to account for them, except by supposing the existence of some indisposition to the object of the service as well as to the danger. Garibaldi followed by the old Samnite road to the banks of the Volturnus, and was preparing to march on the capital, when the expected renewal of attack by the French recalled him. But for that renewal it is not impossible — scarcely improbable — that he might have made his way to Naples. We turn with some reluctance from a speculation so curious as the possible results of his entry there as a conqueror.

During the interval between Oudinot's attack on April 30. and its resumption, every effort was made to conciliate the French, short of submission; every attempt made by them to enter, if possible, without force. The contest, intermitted by the sword, was carried on by the pen; and, in that capacity also, Mazzini showed himself an antagonist not to be despised. When he remarked plainly, but calmly, on the futility of their professions of an unasked assistance, coupled with the declared intention of an occupation incompatible with independence; when he pointed out that of all enmities to the Roman people the friendship of the French was the most fatal, — paralysing their defence against more declared enemies by distracting it, and even stopping the supply of arms which would have enabled them to defend themselves; when, in reference to their pretext, that they came to give effect to the free choice of the Romans, now held down by a government of force, he challenged them to point out a single proof that the existing Government was other than freely chosen, a single proof of reaction or regret for the expelled clerical Government; when finally he appealed to the French, if they could not strike for them, at least not to strike against them, — if they would not recognise the Republic, at least to stand by and see whether she could, left to herself, repel the Austrians, — there was not a reasoner in all Europe who did not admit that, the Triumvir's argument was unanswerable. He declared the final resolution of the people in whose name he spoke, never again voluntarily to submit to a 'Pontiff King,' and the attitude of the people supported his words. According to all contemporary accounts, the outward unanimity was com-

plete — the absence of reaction, of disaffection to the Republic, of willingness to admit the French, entire.

It was not much, however, to outwrite M. Lesseps, the Envoy of the French Republic, even as completely as Garibaldi had outfought the King of Naples. Mazzini gained a triumph more rare in diplomacy than victory over greater forces in war, — he converted his opponents, and M. Lesseps agreed to a convention; the effect of which was to acknowledge the Roman Republic, and place it in a degree under French protection. Deeds, however, which it is impossible to justify, are possible to do; and unfortunately the General was not converted also. To the powers of the envoy he opposed his instructions, which ordered him to obtain military occupation of Rome. The French Government supported the General; the convention was disowned; and the attack resumed on June 3. The Romans, with some show of reason, charged the General with recommencing the attack in breach of faith, before the truce was in fact at an end. They were certainly taken by surprise, but resisted fiercely and bravely. The positions around the Villa Panfilì were taken and retaken: the neighbouring villas were riddled with cannon-shot, first from one side, then from the other; but the advantage remained eventually with the thoroughly disciplined battalions and heavier *matériel* of the French; who established themselves in the coveted position, and began their regular approaches for a siege. In a few days heavy battering cannon were shattering the soft brick walls which guard the Janiculum; in a few more the breaches were assailable. On the 23d the French established themselves on two points in the Wall of Aurelian, where it follows the slope of the Janiculum down towards the Tiber. On the 29th they stormed and won, after a bloody struggle, the batteries close to the Porta S. Pancrazio, on the very crest of the hill, — the highest ground in Rome. The next move would have given the French general the possession of S. Pietro in Montorio; whence he could look down on the city spread map-like before him.

The French had suffered severely in gaining these advantages, and so had the defenders. In one bastion nearly a whole regiment had been destroyed: 400 lay slain on the spot; 120 were taken prisoners. Many a brave Lombard gentleman, many a Roman student had fallen, not as officers only, but as common men.\* Some of the best superior officers in the service of the Roman Government were slain, — as Manara, and others:

\* • The Lombard battalion, and that of the Roman students were the opponents whom the French found most formidable, even more than the bands, properly so called, of Garibaldi; and whom they looked on

dead '*for Italy*,' says Mazzini, giving the names; and we entirely agree with him. These men died for Italy truly, if in vain. Honour to the dead in a noble cause; yet the deeper is our regret in reflecting that the brave lives given as a protest on the Tiber might have been the price of victory on the Mincio.

The right bank of the Tiber was now untenable, except the Castle of St. Angelo. The left might have been still defended; and Garibaldi laid before the Assembly plans for a defence, which, well seconded, would have given to Oudinot a bloody and dear-bought conquest over a ruined city. But every roof lay open to the view, and exposed to the shells of the enemy; and the republican government rightly ceased from a defence which—though not, perhaps, as they styled it, '*impossible*,'—had become useless. Infinite bloodshed and devastation might have deepened the wounds of Italy and the disgrace of France, but would not have redeemed the eternal city. The Gaul was again in Rome.

Without capitulation, but unresisted, the French entered on one side, as Garibaldi, with whom they declined to make terms, withdrew on the other. The servant now of no State,—a lawless adventurer in the eyes of national law,—nothing but the brave leader of many brave men,—he made his adventurous way through and across Central Italy, where all force that was not French was now Austrian. If Song lived still in the Sabine mountains, many a future lay ought to tell how the outlaw of Italian liberty left the conquered city, foiled his French pursuers and gained the mountains;—how, threading the Apennines from Tivoli to Terni—from Terni to Arezzo, he levied rations and contributions in spite of Austria, and, like greater adventurers, made war support war;—heard of here and there, repeatedly struck at by the Austrian pursuing columns, damaged but not crushed, evading through their lines when on the point of closing on him, he reached at last the Adriatic;—how, creeping along the shore with the relic of his band, his scanty flotilla was beset and scattered by the fire of an Austrian fort and gun-boats, — how some were sunk, some taken;—while, with a few others (including his wife, who followed him every where, and shared all his dangers), he escaped to

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with more respect after their entry into the city. That they said was the uniform which they had held most in awe. — *Times Correspondent*. We rejoice to see announced for immediate publication, a translation from the Italian of Emilio Dandolo of *The Italian Volunteers of 1848-9*. It is dedicated '*To the Memory of Eurico Dandolo, Luciano Manara, and Emilio Morisini, who fell in defence of Rome.*'

shore, and was lost sight of in the woods;—how the pursuers found the corpse of a woman, dead of hardships and fatigue, who was recognised after long doubt as the wife of the fugitive chief;—and how, at last, he reached Venice—worn out with toil, and almost alone—in time to accept a command in the last stronghold, and to see the last shot fired in the struggle which he had done and suffered so much to maintain. His story is a romance ready made. Daring, but cautious, gentle in demeanour, capable of sternness, but not cruel, Garibaldi has indeed more of the real Robin Hood features than any other modern guerilla captain. Those who call him a mercenary *condottiere* forget to tell us what price would have bought him to the other side; and bitter, indeed, must have been the politics of the man who did not hear with satisfaction that the brave adventurer had at last escaped the hands of those who would have consigned him to Spielberg, or, more mercifully, shot him as a brigand.

At length the French held Rome. They had spent two months in attacking a scarcely defensible town; they had shown their own hereditary and undeniable courage, and they had finally effected their object as an army: they had also effected some collateral objects. They had in the eyes of Europe made soldiers of the Romans—a hero of the so-called brigand Garibaldi—a ruler and statesman of the so-called dreamer Mazzini—but they had not restored Pius IX.

They maintained the police of the city; they set up in the trio of Cardinals a sort of fragmentary representation of the papacy, whose wretched abuse of such power as was put into their hands they had sometimes to prevent or correct, and daily to blush for; but they had done nothing which gave a hope, or bore an appearance, of permanenc. The whole position was obviously provisional, but not therefore less embarrassing. The few northern visitors, whom accident or curiosity led to Rome in the early autumn of 1849, saw a state of things especially striking and singular to those who knew the city under its former aspect. It was singular enough to see the relics of the siege itself—the torn and tottering wrecks of conspicuous villas, the breaches in the course of rebuilding, the deep holes of the cannon ball in the walls of the one city in the world, which, a few years since, would have been thought the most entirely exempt from the visitations of war. But these external marks, and all the apparent symptoms of the desolations of a besieging army which could be pointed out, were, after all, slight compared with more vital symbols of change. A Rome without priests was stranger than a Rome with walls battered by cannon.

The behaviour of the French soldiers was (and is), by all testimony, exemplary. They gave no offence of any kind, except what was given by their simple presence; but that was enough to prevent any thing like cordial feeling between them and the inhabitants. Generally speaking, the Roman citizens and the French soldiers did not quarrel—they ignored, so to speak, each other. They passed without looking at each other; if chance led them to the same café, they took the most distant seats. Even a review or parade of the troops called forth few spectators. A general air prevailed, not of irritation so much as depression, of sullen acquiescence in the inevitable past, of sullen expectation of a future, which it lay in the hands of others to mould. Their feelings were not demonstrated by clamour, but were unmistakable. The ‘Conservators’ might, however, with impunity set up in the Capitol an inscription in honour of Oudinot, to be protected by a French sentry; and the once magic initials S. P. Q. R. invoked and profaned in turn by the upholders of every banner in Rome, neither gained nor lost credit by being attached to one fiction more, in the shape of a servile and foolish piece of Latin, which placed the French general on a level with all past deliverers of peoples and takers of cities.

Meantime, were the Romans united and enthusiastic in the defence of the city? were they, on the contrary, at heart opposed to the Government of the Republic? or, were they in the main absolutely inert, and constrained to take such a part as they did take in the defence by terror? These questions are often asked, and as often answered by opposite parties in opposite ways. The priestly author or authors of the pamphlet intituled ‘*Gli ultimi 69 giorni della Repubblica di Roma*,’—a work which produces the effect, not so much of a string of separate misstatements, as of one long sustained falsehood, scarcely affecting to be true,—would lead us to believe that the vast majority, warmly attached at heart to the papal dominion, and regretting every day more and more the errors into which they had been partially seduced by the small and pertinaciously wicked minority,—yet acquiesced, and without resistance, in the orders of the existing Government, partly from terror, but still more from the marvellous power of deception, possessed in some mysterious and unexplained manner, by the Republican leaders. If we are to believe the Jesuit account, it was mainly by lies that Rome was defended. Unquestionably the partisans of the theory ought to be able to form a correct judgment of the force of that artillery; but it may be that habitual confidence in an arm so powerful, when wielded by experienced masters in the art, has led them to overrate the amount of its use in

hands less practised, or at any rate hands more limited in their choice of weapons.

On the other hand, it has been proved that by far the greater part of the forces, actually bearing arms under the banner of the Republic, were Romans. Mazzini states them at 14,000 out of the 16,000 composing the regular forces. The National Guard of Rome itself is stated to have been 13,000. It may be perfectly true, and is in accordance with what we should otherwise have anticipated, that the most active part in the defence was taken, and the severest proportionate loss sustained, rather by the Lombard exiles of good family, by the troops of Garibaldi, and the students of Rome, than by the shopkeepers of the Corso. But a mere enumeration of the forces employed destroys the calumnious absurdity of a unanimity produced by terrorism exercised by a small band of foreigners. Where was any exhibition of the feelings repressed by 'terrorism,' when the entrance of the French removed it? Was the voice — we will not say of a fear-silenced majority, but of a minority, however small, released to applaud the downfall of the Republic of Rome? It was the interest of the French, as being in some sort their excuse, — while it is no less congenial to the prejudices of some writers in this country, to attribute to an impossible terrorism and to an unproved atrocity the unanimity of Rome under the government of the Triumvirs. But the French cannot produce an '*Il faut faire peur aux Royalistes*' from the annals of Rome. Neither can they show, that any thing like a native party was repressed by violence or fear of violence. That at such a time not one lawless or evil deed was done, would have been rather a miracle than a merit. But on much concurrent testimony it is clear that the efforts of the Government to preserve order were incessant, and to a remarkable degree, successful. We have heard on good authority, that the streets of the city were far safer for ordinary passengers under the Triumvirs than ever under the papacy. We are not forced to attribute to the people, either of Rome itself or of the Papal States generally, any excess of enthusiasm in support of the Government of the Triumvirs. The apparent unanimity of the elections which returned the assembly whose first step was to depose the Popedom and establish the Republic, may undoubtedly indicate no real depth of republican feeling. We know by a greater example, that a country of which no one can confidently predicate the real wish, — whether for a president, a king, an Emperor, or a Phalansterian, — may yet return, by free universal suffrage, an assembly voting a Republic by unanimous acclaim.

But the Roman Republic was born of events. It cannot be doubted, that the efforts of Mamiani and his colleagues to induce the Pope to return to Rome were sincere. When they were frustrated by the prudence or timidity of Pius, the Romans had to find a Government; and the active republican party furnished them with one, which they took for better or for worse. After all that has been said on the subject, it is difficult to see what else they could have done; unless they would have earned the contempt of all Europe by recalling Pius on such terms as he and his advisers would have accepted — such terms that is, as he afterwards required from the French, and in the main has obtained; though, rather than yield them, the French endured the inconvenience and scandal of nine months' prolonged occupation of Rome, without the shadow of legality to be borrowed from the presence of its nominal sovereign.

The Romans then accepted the Republic and the rulers it gave them, as they would have accepted a better government had such been attainable. If the existence, for a certain time, of another form of government in Rome, coupled with the circumstances under which that Government was overthrown, should have made the permanent restoration of the papacy on its former footing impossible, Pius has himself to thank for the result. A fortnight after he left Rome there was probably no person of moderate opinions who would not willingly have seen him return. What has since passed must have gone far to satisfy all his subjects, that the vices of a priestly despotism are incurable. The hold of the Papal Government over popular faith and feeling has also doubtless been shaken by a breach in its continuity, less easily repaired in the 19th century than in the 14th. The resistance, therefore, of the Romans we regard rather as negative than positive: it was a resolute protest against the old tyranny, rather than a passionate devotion to the Republican Government — a denial of the Pope, not a *Credo* in Mazzini. It was unanimous, because a Papal re-action had absolutely no partisans: it was, on the part of most, steady rather than passionately daring, because of its known hopelessness, should the attack be persisted in. The foreseen surrender was on the whole acquiesced in quietly, partly because foreseen, partly because after all it was better, at least less hopeless, to be in the hands of the French than in the hands of the priests. With a deep feeling of the wrong done was combined a certain disposition to hope something from its doers. The comparative forbearance of the conduct of the attack was evident; and the sufferings caused by the war had not yet been bitter and universal enough to beget that passion



of national hatred which defies calculation, and looks on death as the sole alternative for the destruction of the oppressor — the passion which has made the names of Numantia and Saragossa immortal. This state of things has at last been terminated, as far as the return of the Pope may be considered to terminate it; — terminated as far as we can see, not so much by any definite and permanent arrangement, as by the simple lapse of time: ending because it could not last for ever, not because replaced by a settled government, or even by a well-founded hope of settled government. Pius returned, not because the Papal and the French diplomatists had arranged the basis of a new political system for the Papal dominions, but because, after months of labour, they had found it impossible to arrange any. It became, however, clear that he could stay away no longer consistently with the pretence of sovereignty, and he returned accordingly. He entered, by streets lined with foreign troops, the city of which he had been the idol, and which once more received him with a theatrical show of rejoicing. As far as can be judged, there was little feeling against him personally, and still less in his favour. The presence of the French army was, and has continued since, a guarantee for the preservation of order; but no real progress has been made towards solving the problem of the future government. If, however, there is one point which stands out as certain, acknowledged by all parties, from the correspondent of the 'Daily News,' to the correspondent of the 'Times,' it is this: that the willing acquiescence of the inhabitants of the Roman States in a government of priests is over. French protection, Austrian dominion, any thing that can render itself respected through sheer force, if not otherwise, may be permanent while the force lasts; but a *régime* of cardinals is not to be borne. Rome now obeys not the priest, but the soldier. Let the soldier withdraw, and what would become of the priest?

It is laid down as a great advantage, if not an essential principle, that the head of the Roman Catholic world should be an independent sovereign. The advantage we will not, on the present occasion, contest. But if the necessary result is the subjecting three millions of people to a government which, if left to themselves, they would overthrow in half an hour, no advantage can justify, or, we hope, permanently maintain, an injustice so grievous. What right has Europe to sacrifice them to an assumed convenience? The true inference lies the other way. If the Pope must be an independent sovereign, his people must be governed like any other independent nation. And if this be conceded, there is no possibility of stopping short of the result pointed out

by Mamiani in the letter which we have already noticed; viz., a total administrative separation between the temporal and 'spiritual powers, 'the two remaining united in the same august 'person.' That is, the Pope being absolute head of his spiritual Europe, would be constitutional king of the Roman States.

Would such an arrangement be permanent? We cannot say. There is, at p. 113. of the Parliamentary Papers, a remarkable letter from Sir Hamilton Seymour to Lord Palmerston. It touches a main difficulty of the case: and what justification of the distrust of the Roman people in their spiritual monarchy, can be more decisive than the reference to the manner in which Gregory XVI., as priest, overruled and set aside the promises of Gregory XVI. as king?

'This engagement,' says Sir H. Seymour, speaking of the concessions made and presumed, 'was notified by the solemn word of Gregory XVI., not only as sovereign but as a conscientious man.

'Now as it cannot fail to be remembered throughout the Roman States that promises made by a temporal Prince, the head of the Roman Catholic Church as he was, and a conscientious man, as he stated himself to be, were so completely broken that at the end of a few months not only had the projected reforms not been undertaken, but previous concessions had been all resumed, the mistrust of the Romans in *engagements entered into by a potentate possessed of the same all-extensive powers* appears intelligible. Those (Sir H. Seymour goes on to say) who are so intent upon the separation of the powers, may possibly become reconciled to the co-existence of the two authorities, if through the guarantee of those Powers who are so eager to carry assistance to Rome, or by means of any other equally solemn pledge, they *can obtain full security against the infallibility of their Sovereign* and against a possible relapse into a state of things ill suited to the spirit of the nineteenth century.'

To obtain that security, to keep the two functions parallel without their clashing, is likely, we think, to be found an impossible problem. If so, the inference is — what? Not that the Romans must continue the 'Helots of the Papacy,' but that the Papacy must try to stand on some other basis than that of a temporal kingdom. We touch this point, because it cannot be altogether omitted from a review of these great possibilities; but to discuss it fully would demand a volume in itself. What we are confident of is, that the experiment of the separation will have to be tried, and that on its result depends the duration of the Papal monarchy.

The fall of Venice followed shortly on that of Rome. Exhausted as our space is, we must yet give a few words to the manner in which the Venetians kept the promise given by them to Manin. The details of their steady defence may be found in General Pepe's volumes. There is something diffuse and Nes-

tor-like in the redundancy of his narrative; and perhaps some little touch of the vanity of an author in the too numerous 'Orders of the Day,' full of 'national sentiments,' — which he, with much reliance on their effect, addressed to his soldiers, and has now published to the world. There are Lafayette-like touches, too, in the notices of the 'white plume' which drew upon the batteries in which it appeared a renewal of fire from the Austrian lines. But the evidence, on the other hand, of resolution and sense is most ample: an earnest desire to uphold the spirit of the besieged, is dignified throughout by a manly abjuration of popular clamour; if there are some claptraps for the troops, there are at least none for the 'circoli;' and subordination and patience are everywhere inculcated as essential to patriotic soldiery. His statements of the efforts made by him to preserve order and discipline, as well as to encourage enterprise, are entitled to entire credit from the great extent to which those virtues were actually manifested under his command. He frequently refers to an impression which he admits to be too common, that 'the Italians cannot fight;' and points with a satisfaction, into which none can fail to enter, to every deed of honourable valour which disproves the calumny. On this, as on other grounds, the commander-in-chief of the Venetian forces feels, and we are glad to agree with him in feeling, that his efforts for Italy have not been all thrown away.

Fort Malghera, the most important point in the Venetian defences, fell into the hands of the Austrians, after a defence

'honour praise should be given. The <sup>garrison</sup> of Malghera behaved most valiantly, and here every one acknowledges that 'no troops could have resisted longer.' The endurance of the inhabitants paralleled the courage of the soldiers: to the last they received with cheers and without complaint the commander-in-chief on his way to prolong the defence, which had become a prolongation of suffering. Munin appealed to England; and received in answer the only possible advice, which yet it must have been painful to write, that the Venetians should accommodate matters with Austria. The aid which they might have hoped from Central Italy, the intervention of France destroyed. They entered into communication with Kossuth; but the aid which they might have hoped for from Hungary, Russia destroyed. Assailed at once by war, disease, famine, and failure of ammunition, Venice capitulated on honourable terms. Any other would have been a dishonour to the besiegers. So ended the Italian war.

Seldom has so great a convulsion come to a close in a less

amount of apparent change. Seldom have hopes so great and apparently well-founded fallen away in a disappointment so nearly complete. We will not affect to look with other than the deepest regret on the general result, or to draw more than a partial satisfaction from the contemplation of such circumstances as partly mitigate the calamity we deplore.

We need not recapitulate the hopes in which the war began ; nor can we here go back and illustrate from Mariotti's very striking volume our former narrative of ' the struggle ' in 1848. But before referring to the hopes which that struggle has left, let us look the worst in the face, and see in what outwardly it ended. It ended in the restoration of the hated rule of Austria in Lombardy, and her supremacy in Italy ; in the restoration of one of the worst of governments in Rome, and of the worst in Naples, untinctured with improvement. Italy is once again what the Austrian Metternich called her, and the Austrian armies make her, — a geographical expression. Once again, in the striking language of Mazzini, is ' Austria the blade of the ' sword of which the Pope is the cross, and this sword hangs ' over all Italy.' The sole difference is, that the cross has lost such sanctity as it possessed, and the sword is sharper than ever. We have shown in our previous remarks no wish to form an unjust or unfriendly judgment of the Austrians ; but, from the very necessity of the case, the Austrian Government in Lombardy must, for the present at least, be more than ever a government of force. The sword must hardly hold what the sword has hardly won. There will not be, as there never has been, under the iron crown, the anarchical mismanagement of Rome and Naples ; but there will be the government of foreign functionaries backed by foreign bayonets, labouring to prove, and perhaps even to make, their rule not unpopular with the mass of the people ; but showing, by their every act, that they are afraid of the thoughts of every thinking man. To train that thought in a prescribed channel will be, as it has been, the duty of education ; to suppress and punish it whenever it strays out of that channel, the duty of administration. There will be, as there was in the war, an ostentation of consideration for the working classes ; a systematic attempt to distinguish their interests from those of their superiors. Spiritual life will be trampled out, while material life, with its taxable products, will be cared for, so far as its well-being is compatible with the paramount object of blind submission ; and upon this will the advocates of despotism in Italy still build their defence of a government ' popular with the peasantry, attacked only by intriguing nobles, ' priests, physicians, and lawyers.' We think the argument

admits turning the other way. What must be the rooted faults of a government of which, in spite of some real merits and many good intentions, every educated man in the country is the enemy? It is scarcely a metaphor to say that such a rule, while it cares for the body, kills the soul.

Of the Government of Rome we have already spoken. There brave and intelligent men still stand by, in foreign uniforms, maintaining with their courage and scorning with their intelligence an uncorrected and incorrigible system. Even Austria remonstrates against the imprudent perseverance in every abuse, the thorough restoration of ecclesiastical misgovernment, and remonstrates in vain. The Pope has learnt and forgotten much in his exile, though not to profit in either case: he has forgotten whatever generous impulses once encouraged him to aim at bettering the condition of his people; he has learnt the difficulty of combining an absolute theocracy with constitutional institutions; and this lesson at least he has taken to heart, as seen in his shrinking back sullenly or despairingly from the attempt to reconcile the existence of his priestly monarchy with some, even the most moderate amount of political freedom or practical improvement;—an attempt which those who restored, and whose presence alone upholds him, are for ever urging him to make.\* For the present the state of Rome is hopeless, but from the very excess of the evil. We have necessarily excluded from our short notice of the events of the Italian war, the episode

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\* The 'Times' of September 23. 1850, contained extracts from a letter written under date of September 7. by an Austrian officer at Bologna, which convey so pointed a testimony to the present condition of the Papal States, and its causes, that we reproduce some passages. 'We are hardly sure of our lives in the city; we meet faces the eyes of which seem to dart daggers.' The writer then describes the universal prevalence of that half political brigandage which so often arises in countries held down by foreign force from rising against domestic oppression. 'The roads, from city to city, are infested by robbers, who are either grand signori, peasants, priests, or professional vagabonds, as the case may be.' These disorders are accompanied by great atrocities. It is however clear that in the writer's opinion they are political not pradial outrages. 'The evil, however, is not alone in the nation, but in the Government. When things were unsafe, the clerical Government fled; now that the French and Austrians are here, it is obstinate and deaf to all reasonable demands. As long as we and the French remain here, there is no question of a revolution, but the moment we turn our backs, it will break out.' We need hardly recall to the memories of our readers one of the most recent signs of the times, the melodramatic scene of brigandage acted in the theatre of Forlìmpoli.

of Sicily and the various ill-planned and useless risings in the continental part of the kingdom of Naples. The existing Neapolitan *régime* cannot be spoken of or thought of, without the deepest shame. The principal political step recently taken under it, besides the arrests, which are the staple of government, has been measures for extorting, by fraud and menace, from the various provinces petitions for the formal abolition of the constitution; an abolition, which would make little practical difference, beyond legalising the present brutal tyranny. There is nothing like it now in Europe. Travellers may find something of the kind in Africa or Asia.

Such, after the victories of Austria, of France, and of the King of Naples, is Italy. After having traced the course of the fairest hopes from their birth to such a death as was so soon to follow,—and which was the consequence of not only unavoidable misfortunes, but, in part, of great and avoidable errors—it seems as if there were little left for hope to fix on. The failures and faults of the Italians have alienated from their cause all the friends of success, and some of the friends of right; and a tone is now prevalent of regarding what has taken place as a *fait accompli* for ever. ‘Respectability,’ which deserted them *en masse*, even before Novara, and almost rejoiced in the conquest of Rome, is now as unfriendly as misfortune can make her. Accordingly some real, among many feigned friends, or rather friends whose friendship is more than half real, give her the bitter and disparaging counsel not only to give up freedom and union, as unattainable dreams, but to content herself with what she has—charitable convents making idle the surrounding population, with a benevolent prince or princess here and there aiding in that good work; and, for the rest, to cultivate resignation. Resignation and submission are inculcated on the oppressed as their chief duty by such writers as Manzoni; and in part, too, by the noble but broken spirit of Silvio Pellico. Now, let but the oppressed be always resigned, and there is no chance of redemption for the world. Resignation is a duty; yet so, in our creed, may be armed resistance. The time for that resistance was and is past; the time is come, we admit, for present endurance; but also, we believe, for future hope. Austria just now is lying on Italy like Etna on Enceladus; and if the great struggle had only shown the world the capacity of Italy to make a Titan-like effort for freedom, even this would be something. A wise policy for the future will not reject from its reflections the possibility that next time the giant may be stronger, and that the mountain, half shaken from his heart, may fall.

It is not only, however, as a warning to other nations that the war has left its good results; it has left a legacy of actual, and more of possible, good to the Italians—a lesson which it depends altogether on themselves to make profitable, and hopes which it rests mainly with them to make attainable. It has tended to show the Italians what they are, and what their interests are. It has, we believe, tended in no degree to reconcile them to those great evils which some would persuade them to consider as blessings: bad government—priestly government—despotic government—foreign government. Rather it has left a hearty hatred of all these things; sobered and deepened by the conviction that they are not easily removed. It has placed before them the idea of nationality in a bodily form, and has added to the records of Italy in connexion with that idea many painful, but some proud recollections; as even those who have glanced over our pages must admit. In disappointing many hopes, it may have awakened the wisdom to discern many deficiencies and the determined temper to supply them. Where it has not established good, or the seed of good, it must at least have shaken and weakened evil: and if it has left an anarchic despotism enthroned in the south of the Peninsula, it has left in the north a strong root and nucleus of well-ordered freedom. Amid the desolation which has buried so much, Piedmont stands erect, throwing over the hopes, as over the exiles of Italian liberty, ‘the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.’ Austria holds Lombardy, and is unassailable by direct force; but on the other side of the Ticino there is now a free Italian kingdom. It is impossible to overrate the results which may, and indeed must, follow upon this fact, if lasting;—that millions of Italians are governed, and well-governed, by administrators depending for their permanence on the consent of the representatives of the nation; that in the most powerful of the Italian States, the mouth of the speaker and the pen of the writer are free. Piedmont, actually passing from a despotic to a free government, must become the cornerstone of Italy; and every thing may be hoped for Italy, in case Piedmont should accomplish successfully the difficult transition. Hitherto we have had reason to anticipate her success as confidently as we desire it earnestly. Her freedom is no holiday plant—it has borne some shocks, and shown some strength already, by surviving them.

For, though Charles Albert died of Novara, the ‘Statute’ which he had given to his people did not die with him. The same chamber, which had rashly urged him to war, embarrassed the moderate reforming policy of his successor; but an appeal to the country gave the government the support it

needed, and under their guidance the legislature of Piedmont has since carried those most critical and important measures, the Siccardi laws. After the full details contained in our last Number, we need hardly remind our readers how the Court of Rome snatched instantly at the opportunity of placing itself at once in direct opposition to the State. Church questions are always made perilous by the clamour of one party, if not of the other; and we should regret that Piedmontese liberty had been so early exposed to the ordeal of so critical a question, had not the moderation and steadiness shown by the legislature and the people under circumstances so trying been of the happiest augury for the future. Piedmont is a thoroughly Roman Catholic country, and we anticipate no change in this respect; the quarrel between priestly privilege and good government, does not touch the form of faith. It is enough, that on this question, as on many others, Piedmont represents the life,—the antagonist party the death of Italy. May that life strengthen! And that it may strengthen, let all, who wish it well, aid the Government of Turin in proving that civil liberty can consist with order, and civil improvement with respect for institutions: above all, let the exiles of the Italian cause who have found in Piedmont a generous welcome, show themselves worthy of the citizenship so nobly granted them, whether they sit with Mamiani in her legislature, or, like Monti, hold command in her army. To support the Sardinian Government, and even to shut their eyes to its faults, was the advice of General Pepe to his liberal friends on the last election in that country. The spirit of this counsel is as necessary as ever. Inexcusable and groundless as an attack from without on Piedmont would be now, its possibility has been rumoured: and though the talk of gathering of Austrian troops on the frontier may appear to be passing away like a cloud, yet the storm will probably come at last from one quarter or another. No moderation, no caution, no treaties, are likely to do more than defer for a time that final issue.

Meantime, it is of the last importance that the provocation given should be moral only; and that Piedmont should be seen engaged in no plans hostile to her neighbours, nor making herself the Quixote of an idea, though fair as that of Italian unity. The oneness of Italy we are told is a dream. It should be enough, that Italian separation is a fact: and too much, that it is a fact which co-exists with the oppression which reigns at present. Existing Governments, if prudent, would strive to show that the Regeneration of Italy is compatible with such a separation. If not, they may awake to learn that the idea of



union is not a dream. It is a spirit not yet laid; it walks in and out of Italy in many a thoughtful head and burning heart, as well as in those of Giuseppe Mazzini; and in that case most assuredly, sooner or later, it will once more find an armed body to inhabit.

We have no wish that it should be so, we had much rather it were otherwise; we should infinitely prefer a course of more bloodless, more certain, more permanent improvement. For, peace might yet have her victories in Italy though war has failed. The successful example of Piedmont might be successfully followed; while that example, if rejected, must be fatal to the rejectors. With Piedmont free and well-governed, neither Northern nor Central Italy can long remain enslaved and mis-governed, except by their own fault. All the sternness of Radetsky cannot maintain permanently so great a contrast, all the machinery of the miracle-workers of Rimini cannot cover so great a scandal. Contentment and loyalty ought to be made possible for the educated citizen of a Lombard city. Otherwise, — as long as Piedmont continues to stand out in broad contrast to Austria and Austrianised Italy, — no external power and no internal forbearance can prevent the one free and well-governed Italian State from becoming the refuge, the protector, and, finally, the head and hope of all who aspire, we will not say towards the union but, towards the progress, regeneration, and liberty, of the remainder.

The strength and life of Italy, habitually concentrated in thought and feeling around the one free Italian throne, will group themselves naturally round it in action. Not a hasty and half distrustful annexation under pressing need; not a transitory communion of danger; but a long-earned confidence, and a prepared unity of will and sentiment, — these must be the true preliminaries for combining firmly, under whatever name, the subjects of a North Italian monarchy, or the confederates of a Lombard league. The Pope may not bless their banners: they will dispense with such sanctification: the thaumaturgists of Rimini will curse them, which will be better than a blessing. In that event, some field between the Alps and Apennines, memorable among and above all the memorable names of that battle-studded region, under better auspices and with a closer union, and in a cause more clearly just, may reverse the fortunes and efface the memory of Novara by a second and greater LEGNANO. Then, it may be, will another Radetsky wonder at the fanaticism of Milan or of Brescia, the flag of Piedmont may reappear under the *Duomo* not as a trophy, and an Italy be given to the nations.

- ART. IX. — 1. *Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome.* By the Rev. M. HOBART SEYMOUR, M. A. • Third Edition. London: 1850.
2. *Letter to the Right Hon. the Lord John Russell.* By JOHN, EARL OF SHREWSBURY. 8vo.: 1851.
3. *Cautions for the Times, addressed to the Parishioners of a Parish in England.* By their former Rector. 8vo. London. Nos. I. II. III.
4. *The Pope, considered in his relations with the Church, Temporal Sovereignities, &c.* By COUNT JOSEPH DE MAISTRE. Translated by Rev. AENEAS MC. D. DAWSON. 12mo. London.

ENGLAND, say the Roman Catholics, will inevitably return to her allegiance to Rome, and is rapidly returning even now. 'This event, indeed, Cardinal Wiseman in his far-famed 'Pastoral,' and Father Newman in his equally celebrated 'Sermon,' have, after the manner of prophets, and as it were in poetic rapture, represented as history, *un fait accompli*. 'Catholic 'England' (says the former, not very felicitously snatching a metaphor from the heretical philosophy of Galileo), 'has been 'restored to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament, from which 'its light had long vanished, and begins anew its course of 'regularly adjusted action round the centre of unity, the source 'of jurisdiction, of light, and of vigour;' and Father Newman thinks that nothing less than the 'resurrection' of our Lord is worthy to illustrate the might and majesty in which the Catholic Church in England is bursting forth from the entombment of centuries. 'It is the sepulchre opening and Christ coming 'forth.'

The people of England hastily misinterpreting these evidently prophetic visions of the future, into a literal expression of the present, and yet reasonably conjecturing that sober men could not have employed such gigantic hyperboles simply to signify that the Pope had created a Roman Catholic Archbishop and twelve suffragans for the behoof of the minority amongst us who are of the Romish persuasion, and who were rendered neither more numerous nor more important in consequence of that event, were (not unnaturally) very angry; angry that their country should be represented as *not* being what it is, and as being what it notoriously is not; and that their actual religious institutions and convictions should have been 'ignored,' as the

phrase is; to say nothing of the insult offered to the majesty of the empire by the breach of laws which had not been repealed, though the penalties had been abolished. Their not unnatural interpretation derived plausibility from the similar *mistake* of the Romanist periodicals, which immediately informed the nation that the only rightful spiritual authority was henceforth centred in the Romanist Hierarchy, and that its bishops and clergy claimed the obedience of every baptized person amongst us, even in spite of his protests and against his will; and all ‘under pain of eternal damnation.’

But, as Cardinal Wiseman justly says, every document has its peculiar characteristics, appropriate to the species of composition to which it is referrible; and the Cardinal’s Pastoral being evidently *poetry* and the Father’s Sermon *oratory*, and both of them *prophecy*, — in which the future is made present and the distant near, — we immediately arrive at the proper interpretation of phraseology which, too literally viewed, seemed so preposterous and insulting. Had the Cardinal’s language been designed to convey the meaning which it unhappily suggested, nothing would be left for us but to say that Dr. Wiseman can hardly be *that* wise man of whom ‘*The Wise Man*’ says that ‘the wise man’s eyes are in his head.’ If it were possible to suppose that he designed his metaphor to apply to anything but a remote future, he must be convinced by this time that ‘our beloved *country*’ does not pursue her ‘planetary way’ round the sun of the Papacy with much of ‘celestial harmony;’ and that his arduous duty for some time to come must be —

‘To curb this runaway young star, —  
This wild colt of a comet, which too soon  
Breaks out of bounds o’er the ethereal blue.’

That England is really on the eve of reconversion to Romanism, is a proposition of which the recent enthusiastic demonstrations on behalf of Protestantism might justify a trivial doubt. But we pause at such a conclusion, when we remember the ‘infallible’ truths of which Rome undertakes to be the guarantee, although every *appearance* of argument and reason, and of the very senses is against them. If ‘bread’ may be ‘flesh,’ and ‘wine’ may be ‘blood,’ every proof to the contrary notwithstanding, even so, ‘*mediantibus speciebus*,’ we may be at this moment transubstantiating into Romanists amidst all our disclaimers; perchance we have only the ‘accidents’ of Protestantism remaining.

But whatever be the truth of the hypothesis, we shall assume it, for the purpose of requesting the charitable assistance of Roman Catholics in endeavouring to ascertain fairly and logically what

will be our duty in reference to this realm and constitution of England, when that inevitable hour arrives in which our consciences shall compel us to return to their communion; and to what extent our State and laws must be *reformed* and *remodelled* in the event of our national conversion. It is in truth a work of comprehensive charity to which we invite them; nor will they, by promptly performing it, at all retard, but rather accelerate the arrival of that auspicious day when the British Empire shall once more glitter as the richest gem in the Pontifical tiara: for to our certain knowledge, not a few of our countrymen (in addition to some trifling difficulties of doctrine) feel it impossible even to conjecture how to comport themselves, on the adoption of any *known* theory of the infallibility and supremacy of the Roman Church, towards the institutions and laws of their own country, and in relation to those doctrines of intellectual and religious freedom which at present are most 'surely believed amongst us.' That there is some bridge over the chasm, or else that the transit is effected *per saltum*, without any bridge at all, is evident from the fact that there are Roman Catholics in this country whose patriotism and loyalty (and we most sincerely say it) we do not for a moment doubt. On the contrary we are strongly persuaded of both.

But that there are many Englishmen who, with their present light could not adopt *their* course, and who would conscientiously feel compelled, if they became Romanists at all, to adopt a much more ultramontane position, is certain. We are ourselves among the number. Still as we have no wish, at the same instant that we become Roman Catholics, to become martyrs also, whether political or religious,—to be hanged for treason against the State, if we abandon our present judgments, or be victimised by perhaps the consistent restoration of persecution, if we retain them,—we must implore our Roman Catholic friends to give us the utmost aid of their famous casuistry in this extremity.\*

\* A striking example of the utility of *ventilating* doubts is afforded in a recent pamphlet by Mr. H. Drummond. He had occasion some years ago to refer to the highest authority among the Jesuits at Rome on the subject of the 'real presence,' in which he was in some sort, we presume, a believer. The Jesuit told him he must believe that there was *no* bread present after consecration. Mr. Drummond asked whether, if the bread were chemically analysed, the ashes would contain animal and not vegetable products? The father had the grace to *blush*, but replied, that 'if such an act of profanation were to be committed, no doubt the holy presence would be 'withdrawn, and the elements would be as they were before.' A

We have said, and sincerely, that we do not for a moment question either the loyalty or the patriotism of the mass of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. We believe that, whether consistently or not, they would be as ready as were their Roman Catholic ancestors, or as are their Protestant contemporaries, to resist any aggression on the civil or political supremacy of England, or any attempt to reverse those great principles of perfect religious liberty which are at present triumphant amongst us. In their own persons, we conceive that they are not *likely* to be troubled with the same difficulties, because they accept from childhood the inconsistencies in question, and in fact never think about them. In fact, the great body of the Roman Catholic laity know very little about their system; and, as often happens, the practical conduct of those who *do* know it, is far better than their speculative principles. Many Protestants further flatter themselves that the very contiguity of Protestantism — the salubrious air of freedom — has had a beneficial effect upon British Romanists; ‘They have the ‘disease,’ it is said, ‘no doubt; but they have taken it mildly; ‘they have been *vaccinated*; the old and virulent malady has ‘passed into the gentle varioloid type. They in fact differ far ‘more from the Italian or Spanish Romanist, though the difference is one of *species*, than they differ from the English Protestant, though the difference is professedly one of *genus*. ‘Though Roman Catholics in name, they are in reality a sort of ‘*unprotesting* Protestants; they thus do and say in all sincerity a ‘thousand inconsistent things; and heartily approve of doctrines ‘and principles of which they neither could nor would approve, ‘if they were the inhabitants of a country in which Romanism ‘is the predominant religion, and in a condition to realise its ‘genuine theory and distinctive principles.’ Thus Protestants argue.

However plausible or irrational this mode of accounting for the phenomenon may be deemed, it does not at all relieve those of us who feel puzzled how to deal, on any of the *known* theories of the Roman Church, with certain formidable dogmas which *seem* inconsistent with our loyalty and patriotism — our reverence for intellectual and religious freedom. As we would far sooner accept a base coin than a fallacious argument, and

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word spoken in season, how good is it! A convert might have been troubled with the difficulty for twenty years, without ever thinking of so obvious a solution! In fact, however, we would humbly suggest whether there was not another answer open to the reverend father, namely, that the *ashes* were transubstantiated as well as the *elements*.

cannot consent to soothe our conscience with any cataplasms of opium, we must again appeal for aid to our Roman Catholic friends.

It remains of course to be said, that if that aid is to be effective, it must consist not in the assurance that this or that learned 'doctor' says we safely may take *his* opinion. We put no faith in the doctrine of 'probable opinion' as laid down by Pascal's Jesuit father; 'You may follow this or that man with safety, for they are excellent casuists.' This is but referring us back to our own Protestant device of 'private judgment.' What we request is some unquestionable *proof* in the shape of authoritative declarations, by some universally admitted organ or organs of the Romish infallibility, that the scruples in question are chimerical.

'What are some of these difficulties?' we imagine we hear a reverend father reply.

We will endeavour to explain them. But in order that we may not be supposed less open to conviction than we are, we must first premise that none can be more convinced than ourselves of the truth of the declaration which we often find on the lips of Roman Catholics, that 'there is no better rule than that of an infallible Church.' This we think certain; the difficulty with us is to discover the infallible Church, or, if we suppose the Church of Rome to be it, in knowing to whose hands the infallibility is confided; within what limits the utterances of that organ *are* infallible; and what are those infallible utterances themselves.

Most unhappily, the Romanists are divided on these preliminary points themselves. The incongruity of this, perhaps, scarcely strikes their minds, for they are accustomed to it; but to Protestants there is hardly any difficulty more insuperable than the idea of a *variable constant*—an infallibility which is uncertain as to its seat, its limits, and its results. It is certainly an unfortunate aggravation of the difficulties of our conversion that the very principle, which is chiefly designed as our harbour of refuge against the fluctuations of private judgment, should thus not merely be the subject of controversy, but in fact itself be virtually submitted to the decisions of 'private judgment.' 'Est in secessu longo locus,' the Romanist exclaims: the infallible Church is a safe retreat; in that deep bay, 'æquora tuta silent;' but no sooner does the inquiring Protestant congratulate himself on having here escaped the tossing billows, than he will find himself riding in the Bay of Biscay; the roadstead, he declares, is more dangerous than the open sea. 'The Church,' says the Romanist, 'is infal-

'libile; and in that blessed truth you must repose: it is true, we do not know exactly where the infallibility resides, nor, consequently, all which that infallibility has declared: we differ in opinion upon both these points; and those of us who have decided upon some one criterion of the infallibility are also not quite agreed as to what is declared "*de fide*," or "*ex cathedrâ*," and what is not.' On this the Protestant is apt to rejoin, that though it were granted, that nothing is more infallibly true than that the Church has infallibility; yet as its seat, extent, and decisions vary with fallible opinions, it were better, instead of saying that the Church is favoured with an infallible judge of truth, to say that each member of the Church is privileged to become a fallible judge of infallibility. There *may* be a judge of infallible truth, but unless we know who he is and what he says, we are still in the dark. The Romish Church are agreed about this, that there is *something* infallible; but what, or how discovered or expressed, its members constitute themselves separate judges, and form different judgments; and upon each of the theories of that infallibility, the Church has affirmed much, which every *other* theory of that same infallibility induces its advocates to reject.

But waiving these preliminary difficulties, and approaching a little nearer to those which this essay is chiefly designed to propound, the theories of infallibility are at all events reducible to four; and on *any* of them which is at all intelligible, — for one there is which is not so, — it appears at present to many Englishmen that the infallible oracle has expressed itself on one or more of the questions already adverted to, in a manner which, unless Romanists remove their doubts, must operate as a serious bar to their conversion. It will not be necessary to specify the many points in dogmatic or speculative theology, in which, as it seems to Protestants, the various utterances of the infallible authority, on *any* of the proposed theories of its existence and exercise, have been contradictory; and which are still more numerous, on the supposition of there being *several* such theories. These 'variations,' as Bossuet would say (apparent, of course) it may be desirable to mention more at large at some future time, in pursuance of that same charitable design now contemplated, — that of inducing Romanists to solve our difficulties as an indispensable condition of our desired conversion. But at present it is only necessary to refer to those questions in which the difficulties come athwart our duties as loyal and patriotic citizens of a free and independent State, like England; nor shall we deem it necessary to refer to the whole even of these. Meantime, we conceive we shall have done the Church of Rome

signal service if we can induce any of her champions to prove, not by the 'private judgment' of this or that author, but by an authoritative declaration of all her supposed organs of infallibility — for her varying *criteria* of infallibility render this necessary, — not only that she does not, but never did, assume any rights inconsistent with our loyalty and patriotism; we say never *did* — for again, by the peculiar nature of the case, this also is necessary; since if Rome be infallible, and has ever affirmed any of these rights, she has affirmed them for ever. Now the several theories of infallibility to which, as Protestants affirm, 'private judgment' has unfortunately conducted the infallible church, are these; that it exists either in the Pope alone, or in a General Council alone, or in a General Council and Pope conjointly, or in the Universal Church diffusively.\*

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\* Mr. Hobart Seymour, in his 'Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome,' gives an amusing account of the perplexity to which the Professors of Dogmatic Theology and of the Canon Law *seemed* to be involved by his challenge to them that they should prove that the Church of Rome in any decree of Council or bull of Pope, in any canon or article, had asserted her own infallibility. The reverend Professor of Theology, after several operose attempts to construct a syllogism, designed to prove that the Church of England was not the Church of Christ, from the absence of all claim to infallibility, succeeded, as he imagined, thus:—

'The Church of Christ in all her parts claims infallibility;  
The Church of England does *not* claim infallibility,—  
Therefore the Church of England is not the Church of Christ.'

Mr. Seymour says, that he retorted the argument by proving that the Church of *Rome* is not the Church of Christ; simply substituting 'Church of Rome' for 'Church of England,' in the minor premise and conclusion, and challenging the Jesuits to show (which they acknowledged they could not) any bull, decree, canon, or article, expressly claiming infallibility for the Church of Rome. Jeremy Taylor had employed much the same argument in reference to the alleged infallibility of 'General Councils;' namely, that they had never claimed it for themselves, and that, therefore, if infallibility be supposed to belong to any of their decrees, it is imputed to them on less authority than that which establishes the decrees themselves. 'There is no General Council,' says he, 'that hath determined that a General Council is infallible; no Scripture hath recorded it, no tradition universal hath transmitted to us any such proposition; so that we must receive the *authority* at a lower rate, and upon a less probability, than the *things consigned* by that authority.' Mr. Seymour's Reviewers, after consultation with the Jesuits at Rome, (see last edition) acknowledge, that the Church of Rome has never



The last is the theory which is *not* intelligible. The Universal Church resembles some gas, enormously voluminous and elastic; it has no visible dimensions; no tangible solidity. It is a nebulous matter, of which the orb of truth may be *a-making*, for aught we know, but of which it has never yet been made. On this last hypothesis it is not worth while for Protestants or Romanists to argue; both because *this* infallibility, if it exist, is an 'infallible' nonentity, there being endless disputes as to *all* the parties who are conjointly competent to decide what is infallible truth; and because it is impossible, even if this point were decided, to collect the votes which are to constitute this infallible truth.\* Whether we deny or concede this infallibility, it makes nothing to the controversy; simply because it affirms nothing, it demonstrates nothing, except its own absolute impotence to demonstrate anything. It is a sort of ecclesiastical Pantheism; each member of the Church is a fragment of a collective infallibility which, in fact, is never collected, nor ever can be. All that can be intelligibly said is, that the Church would be

*formally* claimed infallibility, but 'that the Church expresses her *'claim* to infallibility by all her dogmatic facts and documents in 'which this principle and tenet is either *implied, supposed, embodied, alluded to, insisted upon, or more or less expressed.*' This is a sort of *constructive* infallibility. For our own parts, since every Roman Catholic we know does claim infallibility on behalf of the Church of Rome, we are quite willing in the present article to argue on the theory that *she* assumes it, and must profess that we believe her infallibility as much as if she had formally defined and affirmed it ten thousand times. But we apprehend that it must be received (if received at all) as an intuition, not as a product of syllogisms. Alas! so incompetent are Protestants to argue after the fashion of the worthy Professor of Canon Law, so distrustful are they of syllogisms of every mood and figure in which 'infallibility' enters as the middle term, and mere 'humanity,' in any conditions, as the extremes, that they would probably even venture to take the altered syllogism proposed by Mr. Seymour; alter it still further, by making the major premise negative, and the minor positive, and still venture to affirm the validity of the conclusion. Thus,—

'The Church of Christ does *not* claim to be infallible,—though  
HE does:

The Church of Rome does claim to be infallible;

Therefore the Church of Rome is not the Church of Christ.'

\* Jeremy Taylor says: 'But if there could in this case be any distinct consideration of the Church, yet to know which is the true Church is so hard to be found out, that the greatest questions of Christendom are *judged*, before you can get to your *judge*; and then "there is no need of him."

infallible in its decisions, in case it ever made any; but what they would be, is absolutely uncertain. If, therefore, there be no other infallibility—if it be not collected and expressed by appropriate representative organs, there is no infallibility at all; each man is left to conjecture what would be the utterance of this mute oracle, supposing it but to have the faculty of speech. At best, its condition is like that of the youthful speaker who, in modest confusion, stammered out to his audience that ‘a certain author,—whose name he had forgotten,—had, in a certain book—the title of which had escaped him,—made a profound observation—the purport of which he unfortunately could not recall,’—after which lucid statement of ‘infallible truth,’ he sat down.

We shall therefore dismiss, as unworthy of any farther examination, this shadowy theory of infallibility, and confine ourselves, as the generality of candid, and all intelligent advocates of the Romish Church do, to one or other of the theories already specified; that of the Pope without General Councils, that of General Councils without the Pope, or that of Pope and Council in conjunction. Now, whichever of these we take, English Protestants are apt to feel suspicions that by distinct decrees of Popes *or* Councils, or of Councils *and* Popes, this authority has asserted, in the expression of its own infallible mind, principles to which, as loyal and patriotic Englishmen, they cannot subscribe; or if it has *not* asserted them, it is very difficult or rather impossible to tell what it *has* asserted; and the infallibility itself becomes a chimera.

To take, then, first the hypothesis of the infallibility of the Pope alone.—Has he or has he not ever assumed, as of divine right and by distinct utterance, a universal authority over temporal sovereigns—whose crowns, if they are heretical and contumacious, he can take away, and give to others—and whose subjects he can release from their oaths of allegiance?

To this question many Romanists will say—‘The Pope is indeed infallible—but only when he decides *de fide* and *ex cathedrâ*.’

The Protestant will probably reply, 1st, ‘I shall know what you mean, when you have defined what is *de fide* and what *ex cathedrâ*. This is one of the many points, in which diversities are produced by your indulgence in that forbidden luxury of private judgment. 2ndly, It is most certain that the arbitrary limitations of pontifical authority which *some* of you would thus impose are not sanctioned by an immense number of those who have held the theory of infallibility now under consideration,—of multitudes of your most learned and most

able theologians and canonists from the time of Gregory VII. to the present day. The contrary has been the prevailing sentiment of the Jesuits—the most glorious and most numerous order of which your church can boast. Ascriptions of unlimited power as the rightful prerogatives of God's infallible Viceregent on earth are to be found in the works of such writers as Aquinas, Bellarmine, and Baronius. What names can be greater than these?\*

But the Protestant may proceed: 'I dwell not on this; I lay no stress upon any counting of majorities or on catenæ of writers, though they sufficiently prove that you are hopelessly divided about what is Pontifical Right and what is not; I will take the most moderate of you who hold this first theory of infallibility. You assume it within *some* limits.'—'Certainly,' the Romanist will answer. 'Those limits,' the Protestant suggests, 'are spiritual matters?' 'They are,' rejoins the Romanist. 'Is not the infallible interpretation of the meaning of the Scriptures one part, and the chief, of this legitimate province of infallibility?' 'Undoubtedly,' is the reply; 'it is its peculiar and most resplendent prerogative.' 'Very well,' urges then the Protestant: 'but what, if infallibility, as defined by this first hypothesis, can be shown to have defended the political paradoxes now under consideration,—not by an unauthorised extension of its province, (though it may seem a curious infallibility which does not know within what limits alone it is infallible,) but by direct exposition of passages of Scripture,—in the exercise of that very faculty which is affirmed to be its most celestial gift. If so, (and it is a point which ecclesiastical historians, and even papal champions, have hardly made enough of,) what then are we Protestants to do on this *first* theory of infallibility?'

Nor, in order to show that Popes *did* challenge the lofty prerogative in question from Scripture, is it necessary to cite the bulls and decretals of any of those whom Baronius himself styles 'monsters of iniquity,' and in whose character he finds an ingenious proof of the more than human origin of that system which even they could not destroy;—an argument which Protestants contend admits of an alternative; for the system might be more than human, yet not *therefore* divine. But, to

\* 'The sublimity and immensity of the Supreme Bishop is so great, that no mortal can comprehend it,' says Cassenæus; and in this last sentiment, perhaps, the Protestant would acquiesce;—'No man can express it, no man can think it;'—a sentiment which will also have the advantage of uniting the suffrages of both parties.

waive altogether these very singular depositaries of infallibility:—it is not necessary, we say, to appeal to any other than pontiffs who, as far as their *personal* character is concerned, were no disgrace to the Papacy, and who, if scripturally justified in the assumption of the paramount prerogatives they claimed, are also acquitted of the charges of pride and ambition; who, if deluded by their infallibility,—we must be indulged in the paradox,—seem to have been very sincerely deluded; but who, by that very sincerity, render it all the more difficult to discriminate among their claims. Now, if we listen to some of these, in their assumption of the ‘plenitudo potestatis,’—in their most solemn acts of supreme authority, as in the deposition of monarchs and the transfer of crowns,—in their decrees or their bulls issued for these objects,—we see that they claim, on the express interpretation of that Scripture, the infallible interpretation of which is their peculiar function, an absolute and universal sovereignty, temporal as well as spiritual. Two or three instances of the peculiar solemnity of their language will suffice, though, as all readers of ecclesiastical history are aware, the same claims were perpetually made, and what is more, *acted upon* for ages.\*

Thus speaks perhaps the greatest of the Popes, Gregory VII. : ‘When God gave to Saint Peter the power “to bind and loose” “in heaven and on earth,” (Matt. xvi. 19.) He excepted no person, He withdrew no thing from his power,’—*nullum exceptit; nihil ab ejus potestate subtraxit*. Gregory goes on expressly to claim secular authority:—‘Quod si sedes Apostolica divinitus sibi collata principali potestate spiritualia decernens dijudicat, cur non et secularia?’

Of the depth of his own convictions on this point, he gave a remarkable proof, when, after the first excommunication and deposition of the Emperor Henry IV., Hermann, Bishop of Metz, wrote to the Pope to say that many thought that it was not a justifiable act, and to request arguments whereby to refute the gainsayers. Gregory, in the most deliberate manner, refuses to

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\* The original Latin of the few passages here cited may be found in Gieseler’s ‘Ecclesiastical History,’ Period iii. Div. iii. Ch. i., where (and in other portions) the reader will find plenty more. It is a most valuable work, as giving the original documents in proof of every statement. A large collection of passages from public documents and private authors, asserting the absolute supremacy of the Pope, may be found in Barrow’s celebrated work. Well may Gibbon say, speaking of Gregory’s promised donation of kingdoms in Greece and Asia to Robert Guiscard, ‘I cannot understand why Gretzer, and the other Papal advocates, should be displeased with this new instance of Apostolic jurisdiction.’ No, truly; it was quite in order.

comply, because, he says, his acts are so plainly warranted by Scripture:—‘As to what you have asked, that you may, by some writings of ours, be assisted and fortified against the madness of those who, with wicked mouth, prate that the authority of the Holy and Apostolic See cannot excommunicate King Henry, that despiser of Christian law, &c., nor absolve any subject from his oath of allegiance,—it does not appear to us necessary, *since so many and such most certain proofs of this may be found in the pages of the sacred Scriptures.*’ In the most solemn prayers, Gregory, on the two occasions of the excommunication and deposition of Henry, appeals to all in heaven that he was exercising inviolable rights, of which he seems to be conscious that he enjoyed a divine investiture; and on the latter occasion, after sentence, breaks out into the singular passage, ‘So act your parts, then, ye chiefs of the Church, that all the world may know and understand, that if ye have power to bind and loose in heaven, ye have power on earth to take away and to grant, according to desert, empires, kingdoms, principalities, dukedoms, marquisates, countships, *et omnium hominum possessiones.*’ Then comes the reason, from the truly serviceable texts, (1 Cor. vi. 3, 4.)

In like manner Innocent III., in his celebrated proceedings against John of England, says, ‘Jesus Christ, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, a High Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek, has so established a kingdom and a priesthood in his Church, that the sacerdotal office is itself a kingdom, and the priesthood regal, as *Peter in his Epistle, and Moses in the Law testify*, appointing over all things one alone whom he hath ordained his Vicar on earth; *unum præficiens universis, quem suum in terris Vicarium ordinavit.* . . . Him earthly kings (for God’s sake) are so to venerate, that they are not to think they justly reign except as they study devoutly to obey him.’

The justification of the theory of the subordination of the royal to the pontifical power derived from the ‘two great lights’ in Genesis, insisted on by Gregory, and further expanded by Innocent III., is familiar to all students of ecclesiastical history; as also the comprehensive criticism on Peter’s ‘two swords,’ and on the text about ‘planting’ and ‘rooting up,’ &c. &c.

It were easy to multiply passages of this kind from the decretals and bulls of many other popes—of Adrian IV., of Alexander III., of Gregory IX., of Boniface VIII., of Pius V.—but it is not necessary. The rights in question were assumed and justified as legitimate deductions upon Scriptural authority, and were acted on in scores of instances and for the space of ages. It may be difficult, indeed, to see always the *justness* of

the scriptural exposition; though the exegesis must, we think, be conceded to be quite as clear, and the deductions quite as undeniable as those by which the supremacy and prerogatives of the entire succession of Romish bishops are demonstrated from such texts as, 'I say unto thee that thou art Peter,' &c., and 'Feed my sheep.' Criticisms by infallibility are always peculiar. Could we in reason expect them to be otherwise? \*

Now either the Popes erred in thus interpreting Scripture or they did not. If the latter, then at least on *this* theory of infallibility (and Protestants affirm that a difficulty of a *like* kind will attend every remaining theory of infallibility), we must admit the 'plenitudo potestatis,' concede the extreme ultramontane theory, and become proselytes to Rome and traitors to our country at the same time. If the former, then on *this same* theory, the Popes, so far from having been unfailing interpreters of Scripture, have been, in their numerous acts of deposition, enormous perverters of it, inculcating and practising for ages the most comprehensive violations of the plainest precepts of the divine law. So far from its being true that the Pope is the 'infallible living interpreter' of Scripture, it is absolutely ludicrous to style him so; and so far from being

\* Some are disposed to account for what appear these precarious interpretations of Scripture by supposing the Popes of the Middle Ages to have been misled in their interpretations through the errors into which the pretended 'Donation of Constantine,' the 'Pseudo-Isidorian Decretals,' and other acknowledged forgeries, deceived their infallibility. But if so, Protestants are apt to say that their infallibility was of a peculiar character, since it could see the meaning of the deepest and most mysterious passages of Holy Writ, and could *not* see the falsehood of the most transparent and impudent forgeries; or, rather, that on such supposition they made the false decretals the rule of Scripture interpretation in these cases! Far from us be such a supposition. With regard to their not detecting the forgeries, — infallible as they were, — perhaps a candid inquirer might make some excuse for them. As Pascal's Jesuit father tells us that it would be a sin in a judge to receive a bribe for giving a *just* sentence, inasmuch as that would be *selling* justice, but that it does not follow that it would be unlawful to receive a bribe for giving an *unjust* sentence, inasmuch as it is not forbidden to sell *injustice*; so, in a somewhat similar manner, the Pope might infallibly interpret *Scripture*, for that (as they say) was his proper office; but he was not obliged infallibly to interpret forgeries. Again, it may be urged, that infallible eyes, like other eyes, are doubtless made to see in the light and not in darkness: and hence no wonder that the Popes, in dealing with forgeries, chanced to be mistaken. But it is certainly unfortunate that they should have attempted to reinforce their infallibility, and, as they allege, their scripturally-derived rights, by such authority.

disposed to ask, with Jeremy Taylor, 'What 'excuse is there in 'the world for the strange uncharitableness or supine negligence 'of the Popes that they do not set themselves in their chair and 'write infallible commentaries;' or with Chillingworth, 'Why 'the Church thus puts her candle under a bushel, and keeps 'her talent of interpreting Scripture infallibly, thus long wrapt 'up in napkins,'—Protestants will be inclined to declare that the specimens of papal criticism and exegesis already given to the world are quite sufficient, and that they willingly excuse any more extensive assumption of this special prerogative. The Church, they will add, may felicitate herself that the great living interpreter seldom interprets. Equivocal as may have been many of his employments, they could hardly be more disastrous to the Church than his attempt to discharge his proper functions.

To resume. The Protestant will further say;—let us suppose that by a variety of limitations (concerning which, however, and their application, we must request the Romish Church for authoritative rules, and not this or that opinion that they exist and *may* be applied,)—let us suppose that by a variety of limitations, it may be doubted whether any such bulls and decrees as those just adverted to were pronounced *ex cathedrâ*, or can properly be represented as *de fide*, or whether they are not vitiated by the application of one or other of the 'seven' tests mentioned by the Professor of Canon Law to Mr. Seymour,—then it will appear that the ultimate rule of the Romish Church—which excludes all private judgment—is an infinite enlargement of its duty; and with this unspeakable perplexity attached, that infallibility is not to be the guide of 'private 'judgment,' but private judgment is to be the discoverer of infallibility! The Bullarium is infinitely more bulky than the Bible; is composed in a dead language, not always in 'infallibly' correct Latinity; contains much of acknowledged, and much of suspected, spuriousness; and much more, which, though not spurious, is unintelligible, or, which comes to the same thing, is unhappily<sup>1</sup> intelligible in two or three different senses; in a word, infinite matter for dispute. as regards both text and interpretation. And supposing such difficulties vanquished or eluded, it is still necessary to apply to a genuine bull the seven following tests to constitute them infallible:—1. It is necessary that before composing and issuing the bull, the Pope should have opened a communication with the bishops of the Universal Church, and solicited their prayers that the Holy Spirit would infallibly guide him. 2. That the Pope should carefully seek all *possible* and *desirable* information touching the *matter* of the bull. 3. That the bull should not only be formal

but authoritative, and claim to be so. 4. That the bull should be promulgated universally. 5. That it should be universally received. 6. The subject matter of the bull must be one *touching* faith or morals. 7. That the Pope should be free.\* Protestants will be apt to say that to ascertain all these conditions would require them to be infallible as the Pope himself, and that some of them, indeed, could not be ascertained without express inspiration; that if he is to be infallible, they must be omniscient. For our own parts we are less rigorous; and profess that we are not unwilling to say that we shall humbly receive *all* the Bulls as infallible, of which we can ascertain the above particulars. But most of our Protestant countrymen, we fear, will not be equally docile; they will say that it is an infinite enlargement of the inevitable duty of private judgment; and that the very process of their conversion would require more than patriarchal longevity to effect it. We are not surprised, therefore, that the worthy Jesuit professor proposed that curt solution of referring the private individual to his *bishop*—or rather to his *parish priest*. The Protestant, we fear, will still reply—1st. That this is to make each bishop and priest infallible, instead of the Pope; and, 2dly, That the individual will be obliged to believe many and opposite infallibilities, since priests and bishops are not agreed as to *what* the Pope has delivered *ex cathedrâ*.\*

In this way, will Protestants say, you do indeed free us from all our *political* doubts as to the supremacy of the Pope over us, but you reduce us, at the same instant, to surrender all hope of finding the Romish Church infallible. But yet farther, the Protestant will continue,—Be it so, that by some logical contrivances (in which, however, there will be boundless scope for ‘private judgment’ among the ultramontanists and the opposite party), the infallible head of the Church simply *erred* in supposing the above interpretations of Scripture correct; that somehow they are not *ex cathedrâ* interpretations; still, surely, it is true that the Pope *thought* that ~~he~~ was right in thus interpreting Scripture; and yet, it seems, he was infallibly wrong. When shall we be sure then that he is infallibly right, except by the above *impossible* exercise of private judgment?

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\* Jeremy Taylor, after noticing a great variety of hair-breadth escapes from *apparent* decisions in the Decretal Epistles, on the ground that they are not *de fide*, drolly exclaims, ‘And this serves their turns in every thing they do not like: and therefore I am resolved it shall serve my turn also for something, and that is, that the matter of the Pope’s infallibility is so ridiculous and improbable, that they do not believe it themselves.’



Further still ; putting the question of Scripture interpretation quite out of sight, either the Pope erred in assuming his enormous 'rights' over sovereigns and nations, or he did not. If he did not, we still owe him the plenitude of 'allegiance' he has so often demanded. If he did, he yet actually thought himself infallibly right in his assumptions ; and the question comes, if a Pope can err thus terribly, under the mistaken notion of his infallibility, what is its value ? or rather, what will not be the absurdity of an infallibility which is thus ignorant of its own limits ? which is so singularly self-ignorant that it deems itself infallible not only in matters in which it *is* infallible, but in which it is most obviously and enormously in error ? Since it assures us that it is infallible when it is not, who shall assure *it* that it is infallible at all ? Such an infallibility comes to much the same thing as no infallibility. It is as if a man should be admitted to be infallible in the mathematics, but somehow took it into his head that chemistry, botany, carpentry, and shoemaking were all parts of mathematical science. This would prove, we suppose, that he was infallible neither in the mathematics nor in any of the other things which he so strangely mistook for them. Hence Cardinal Perron, when struggling against his compatriots concerning the limit of the 'Gallican Liberties,' very consistently refused to condemn the doctrine of the Pope's deposing power on the ground that, as it had been *asserted and acted upon by so many Popes*, the supposition of its falsehood must have a most ominous aspect on the claims of the Church of Rome. And he was consistent, say Protestants.

For an infallibility thus ignorant of its own limits, most persons would be apt to say the world has paid rather dearly ; that the Pope's political mistakes are hardly compensated by his spiritual indefectibility ; that the perspicacity and splendour of his critical and expository efforts, from the time of Gregory the Great's work on Job downwards, are but an indifferent set off against the dethronement of monarchs, the disturbance of kingdoms, and the turmoils in which for ages his too erring infallibility has kept the world : that invaluable, for example, as may be the gloss which discloses to us the unsuspected meaning of the text about Peter's two swords, a meaning which the world, it is admitted, would never have discovered for itself, yet that it is a considerable deduction from such inestimable benefits, that the infallibility has, in effect, played its possessor such strange pranks, and inflicted, by its *quasi*-utterances, such enormous mischiefs and miseries on mankind. If the Pope has erred in the many instances in which he has deposed monarchs,

disposed of crowns, laid nations under interdict and occasioned political disturbances, Protestants are apt to surmise, that if he be a successor of Peter at all, he must have succeeded to him at the critical moment in which the Master said to him, 'Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men;' and that 'if his faith have not failed,'—according to the promise he pleads,—his 'reason' has assuredly given way.

It would be a futile distinction to make, that the claim to universal dominion, as an adjunct of spiritual supremacy and infallibility, was restricted to *dark ages*; for, not to insist that infallibility, even in dark ages, is still infallibility, he who should urge such an argument would show but a superficial knowledge of ecclesiastical history. The ultramontane theory (in our judgment by far the most consistent) may have somewhat altered in *form*, but in *substance* it has been always the same. Nor was it ever developed more elaborately or with more subtlety than towards the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the next century, by the skill of the ablest writers of the most distinguished ORDER the Church of Rome has ever boasted. Bellarmine secured for the Papacy, by the *indirect* temporal power, what Gregory VII., or Innocent III., or Boniface VIII., would have appropriated more inartificially, but most instinctively, without troubling themselves with any such theoretical refinements. 'That,' says Ranke\*, 'which was asserted in England in the heat of the struggle, was repeated by Bellarmine in the solitude of his study, in elaborate works, in a connected well-digested system. He laid it down as a fundamental maxim, that the Pope was placed immediately by God over the whole Church, as its guardian and chief. Hence the fulness of spiritual power belongs to him; hence he is endowed with infallibility; he judges all, and may be judged by none; and hence a great share of temporal authority accrues to him. Bellarmine does not go so far as to ascribe to the Pope a temporal power, derived directly from divine right†; although Sixtus V. cherished this opinion, and was consequently displeased that it was abandoned; but so much the more unhesitatingly did Bellarmine attribute to him an indirect right.'

\* Vol ii. Book vi. § i. The whole section deserves careful study.

† Bellarmine de Romano pontifice, v. vi.: 'Asserimus pontificem ut pontificem, etsi non habeat ullam meram temporalem potestatem, tamen habere in ordine ad bonum spirituale summam potestatem disponendi de temporalibus rebus omnium Christianorum.'

The same views substantially are maintained by De Maistre, the most strenuous defender of the Papacy in our times, in his work entitled 'The Pope,' a translation of which has just been published in this country. This intrepid champion contends that the Popes have never erred *de fide* — whatever that somewhat dubious phrase may mean — and chivalrously defends even the cause of Liberius and Honorius; holding, moreover, essentially the same views as Bellarmine (though he declines expressly to endorse the phrase '*indirect right*'), of the Pope's universal sovereignty, as an *indirect* consequence of his absolute spiritual supremacy. He therefore justifies (and consistently) the political conduct of the Popes, almost without exception, from Gregory VII. to Pius V.\*; the *mode*, he admits, of papal action in such matters may and must vary in different ages; but even the mode was right for those ages, and the principles which dictated them are sound in all ages. He suggests, in conformity with his principles, that it would be wise of the moderns to imitate their forefathers, by submitting national disputes to the paternal adjudication of the Holy See; and after laying down an hypothetical case, in which a nation, wishing to cashier its royal family, requests the Pope to provide them with another, remarks, how much better this would be than appealing to any of the modern methods of untying such knots! On the supposition that the Pope is really God's Vicegerent on earth, the hypothesis is reasonable enough; no one would object to a despotism administered by an archangel. But, unhappily, to say nothing of the distance of such a court of appeal, the difficulty of enlightening its judgment on matters wholly foreign to it, and the fear of wasting its sacred time in an everlasting series of political investigations, the nations are still disposed to doubt whether the history of the Holy See presents to us, in its several administrators, those proofs of infallible knowledge, that superiority to earthly passions, that perfect exemption from intrigue and *mancœuvre*, rapacity and ambition, which would make it safe to submit to such an appeal; notwithstanding the three guarantees of 'age, celibacy, and the priestly character,' which De Maistre assures the world are our security. The nations would be apt to fear lest the appeal, instead of appeasing should but 'embroil the fray,' and that, as in the middle ages themselves, the *decisions* of infallibility should still have to be *decided* by an appeal to arms. However, he distinctly enunciates his

\* Of the extent to which he carries his zeal readers may judge, when we say that he sees nothing to be ashamed of in the bull 'In cœnâ Domini.'

principles in the following, among many other, passages: 'Those writers (the French particularly) have taken upon themselves great responsibility, who first broached the question whether the sovereign pontiffs possess the right to excommunicate sovereigns, and who dilate upon the scandal of excommunications generally. Wise men are best satisfied to leave certain questions in salutary obscurity.' (P. 173.) 'There is nothing more reasonable, nothing more plausible, than a moderate influence of the sovereign pontiffs over the acts of princes.' (P. 181.) 'The argument of fact on behalf of the papal claims to temporal superiority he puts thus strongly:—'Now if there be an indisputable fact, attested by all the monuments of history, it is, that the Popes in the middle age, and even long before that period, exercised great power over temporal sovereigns; that they judged them, and excommunicated them, on certain great occasions, and that not unfrequently they even declared the subjects of those princes loosed from their oath of fidelity towards them.' (P. 178.) 'The force of circumstances gave the Popes of the middle age 'an undisputed title to that superiority which, at the time, was indispensable. The true principle, that sovereignty comes from God, strengthened besides those ancient ideas, and there came to be formed an opinion, almost universal, which attributed to the Popes a certain jurisdiction over questions in which sovereigns were concerned. *This opinion was quite sound, and certainly far better than all our sophistry.*' (P. 185.)

'We have seen that the sovereign pontiff is the natural chief, the most powerful promoter, the great *Demiurgus* of universal civilisation; his powers, in this respect, have no other limits than the blindness or the evil dispositions of princes.' (P. 237.)

And, in our judgment, all this is consistent; for if the extreme ultramontane theory be not true; if the Popes have not that universal sovereignty, direct or indirect, which many of them have claimed, and for ages exercised, and of which such vast numbers of their adherents have been the advocates,—then the errors into which the Church of Rome has fallen are so enormous, and her usurpations so comprehensive, that her indefectibility *de fide* will hardly be a counterpoise for her errors in practice. On the supposition, therefore, of it so happening, that our Roman Catholic friends should be able to effect our conversion to their religion, we shall, for our own part, hardly stop short of the theory of De Maistre.\*

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\* The whole of Book II. will prove a curious study to Englishmen, and not unprofitable, especially Chapters vi.—xi., inclusive. We

Such are a few of the difficulties in the way\* of receiving this first theory of the Romish infallibility in relation to its single bearing on our duty as citizens. If we receive this theory at all, nothing, we conceive, but the extreme ultramontane theory could or ought to satisfy us; if we do *not* allow the deposing power of the Pope, we can exclude it only by a process which leaves *any* infallibility in a very tattered condition.

As to the two *latter* theories of infallibility, — that derived from a General Council\*, and that from a Council and Pope

know of no writer on argumentative subjects whose logic is more frequently aided by a vivacious *imagination*, nor any who approaches the most formidable historical impediments to his conclusions with a more dauntless *courage*. He tells us, that when Pascal and Bossuet say any thing contrary to the true theory of the papal supremacy, their authority, splendid as it is, goes for nothing; when they speak in accordance with it, it derives all conceivable force from their undoubted genius. But we are afraid they would rejoin: 'Whether De Maistre's view of the *true theory* be the *true* view is a point in 'dispute.' Thus for ever is the 'Church' apt to be obtruded by each particular advocate, when in reality it is 'private judgment' which is seated in the chair.

De Maistre has one chapter on '*Protestant Evidences*' in favour of the Catholic monarchy! (B.I. Ch. ix.) In the excellent sermons of the Rev. Dr. Robinson (Master of the Temple) on the 'Twin Fallacies of 'Rome' may be found a curious instance of the mode in which this catena is manufactured. (P. 93.) We will give another. Even Calvin is cited: he is made to say, 'God has placed the throne of his religion 'in the centre of the world, and has there established one pontiff, towards 'whom all are obliged to turn their eyes, in order to maintain themselves 'more strongly in unity.' Part of the Latin is given in a note, though the reference is wholly wrong — doubtless by *mistake*. However, we have hunted it out; it is in Inst. Lib. iv. Ch. vi. As we expected, we found the whole chapter in the very teeth of De Maistre's assertion; and the particular sentence (of which the first clause was left out — doubtless, *also* by mistake) had nothing to do with the matter. The Reformer is speaking of the Jews, and says, 'Because the Jews 'were on every side surrounded by idolaters, lest they should be 'seduced by variety of religions, he (God) placed the seat of religion 'in the centre of the land: there appointed one high priest,' &c. We recommend Dr. Robinson to publish a tract on these 'Protestant 'Evidences.' We have no doubt it would be a curious commentary on De Maistre's *courage*, above mentioned. Will it equally illustrate his *honesty*?

\* De Maistre, as might be expected, laughs to scorn the idea of the superiority of a Council to a Pope. Bossuet comes in, of course, for a severe castigation; and, sad reward for writing the '*Variations*' of Protestantism! is himself styled the *semi-Protestant* compiler of

conjunctly, — it will be sufficient, as before, to adduce a single illustration of our political difficulties; and, happily, we may make the process shorter, by selecting one which equally applies to both. The Council of Chalcedon, and again, the Council of Constance, which condemned Huss and Jerome of Prague to the flames, and the Third and Fourth Councils of Lateran (than the last of which none more numerous or magnificent ever assembled) expressly affirmed the maxims of religious persecution. The last, in particular, anathematised all heretics; pronounced the right and duty to punish and exterminate them; delivered them over to the secular arm to carry out the ecclesiastical sentence; expressly justified, in case of refusal on the part of temporal potentates to execute the will of the Church, their deposition from their thrones, the release of their subjects from all allegiance and the donation of their royalties to such as knew how to use them more *obediently*.

And as this has been the *theory*, (so Protestants are apt to affirm,) it has also been the practice of the Romish Church, whenever and wherever it has had the power. Accordingly, the crusades against the Waldenses and Albigenses were systematically enjoined by ecclesiastical authority; and the Inquisition, wherever established, has been maintained by the Roman Church to the very uttermost; longest of all in Italy, the seat of the Pontiff, and the centre of the Church.

But now, Protestants continue, let us suppose that, as in the former case of the Pope's right to dethrone heretical and contumacious sovereigns, so in the case of the solemn sanction given to the practice of persecuting and exterminating heretics\*, — the Pope alone, and Councils alone, and Popes and Councils both together have erred, — then similar observations to those formerly urged suggest themselves. Either, say Protestants, these infallible oracles erred or they did not, in supposing the warrant of Scripture for these apparent enormities; if they did not, we must, as before, revise our heterodox and untenable notions of toleration and religious liberty, and repeal the laws which permit of such extravagances. If they did, they at least *thought* they did not, and so far from infallibly interpreting the truths of Christianity, they sanctified the most horrible perversions of its essence and character. However invaluable may be their decisions on purely

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the 'Liberties of the Gallican Church.' (P. 98.) How little did he dream that he, too, was to be taunted with 'Variations' from the Catholic Unity!

\* The right and duty of coercing and punishing all heretics is most expressly asserted in the notes to the Douay Bible. See the extracts in Capper, p. 447.

speculative points, as, for example, transubstantiation, or the denial of the cup to the laity, or the definition of the number of the sacraments — ‘seven,’ neither more nor less — it is (so thousands will hold) a slight counterpoise that they thus erringly decreed wholesale murder, rapine, and robbery to be an acceptable service to God. What then is the value of such an infallibility which is thus ignorant of its true province, and not only deems itself infallible when it is not, but delivers the most deplorable error for infallible truth? If these Councils could *thus* err, thus perniciously, then so far from representing the College of Apostles, who were enjoined to be ‘wise as serpents, and harmless as doves,’ they would appear to be more correctly described after a transposition of the epithets; being ‘wise as doves and harmless as serpents.’

In reply to the supposed sanction of the maxims of persecution by Popes and General Councils, it is obviously no relief to *recriminate* the charge of intolerance on Protestants — the course generally pursued. The Protestant says, ‘Yes, my fathers persecuted, it is true; Rome taught them the lesson well, and it was hard to unlearn it; she *burned* it in too deeply to be soon forgotten; but, neither were they nor am I infallible, nor pretend to be so. Yet it is also true that Protestants not only never persecuted on so magnificent a scale as Rome; but that they first elicited and proclaimed the principles of toleration, and first practised them. Rome has followed them, slowly, however, and scarcely at all, except where she has been compelled. But, in truth, the argument has nothing to do with the *degree* in which either party has persecuted. The Protestant can say, my fathers did, but *I* do not; I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. While Rome, if in the exercise of infallibility, she has sanctioned persecution once, has sanctioned it for ever. A Church really infallible is always sober; and one *not* infallible, but pretending to be so, is always drunk. In a Church like that of England, the folly of a generation may die out with the actual generation; and addressers from Oxford, were they entitled to usurp the name of the Church, do little more than expose themselves by the vanity of their assumptions.’

Again; let us suppose that the Romanists, by applying similar tests to the decisions of Councils as the worthy Professor of Canon Law tells us must be applied to the bulls of Popes, can annul the validity of these or those decrees, and among the rest the decrees enjoining persecution; as for example, — that a council was not *truly* ecumenical or not duly called, or its decrees not duly ratified, or that they have not

been universally received, or that they were never properly promulgated, or that they are not *de fide*, or that they are capable of different interpretations, or that the decree is interpolated, or a forgery, or ten thousand other things,—then the Romanist does, indeed, as Protestants willingly allow, deliver us from all political doubts on the subject immediately under consideration, but he makes the infallibility of the Church, as before, an infinite problem for the decision of private judgment—and on which, by such methods, we see that it does actually decide differently.\* The most satisfactory method would be for Rome to convene a General Council, for the purpose of declaring to the world that Popes and Councils, however infallible singly or together, have often infallibly erred in supposing themselves infallible; and that though they cannot ‘err in matters of faith,’ they have often unluckily erred by not knowing what *are* matters of faith. But, this it is admitted, by the nature of the case, is very difficult.

At all events, the following consequences seem necessarily the result of the above statement. In the first place; on the supposition that Popes and Councils *have erred* in the preceding cases, it must be admitted that the tremendous exercises of the authority of the only infallible Church—the deposing of monarchs, releasing nations from allegiance, and persecuting heretics by fire and sword,—have been acts (and these carried out with a high hand for ages together) of the most alarming *perversion* and *violation* of the divine laws. In the second place; whether it be disputed or admitted that Popes and Councils have erred in these acts—and there have been plenty of advocates of Rome who have pleaded on both sides,—the infallible Church, instead of having guided its members into infallible truth, has left them in absolute doubt on questions in which the laws of God are *either* observed or violated—one or other, men know not which,—on the most important subjects and most comprehensive scale. Thirdly, in case

\* ‘So that, by something or other,’ says Jeremy Taylor, after enumerating Bellarmine’s escapes from certain obnoxious decrees of several different councils, ‘either Councils were not convened lawfully, or they did not proceed “conciliariter,” (“council-like,” —a “fine new nothing,” as Taylor calls it;) or it is not certain that the council was general or not, or whether the council were *approbatum* or *reprobatum*; or else it is *partim confirmatum*, *partim reprobatum*; or else it is *neque approbatum neque reprobatum*; by one of these ways, or a device like to these, all councils and all decrees shall be made to signify nothing, and to have no authority.’



it be said that the points in question are *indifferent*, being beyond the province of infallibility, and that on these, opinions may be formed on both sides, then it must be also said, not that Rome does not allow the exercise of private judgment, but only allows it in those cases where one would imagine unanimity of judgment would be tolerably certain; that private judgment must not be allowed to have its doubts on such questions, as whether prayer be profitable in an unknown tongue, but only as to whether Popes may dethrone monarchs and dispose of crowns, release subjects from allegiance, and exterminate heretics! Romanists are certain—for the Church has absolutely decided it—that the apocryphal book of Tobit is to be revered equally with the canonical Scriptures; they are divided only about such trivial matters as, whether the Pope be endowed with absolute supremacy, temporal as well as spiritual, and whether it be right to kill men for heresy or to forbear. The title of ‘mint, and anise, and cummin,’ may have been taken by an infallible modus, but what has become of the ‘weightier matters of the law?’

We do not appeal to the authority of particular ‘doctors’ of the Romish Church, for a solution of the difficulties in this article; partly because, as the Romish Church truly alleges, *these* are but individual opinions; and partly because, if *we* must calculate the number and weight of such authorities, and then determine the points, it is ‘private judgment’ which informs us what the infallible Church truly says, not *she* who tells us. We can accept nothing less than the authoritative declarations of the accredited organ of Romish infallibility, (whatever that may be) that,—so far from having declared what that organ appears to have declared, and multitudes of Romanists hold it has,—it has affirmed the contrary. When this has been shown, as clearly as it *appears* to be shown that such organ has affirmed the right to depose heretical monarchs, and exterminate heretics, then it will be time to decide who is to be the judge of that further momentous question, ‘Supposing an infallible authority to have declared some things that are fallible and some ‘infallible, and its subjects to be divided as to which is one and ‘which the other, what is the infallible criterion of that which ‘alone is *truly* infallible?’

There will always be, indeed, even in that case, the dark side of the picture; for, if the Romish Church has been utterly wrong in dethroning monarchs, in disposing of crowns, in releasing subjects from their allegiance, in suppressing religious freedom, in crusades against heretics, in her patronage of Inquisitions, and in her Index Expurgatorius, then it is certain

that the only infallible Church has been more enormously in error than any or all other Churches put together.

Similar ultramontane doubts necessarily attend the application of the very peculiar theory of 'spiritual authority,' pleaded for by the Romish Church. It does, directly and indirectly, extend to so many points which the generality of other religions regard as purely or chiefly secular, that it is hard to guess into what part of civil or political life it may not intrude. To attempt to separate between the temporal and spiritual in the Church of Rome, is like attempting to cut off Shylock's pound of flesh without spilling a drop of blood. Where her theory is fully carried out, says the Protestant, and the privileges of her canon law are fully *enjoyed* by her members, she effectually relieves the civil power of many of its most essential functions. 'Beware how you legislate,' she exclaims, 'on the subject of marriage; that is a *sacrament*.' Wills and testamentary dispositions are scarcely less sacred; ecclesiastical courts can alone be competent to deal with matters which have so visible a relation to spiritual things. Neither is it becoming that laymen should presume to sit in judgment on an offending bishop or priest: or interfere with any thing so sacred as the very crimes of the priestly order; all such points can be properly decided only by an ecclesiastical tribunal; all sacred persons must be exempted from civil jurisdiction. Similar observations apply to ecclesiastical property: Rome has often proposed that it should be untaxed by the State, and where she has had the power, has insisted upon it. As science, philosophy, and literature may be abused to the dissemination of heretical and infidel opinions, an *index expurgatorius* must by all means be compiled, that the faithful may know what alone they may safely read; the liberty of the press must be committed to orthodox censorship; such authors as Bacon and Milton must be proscribed. 'Induction'—except to a benefice—may be, as Galileo found, of dangerous consequence; and 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained,' are both worthy of being sent to a literary 'purgatory.' The Bible is an admirable book, and contains, *obscurely* indeed, much admirable truth; but it is dangerous for a man to attempt to *interpret* it except it be *interpreted* for him by an infallible oracle, especially as there are most important truths in it, such as the seven sacraments or the Pope's supremacy, which he will be apt to suppose are not there at all, till such oracle declares they are. As there are comparatively few, therefore, who can read it with profit, let it be regarded with silent veneration by the ignorant laity, or read only by special licence. Liberty may be an excellent thing, but religion is a

better; and as liberty may be readily abused to the injury of religion, toleration of heterodox opinions and the exercise of private judgment are of necessity to be denounced and proscribed. Such seems to Protestants, at present, the *theory*, and such, they affirm, has certainly been the *practice* of the Church of Rome, whenever she has had the power of fairly acting out her tendencies; and it evidently places us, if we become proselytes, in peculiar difficulties. For by the aid of 'seven' sacraments; claims to separate jurisdiction and tribunals for all ecclesiastical offences; exclusive authority over marriages and wills; the construction of an 'Index Expurgatorius;' the control of what printers shall print, and what readers shall read, and the contrary; persecution for heretical opinions and restrictions on religious toleration; — there is hardly any thing in the whole scope of civil legislation, however remote, which may not be gradually involved in this all-devouring vortex. The Romish theory, maintain the Protestants, when carried out in perfection, spreads its subtle and refined meshes of glutinous filament over the whole body politic; its consistent realisation is incompatible with rational freedom. It is only when it is partially neutralised, they affirm, that it is even tolerable; and for proof, they tell us to look at Italy and Spain.\*

Far be it from us to insinuate that the whole system, however *inconvenient*, is not necessary; as the Ultramontanist frankly declares, and the Protestant suspects it to be. Doubtless it interferes thus with the whole outward life of man, from his cradle to his

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\* In the event of its being satisfactorily proved that the genuine theory of the Romish Church is unfriendly to Ultramontanism, it is pleasant to think what changes will take place in her Index Expurgatorius; if, indeed, it be conceivable on such an hypothesis that she will retain such an index at all. Some few authors will come out of prison, but how many will go in; and among them the chief champions of the Pope must necessarily be consigned to it. What work will the sponge make with Bellarmine, Baronius, Mariana, Emmanuel Sà, Suarez, and a host more! Whole folios will shrink to pamphlets, and the index itself will extend to folios. It may begin with the voluminous collection, (compiled by Roccaberti, Grand Inquisitor of Spain, in 21 vols. folio,) of treatises in defence of the Pope's Supremacy. The 'index' at present is a curious 'index' to the opinions of the Romish Church, if, indeed, she *does* renounce Ultramontane principles.

Paul Sarpi gives a most amusing account of the origin and progress of the Index. He tells us that at first the Church was less jealous of heretical than of the profane and classical authors: it was feared that ecclesiastics might be ambitious of imitating their eloquence! This was assuredly an excess of caution.



grave; takes his meats and drinks, his fasts and holidays, his books and his opinions, his wife and his will, into its keeping and under its protection, only from the purest and the best motives; from anxiety to sanctify the whole man, and offer him up as a *holocaust* — an ‘acceptable,’ if not a ‘reasonable,’ sacrifice to the ‘Church.’ But it is, nevertheless, necessary, if we are to become proselytes to Rome, either to show that an infallible Church infallibly requires these sacrifices, and that we should be all the happier with the full enforcement of the canon law — with a rigid censorship, the Index, and restrictions on toleration; or that it is a mistake to suppose that she requires anything of the kind: and that when she *seems* to have given effect to such a theory, it is because either her infallible mind has not been infallibly known, or, when it has been known, and that too the other way, her supremacy has failed to secure the obedience of her perverse children; or, lastly, that the matters are too trivial to induce her to declare herself authoritatively on any such subjects, in which she concedes to all a glorious indifferentism. It is an unhappy accident that the great bulk of her writers, and her too uniform practice, when not *compelled* to practise *toleration*, have excited a sort of suspicion that she is unfriendly to the liberty and independence of mankind. But if unjustly, it will be easy to rectify the error by citing her official documents and acts, and especially by pointing to those countries, in past or present ages, which, where she has had exclusive sway, have enjoyed the privileges of religious liberty.

It will unquestionably be a consolation should the Romish Church be able to show, from the irrefragable decisions of her unanimously admitted organs of infallibility, that she has never affirmed the principles which so trouble the patriotism and loyalty of Englishmen; and still more so, if she can show that she condemns and renounces the ‘deposing power’ of the Popes, and the rights of persecution. If she has always *felt* these sentiments, but has merely *forgotten* to give utterance to them, it would, one might imagine, be a sufficient reason for convening a General Council to declare them; especially considering the stumbling blocks which apparent decisions of Popes or Councils, or of Popes and Councils place in the way of the Protestant who is called upon to admit her infallibility! How would he hail this auspicious, though late discovery of Rome’s genuine mind, however he might feel surprised that infallibility should have so long delayed or so darkly expounded its true views on such important subjects!

In another way, we apprehend, such a course must be advantageous to the Church of Rome. It would silence the taunts of

Protestantism, that Rome will never see and dare not summon another General Council; that the last 'Œcumenical' has been held; that the diversities of opinion and distractions of party would inevitably issue in the break up of the Papacy; that, the instinctive reluctance of Leo X., Clement VII., and Pius IV. for any such assembly will be a thousandfold stronger in any future Pope,—because the degree of freedom now diffused through so many States of Europe, would effectually secure full liberty of discussion. The blasphemous proverb, reported by Paul Sarpi,—‘that the Holy Ghost was sent every few days from Rome to Trent in a post-bag,’ has no chance of again becoming current. One of the ancient Councils decreed that a Council should be held every thirty years. Perhaps it meant every three hundred. ‘Will it be held then?’ Protestants confidently ask. They say, the ‘cup to the laity,’ and other things, which so many demanded at Trent in vain, must be granted in a future Council, if there shall ever be one. But how can there ever be one? for to grant what must then be granted will ruin infallibility, unless it can be saved by the assurance that in the points retracted Rome was *infallibly* in error. This comes, say Protestants, of *stereotyping* human theology; of planting the cedar of Lebanon in a flower-pot; it either will not grow, or if it does, woe to the earthen vessel that contains it!

If this be so, all that can be said is, that it is very unfortunate; for it is as certain as any thing can be, that a General Council will be demanded sooner or later, whether granted or not. And till it is granted, and a *true* unity attained, it is to be feared that Protestants will be inclined to laugh at what seems but its semblance. ‘Unity!’ they exclaim, ‘whether external or internal, it is equally a chimera. As to Rome’s external unity, its just image is that of an old gnarled oak, from which the fairest boughs and the richest foliage have perished; and from which every leaf will be stripped in due season. Still it is the same venerable trunk, no doubt. Down fell the huge branch of the Greek Church with all its leafy honours, if indeed it can ever be said to have been more than an imperfect *graft* upon the Papal trunk at all. But still they cry, Behold the majestic unity of the tree! Down came at the Reformation the fruitful branches of Germany and Holland, and at last of England and Scotland; but still the cry is, Behold the inviolable unity! And so long as the trunk remains, though it be reduced to Pope and Conclave, and every branch, and twig and leaf shall have been severed from it, it will still be possible to say, Behold the unity! This is in truth a sort of unity which *nothing* can impair.’

And its internal unity, they insist, is equally curious; ‘for it

‘ consists in the close contact, by mechanical compression, of all sorts of heterogeneous substances; many varieties of hypothesis respecting infallibility itself; its seat, — its limits, — and the results which are derived from the application of any of these varying theories, — besides an infinite variety of opinions on subjects which appear quite as important as many of those fantastical ones which the Church has undertaken dogmatically to decide. The just image of this unity, they affirm, is to be seen in some masses of geological remains, in which shells, bones of extinct species, genuine coprolite relics, and divers earthy substances are compressed into artificial union, and exhibit the marvellous power of *petrification*.’ Into the justice of such comparisons we do not enter.

Meantime we desiderate a solution of our doubts. Sometimes, indeed, we meet with a *quasi* Roman Catholic, who attempts to alleviate them, — not by denying that such and such apparently authoritative decisions of Popes and Councils, separately or conjointly, have been uttered, which he nevertheless rejects as completely as we do; nor, again, by admitting that the infallibility in question must be abandoned, — but, by reminding us that the decisions in question occurred so many centuries ago, and in such a very different state of the world, and that it is not worth while to discuss arguments extracted out of musty records dated in such remote antiquity! It reminds us of the woman who, having heard a very pathetic discourse on the Crucifixion, remarked to her neighbour, ‘ Well, it seems to have been a long way off, and a long time ago; let us *hope* it is not true.’ Such an argument is of admirable use, if we are at liberty to abandon the notion of infallibility and immutability; or if infallibility in process of time can become fallible, or immutability mutable; or if things may be infallibly true four centuries ago, and the direct contrary infallibly true now; but to argue that the decisions of an infallible Church are not to be pleaded because they were delivered four centuries ago, is as if a man were to say that the theorems of Euclid were indeed true in Euclid’s days, but not now: or, like Molière’s Physician, that the heart used indeed to be on the left side, ‘ Mais nous avons changé tout cela!’ When Time acts on doctrines as on drugs; and can either make the same thing different, or transform truth into falsehood, then, and not till then, may there be an infallibility which grows old, and an immutability which can change.

Some, again, strive to quiet our doubts, occasioned by such decrees as those of the Third or Fourth Lateran, or any previous Council whatever, by reminding us that, the Council of *Trent* has been more moderate in these articles. ‘ This, we regret to say, does not help us at all; first, because that Council distinctly

asserts in its anathematising decrees against heretics quite enough to render religious toleration a *seeming* impossibility to a genuine Romanist; and, secondly, because the appeal is not to this or that Pope or to this or that Council, but to all the General Councils, or to all the Popes, or to all the General Councils and Popes conjointly, according to the special theories adopted by the 'private judgment' of particular parties. Now the decisions which were made by the authorities, thus defined, prior to the Council of Trent, were either the same as those of Trent, or opposed to them, or simply not affirmed by the Council of Trent at all; if the same, then the argument is where it was, and the old difficulties still remain; if different or opposite, then, indeed, we are left either to adopt contradictions as a curious way of preserving infallibility, or, by rejecting one of them, to reject infallibility at the same time.

If the dogma of the universal and absolute supremacy of the Pope, as asserted by Gregory VII., for example, and the persecuting Canons of the Fourth Lateran, were not touched by the Council of Trent, if it neither abjured nor affirmed such articles, then the silence of the Council of Trent on such matters cannot annul the validity of the bulls of previous Popes, and the decrees of previous Councils. But suppose that we argue in the affirmative from the *silence* of that Council, and thence infer its virtual condemnation of the obnoxious dogmas affirmed by previous Councils, all the old perplexities re-appear; unless, as said before, the infallible Church is *so* infallible that she cannot err in embracing either side of a contradiction.

Nor will the Ultramontanists (consistent advocates of Rome) feel any difficulty in the case. Their explanation is at hand, and ample enough to cover all objections. Rome, either simply did not urge her rightful claims, and her silence could not prejudice any assertion of those she had already made; or, —if the Council, in deference to temporal sovereigns, and in the unhappy condition produced by Protestantism, would not ratify the claims she did make,—it only follows that she simply refrained from urging, not that she abandoned them. Nor (they proceed, and justly,) were the Pope and his legates wanting in their duty towards the Church, had temporal sovereigns but known *their* duty; since the former made in fact those memorable demands which provoked the stormy invectives of the French envoy Ferrier.\* It is right indeed that

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\* There is scarcely a more graphic passage in any history than that in which Sarpi gives the ironical speech of Ferrier, and the consternation it produced in the council. He must, indeed, have been like a wild bull in a crockery shop.

we, on our part, should remember these demands. The list is characteristic, — That Churchmen should not be cited before the lay courts: That the lay courts should not interfere in causes of matrimony, heresy, tithes, patronage, patrimonial benefices, ecclesiastical fiefs, the temporal jurisdiction of Churches, nor in any cause civil, criminal, or mixed, pertaining to the ecclesiastical courts: That Churchmen should not be liable to pay taxes, tenths, forage, or subsidies of any sort, either on the property of the Church or on their own property: That the property of the Church of every kind, tithes, and other rights, should be held sacred from the hands of the lay powers: That all letters, citations, sentences, and excommunications, from the ecclesiastical courts, or from Rome, should be promulgated and executed without requiring any exequatur or permission from the civil power: That neither emperor, nor king, nor any other prince, should interfere with the said courts or with the tribunal of the Inquisition, but should, when required, give them the assistance of the secular arm.

These claims the Roman See consented to keep in abeyance (though the principal were afterwards expressly asserted in the celebrated bull *In Cœnâ Domini*, by Pius V.,) and the Council expressed no decision upon them. Protestants, by the by, will here interpose with the objection so often stated, that, — if a reluctant consent on the part of the Pope *not* to press these claims is tantamount to a rejection of them on the part of the Council, — then principles and measures may be infallibly right under one Pope and Council which were infallibly wrong under another Pope and Council: but we arrive moreover at the singular result, that the infallibility of the Council of Trent was so far the result of *not* admitting the claims of Rome; and further, that the infallibility, in fact, was the infallibility, not of the representatives of Rome, who were willing enough to be led astray, but that of the secular princes. Surely, Protestants must be expected to observe that, if Rome was under unerring guidance upon this occasion, ‘she was led by a way that she knew not.’ Happy prerogative of infallibility, which, even when it would fain go wrong, is kept from doing so by the still surer infallibility of a secular guide!

It is certainly hard to know what we are to do in the event of our conversion; and still more so that the dilemma is occasioned by diversity of judgment in those who assure us that they enjoy immunity from it. The genuine Ultramontanist tells us that Rome has abandoned *none* of the claims she ever made; that whatever was not re-affirmed in the Council of



Trent is simply *not* re-affirmed, but is not surrendered; as, indeed, it cannot be by the very theory and principle of Roman infallibility; that, again, whatever the Council of Trent *has* affirmed remains stereotyped for ever by the very same principle; that whatever claims Rome in these latter ages has not been able to enforce, have not been renounced,—they have simply not been enforced because she has wanted the power, and not the will, to enforce them; that this is plainly manifested by the fact that her power, when limited, has always been limited from without, not from within; that no voluntary concessions can be pleaded against her; that every fragment of authority which has been wrested from her since those happy days when the dethronement of princes was her glorious work, and the menace of an interdict was as the whisper of an earthquake, has been ruthlessly torn from her amidst protestations and tears; and that she still ever acts up to the limits of the power left to her, as she does at this moment, wherever her sway is acknowledged. Such a man, therefore, in effect tells us, that the British Roman Catholic may claim religious toleration, not as admitting the wisdom of extending such privileges to mankind, nor as conceding that, were his Church to regain the ascendancy, he ought to indulge in any weak reciprocity of a similar nature; that the true principles of Rome are seen in every country of Europe, wherever and whenever the policy of Rome can induce monarchs and their legislatures to second her desires; that if, accordingly, Roman Catholics demand from Protestants the amplest religious freedom, it is on the principles of *Protestants*, and not on *their own*, that they demand it; that though heretics ought not to persecute the orthodox, the orthodox must and ought to persecute heretics; that error can have no right to coerce the truth, but that truth may and ought to coerce error. This is certainly, *primâ facie*, the most consistent extrication from our perplexities, and one which we have a presentiment that we ought all to adopt, on becoming Roman Catholics.

There is another method, indeed, of solution, but it is the ‘*mauvais pas*’ to the Roman Catholic theologian; it is a pass through the very heart of Protestantism, and none but the mountaineer of those regions can venture to trust his feet there; it is that of denying the infallibility of Popes and Councils, separately or conjointly, because, as Protestants object, their frequent contradictions of one another is undeniable, whatever tests or limitations you choose to apply for the fixing of this too Protean thing. ‘I see with my own eyes,’ says Chillingworth, ‘that Popes have been opposed to Popes, and Councils to Councils; that Popes have contradicted Councils and

‘ Councils Popes;’ ‘ our judge of controversies has become our  
 ‘ greatest controversy.’

Lastly, there sometimes comes in among these *embarras* the *quasi*-philosopher of our day who has surmounted all vulgar notions respecting the necessity of attaining any thing certain and consistent on such subjects; having reached a sublime indifference at once to religion and to truth; who says to us much as Epicurus might have said to a heathen idolater, Why not take a shorter road? If you choose to affirm your belief in dogmas, and an approbation of practices which your heart renounces, and which you would not for the world practically exemplify in life and conduct; if you think proper to swear by formularies which have virtually become obsolete; if you find a consolation in repeating that the Church of Rome has never erred and never can, though you in effect admit that you should be inexorably resolved in many respects to act contrary to her decisions, laws, and principles, what does it signify? Can you not act as Sheridan is said to have done, when his son told him that he had been down a coal pit, in order that he might have the pleasure of *saying* that he had? ‘ Well,’ answered the father, ‘ and could you ‘ not have *said* that you had been down, *without* having been ‘ down?’ We should reply, It is all very well for those philosophers of whom Gibbon speaks when he reports that, in their estimate, all religious systems are equally true; and for the statesmen in whose estimate they are all equally useful; but it will not do for Englishmen who cannot bring themselves to the ethics attributed to Sheridan. They desire to see men intelligible in their statements, frank, ingenuous, and honest in their conduct; they believe that, to be a true philosopher, the ‘ love ‘ of truth ‘ must be only another name for the ‘ love of wisdom.’ They choose not to be involved in paradoxes which must ever expose them to the danger of being argued out of their practical abandonment of error—if it be error—in the attempt to reconcile their consistency with a speculative admission of it. They feel that to affirm in words what they deny in conduct is a dangerous condition of human nature.

Though we intend not any reflection on the loyalty or the patriotism of our Roman Catholic fellow subjects, every now and then we see the results of a condition of unstable equilibrium resulting from the want of a thorough adjustment and determination of some of the points discussed in this article. Thus, Mr. J. O’Connell\*, who would, no doubt, be very unwilling to have the laws of the Church, as recently applied in Sardinia,

\* *Times’* Debate on Papal Aggression, Feb. 7.

applied here, cannot help apologising for the conduct of the Romish Church towards that country. The 'ecclesiastical immunities,' which can be defended only on extreme ultramontane principles, but the abrogation of which he seems to think a wrong, he would, we venture to presume, protest against in England. Why then defend them or apologise for them there? Similar, but more dangerous, inconsistencies are seen in those senators who avow that they voted on a recent motion against their convictions, purely because they were determined, as Roman Catholics, to embarrass a government which, they contended, had insulted their religion; and who avow that they will continue to act on that principle! Precarious indeed must be their theory of political duty. What are we to think of the Free-Traders, who so advised them? What should we say of the parallel case of Conservatives who had voted in favour of Mr. Locke King's motion avowedly *against* their convictions, in order to spite Lord John Russell, because his Ecclesiastical Titles Bill did not, as they conscientiously thought, go far enough!

Another instance of this unstable equilibrium is seen in the proceedings of the Synod of Thurles. The attempt to obtain a papal rescript against the colleges, seemed to Protestants, and to many Roman Catholics, (among them the Earl of Shrewsbury,) a factious interference with the undoubted civil rights of our country. That the nation, right or wrong in its views of the possibility of giving an education which may be useful to all, without interfering with the perfect religious freedom of any, is at liberty to try the experiment of such a system, would seem undeniable; and as long as it is the will of the *majority* that the experiment should be tried, most people will think that it ought to be tried. The minority can, if they please, refuse to accept the benefit of such a system, and, if they believe it prejudicial, can endeavour to obtain its abrogation. All this is quite in harmony with the modes in which all such things are conducted amongst us. But that the experiment should be thwarted by an appeal to a foreign potentate, whether spiritual or temporal, — by influences emanating from a distant and extra-national centre, and organised against a purely civil institute, — this, however consistent with the ultramontane theory of the Roman Catholic Church, is likely, we should apprehend, to startle the loyalty and patriotism of many other Roman Catholics besides the Earl of Shrewsbury. In truth, if institutions can be thus assailed, in which the fault complained of is that the religion of Rome is *not* touched, but is simply left, like every other, to itself, it were hard to find any institutions amongst us against which, on similar, but still *stronger*, grounds, rescripts

of popes might not be asked, and a foreign organisation factiously worked against us.

Of the wisdom of the opposition, if Rome wish to convert us, we say nothing. Many Protestants will certainly think that that opposition sprang, not from fears of Atheism, but from the dread of Knowledge; that if confident of the superiority of their spiritual weapons, and of the force of their theological arguments, the priests would have said, 'Give the youth of Ireland as much knowledge as you please; we will take care to turn it to a right account. You cannot educate them religiously; you professedly leave that to us; we will take care to fulfil the duty well, and as it is more difficult to instruct the ignorant than the well-informed, we shall have an easier task. The Roman Catholic religion does not shun the light, as you falsely allege. Ignorance is not the mother of *our* devotion.' But now multitudes will argue the other way, and suspect that the agitators feared that in equal conflict Protestantism would prove the stronger.

The manner in which the Irish Roman Catholic laity shall treat the recommendations of their ecclesiastics on this subject, will, in some degree, determine how far they are amenable to ultramontane influences, and prepared to receive the seemingly *true* theory of the Romish Church; whether they have ceased or not to feel, as our forefathers, jealous of every foreign interference in our own internal affairs. But if the synod are right, it is certain they ought to go much further. On the same principles, the Pope of Rome should be asked, *à fortiori*, for a rescript to condemn every civil institution amongst us; for none of them can possibly offer less ground of objection than one the very character of which is that it does *not* assail the Romish religion, but leaves every Romanist free to profess and teach his own opinions.

We may be permitted, perhaps, to suggest to the prompters of the Church of Rome on this occasion, the desirableness of acting with caution in the laudable enterprise of reconverting our country. It may be doubted whether it will be safe for his Holiness and the Propaganda to lend a too ready ear to the sanguine representations of Cardinal Wiseman and Father Newman; for there can hardly be a doubt that there has been a grievous miscalculation of the extent to which England sympathised with the feelings of the Tractarians. Perhaps it would be better that Pio Nono should yet for a while confine his efforts to unceasing supplications to the Virgin. Let him wait not only till she has 'winked,' but 'noddled' assent.

It may be doubted also whether the 'assumption' of the title

of 'bishop,' even apart from that of local or territorial designation, be very wise; since, if the term be thought dangerous by the perverse Protestants, they have it inevitably in their power to cheapen it as much as they please. The title may not be forbidden by legislative enactment; neither ought it to be, being the name of a purely spiritual and religious functionary. Now if the various denominations of Christians should take it into their schismatical heads that the term, as confined to certain churches, may convey too strong a tang of 'apostolical succession' and 'sacramental efficacy,' and may be apt to perpetuate error among the vulgar, what will they do but give the title to every Christian minister just as it is given in the New Testament? Nor will the learned think this inconsistent; for it is the proper scriptural term for the true ruler of a Christian Church (whoever may be the true), and each sect of course must think the best right to it to be with its *own* ministers. By the confession of all who are entitled to give any opinion on the subject, by the authority of all the best critics, the names 'bishop' and 'presbyter' are everywhere interchangeable in Scripture; and since each denomination believes its ministers to be, if not the only, still the truest and most genuine types of the Christian 'bishop,'—each denomination will name its ministers or pastors by that envied title, qualifying the genus, of course, as usual, by the differentia of Anglican, Presbyterian, Congregational, &c. 'This,' they will say, 'would do more to disabuse the public mind of all irrational prejudices and pseudo-sacred associations than probably any thing else; and also compel the Roman Catholic bishops to employ the proper discriminating epithet. It would cheapen down the term to truth and sobriety.' What with Anglican bishops, or bishops of the Established Church, Roman Catholic bishops, Presbyterian bishops, Congregational bishops, Wesleyan bishops, and Unitarian bishops, men would be ready to parody Dean Swift's grace after his surfeit of variously-dressed rabbits:—

'Bishops ancient, bishops new,  
Bishops false, and bishops true,  
Bishops young, and bishops old,  
Bishops hot, and bishops cold,  
Bishops tender, bishops tough;  
We thank the Pope we've had enough.'

The world is ruled by names; and the Roman Catholic Bishop would be almost ready in a twelvemonth to sigh for the more obscure, but less ignoble title of 'Vicar Apostolic.' The innovation might be a little ridiculed, it is true, for a time, but it would outlive that. Whether, indeed, the various advocates

of different modes of ecclesiastical government who acknowledge that the term 'Bishop' is the *proper* scriptural appellation of a minister of a Christian Church, and that *their* ministers in particular most aptly and truly represent him, are not justly open to ridicule and contempt for pusillanimously declining that name, and using any other than the one they most approve, it is for them to consider.

We may also humbly venture to suggest whether, if the conversion of England is to be effected at all, it be desirable to proceed quite so incautiously and ostentatiously as in the recent movement. By exciting the jealousies of a powerful nation, it may end in a war of reprisals. It may be suggested to Protestants, whether it does not become them to emulate that zeal for the extension and manifestation of perfect religious liberty among Catholic nations which Cardinal Wiseman is so anxious should pervade his native land. And although none would recommend them to do as the Pope has done—deliberately break the existing laws of other countries, even should the penalties be repealed, or erect Protestant sees, with territorial jurisdiction annexed, without consulting the wishes and obtaining the permission of the countries thus favoured,—though, we say, they cannot do this, not having any power of 'dispensing' even with the ordinary requirements of diplomatic etiquette, or of granting 'indulgences' for any peccadilloes of ecclesiastical caprice; yet there are other methods, not less effective, in which they may manifest their sincere desire not to be outdone in the sublime love of perfect religious liberty. Perhaps they will not be disposed to allow the matter to terminate in a mere renewal of the controversy with the Roman See; they may bestir themselves with greater activity than ever for the propagation of liberal opinions among surrounding nations. With such power and wealth; with zeal at all to match it; with the press so largely at her command, with her ships in every port, England might, if she pleased, organise, by voluntary effort, a Propaganda in her turn, which would be quite as effectual as the similar society at Rome. Protestantism may be roused to say with Luther, 'You have called for war: you shall have it.' Rome can, in these days of international activity and intercourse, adopt no 'continental system' which will effectually stop a contraband trade in truth and liberty; no 'cordon sanitaire,' which will effectually shut out that 'moral pestilence' which, as a recent pope has so strongly remarked, religious freedom and the toleration of opinion must necessarily bring with them. Whatever the Church of Rome is entitled to expect from Pro-

testant Governments, Protestant Governments must be entitled to expect from the Church of Rome.

Nor can we think this movement very wise even in relation to the Pope himself. We hear Englishmen every day saying — ‘It is as it ever was; the Holy Pontiff seems to be but an ‘indifferent representative of the religion of peace. What a ‘plague the Pope is! How tired we are of his very name! ‘Crippled in power, and humbled in pretensions as compared ‘with the Hildebrands and Innocents of other days, his voice ‘is still the signal of discord as in past ages. He cannot touch ‘anything in Christendom, but it is sure to turn to bitterness. ‘In what a turmoil has England been kept by his absurd pre- ‘tensions! our whole nation divided into factions, and full of ‘jealousies; our time, and patience, and energies consumed; ‘our cabinets and legislatures absurdly occupied in fruitless ‘debates! He cannot make us *fear* him — but he takes excel- ‘lent care that we shall never *love* him.’ Such will be the result, in tens of thousands of cases, of the unwise movement of 1850.

At one thing, indeed, in the recent movement we unfeignedly rejoice; and that is, at the earnest and, can we doubt it? sincere zeal on behalf of religious liberty, which many of our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects have manifested. It is impossible not to be edified with their lectures on this subject. Henceforth they will doubtless become the champions of religious toleration, and intellectual freedom all the world over. The least we can expect is fraternal sympathy with every attempt to enlarge the liberties of their fellow-lieges of Rome in every quarter of the globe; unflinching opposition to every vestige of persecution; condemnation of the restrictions which prevent the expression or diffusion of any tenets of Protestantism: and if, as some suppose, Dr. Wiseman should hereafter become Pope, what bright auguries for Europe may not be conceived from those lofty sentiments of religious freedom — that trembling solicitude, lest in any degree it should be violated — those magnanimous appeals to degenerate Englishmen with which his Letter to the People of England abounds! May we not fondly hope that on assuming the tiara he will lose no time in recommending, that in no part of Catholic Europe there be offered any obstruction whatever to the diffusion and expression of religious opinions, much less any punishment inflicted for such an offence? As our less aspiring and less consistent notions of religious liberty forbid us to allow Romish sees with ‘territorial’ designations to be erected amongst us, or ‘counties’ to be ‘governed’ by Romish bishops without our leave, this may, perhaps, justify the future

Pope in forbidding Protestants to erect of their individual authority Episcopal sees in the Papal States; but we cannot doubt, from his own conduct in the parallel case, that it will be his *earnest wish* that Protestants may have that liberty. At all events, however, the imperfect measure and degree of liberty—of free action and free speech, which he and his co-religionists have enjoyed here, would then be allowed throughout the domain of Rome, — *that* at least, we take it for granted we may make sure of. Whether, indeed, the possibility of such liberality will be a recommendation with the Conclave to elect him, may be a question. It is to be hoped, at all events, that the papal chair might not, in his case, work a transformation like that wrought on Æneas Sylvius, who, till his elevation, pleaded for the pre-eminence of a Council over the Pope,—giving as a reason for the clergy's generally thinking otherwise, 'that a Pope confers bishoprics and abbeys, but a Council gives none;' yet who, when made Pope himself, had his eyes opened to discern the great privileges of St. Peter's chair!

We rejoice at another result of the recent movements. They afford palpable proof of the real progress which the mass of the people have made since the Lord George Gordon riots. That a great nation so deeply stirred throughout its length and breadth, should have spoken so decidedly and acted so moderately; should have uttered such vehement convictions, and yet maintained so much self-control, is a phenomenon equally novel and gratifying. It is true, indeed, that the Earl of Shrewsbury, writing from the distant land of Sicily, and of course under circumstances singularly favourable to accuracy of information, speaks, somewhat pathetically, of the 'persecution' which his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects have endured, and even talks, with much *naïveté* of the 'Lynch Law' to which they have been sometimes abandoned! Once, indeed, and only once, was human life sacrificed, but we beg to inform his Lordship that the victim was a Protestant policeman, who was endeavouring to repress the exuberant liberty of some Irish Roman Catholics. Those of us who have lived in the midst of the agitation will be surprised at the novelty of his statements. It may be sufficient to set against them the testimony of the noble Earl's amiable and candid co-religionist Lord Camoys, delivered (as the result of actual observation) in the House of Peers, in the debate on the address:— 'Before he sat down, let him express the great satisfaction he had felt at observing the liberal feeling which had pervaded all the public meetings on this subject; at none of them had any resolution been passed which went beyond the points which the meeting deemed it essential to maintain for



‘ the defence of their own religious rights and liberties ; at none  
 ‘ of them had there been any manifestations of intolerance to-  
 ‘ wards others, of a desire to withdraw from others the toleration  
 ‘ conceded to them.’

Protestants\* most assuredly will acknowledge, that as soon as they can see a country, in which the Roman Catholic religion is as predominant as Protestantism is with us, exhibiting a similar spectacle of liberality and moderation, they shall be perfectly satisfied. When, for example, they once see the Government of the Papal States, not only freely tolerating in the exercise of their religion a minority of Protestants, but calmly leaving them in possession of their privileges, at the very moment of the Government being most indignant at the spectacle of what it may have conceived an encroachment on its civil rights, they will not ask greater proofs of moderation and forbearance. When they see a foreign and a Protestant Power dividing Italy into dioceses with territorial jurisdiction — the head of such a hierarchy proclaiming, as Cardinal Wiseman seemed to do, not that the Protestant minority were Protestants, but that the ‘ country ’ was so, and the principal Protestant organs (as the Tablet with us) assuring the Roman Catholics that the said Protestant priests are the only rightful spiritual guides of every baptized person, even in spite of his protest and against his will ; when, we say, Protestants shall see all this, and yet see the Roman Catholics, though rising as one man against these assumptions, under sufficient self-command to leave the Protestant minority in the peaceful possession of the fullest toleration, they will be perfectly well satisfied with the result. But unhappily, Protestants assert, the experiment cannot be tried from a twofold impossibility ; it is impossible that the Pope should be liberal enough to practise the unlimited toleration of Protestantism, and impossible that Protestantism should imitate the assumptions of the Pope. We trust that Cardinal Wiseman will do something to render doubtful the *former* impossibility ; the *latter* we are content should remain.

The day is coming when either the ultramontane theory, as developed by such writers as De Maistre, will be universal and paramount, or the theory of the infallibility and supremacy of the Church of Rome will crumble to atoms. The theory of a divided allegiance the nations will at length find to be untenable. There are three *theories*, any one of which is consistent : the first is, that of the universal monarchy of the Pope, — ‘ with one sword ‘ under the other,’ according to the Gregorian notions ; this is, in other words, the direct spiritual, and indirect temporal, supremacy, as expounded by Bellarmine and De Maistre. The second

is that which denies that any earthly sovereign, pope or king, has *any* claim to spiritual allegiance,—the supreme head of the Church being supposed invisible and celestial; whose august prerogatives, therefore, come not into competition with the paltry rights of earthly princes. The third theory applies in those cases, (though they are very rare,) in which a nation is unanimous in adopting the same religious belief, and the State and the Church all but coincide. In all these cases, different as they are, there is at least no *divided* allegiance: and though in the last case dissenters should spring up, still if they recognise none but an *invisible* and *superhuman* head of the Church, there is no ground for political jealousies. But when a man acknowledges that half his allegiance is due to a *foreigner*, and him again a *foreign potentate*, the supreme director of his conscience, — it is impossible that discord, strife, and embarrassment should not result *as they ever have done*. While such a state of things lasts in any nation, it will be wisdom to give to citizens in this condition the amplest religious liberty, and especially to take the utmost care that no impediment be offered to the unrestricted exercise of their public worship and the free expression of opinion; but to imagine, that cases will not arise in which the two claims will come into collision—in which the spiritual supremacy will not demand indulgences and make encroachments which the temporal sovereignty neither will nor ought to yield, is perfectly absurd; and this must emphatically and most distinctly happen, when the seat of religious empire is *local*, and its occupant a *man*, a *foreigner*, and a *prince*. Let us suppose a case. If the Wesleyan Methodists, who are admitted to have a very compact ecclesiastical organisation, had a *local* centre and a supreme head at New York; if a Wesleyan ‘Pope’ there (we intend no offence to the Pope by thus comparing him with the President of the Conference, nor, we may add, to the President of the Conference by comparing him with the Pope,) had the power of influencing and directing the opinions and actions of the *entire* Wesleyan body here, in relation to a variety of our national institutions, and at every critical moment in the history of the two countries: if that Wesleyan Pope were also the perpetual President of the United States\*; further, if, however the numbers, wealth,

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\* It is of no avail to plead the political insignificance of Rome. Rome was not always politically insignificant; nor was it, we presume, because it was so that it was selected as the seat of the Universal Church, whether Saint Peter, or *any one else*, chose it in preference to Jerusalem or Antioch. But the evil lies deeper. A de-

and endowments of the body might increase, it were sought that a 'corpus juris' like the Canon Law should regulate their conduct; and lastly, that that law contained only *one* such sentence as that 'an oath to the disadvantage of the Church—*contra utilitatem ecclesiasticam*—is not to be observed,'—it would, we suppose, be impossible not to be jealous of such a foreign influence; and if told that to interfere with it would be to interfere with *spiritual* rights, the answer would doubtless be, that the fault lay with those who attempted the impossible task of making a *perfect* partition of two incompatible forms of allegiance—in recognising the claims of two *local* and *visible* sovereigns, one foreign and one native. It is the glory of Christianity, that it is equally adapted to all nations and to all ages; and *in some way*, therefore, it must be capable of entering with prompt facility and flexible ease into combination with every form of government and polity. Now either the subordination of the temporal to the spiritual supremacy, according to the ultramontane theory, or the denial, on the part of the nations, of any such visible spiritual supremacy, will almost equally well serve to obviate the difficulty; but there is hardly any other way. Therefore, again, we say, that when our Roman Catholic friends have succeeded in reconciling us to the Roman Church, we shall probably pass far beyond the position of the British Roman Catholics, and of the 'semi-Protestant' Bossuet.

If the anticipated triumphs of Romanism are ever to be realised, and the representations in Dr. Wiseman's pastoral are to cease to be enormous figures of speech; if England is really to revolve in its radiant path round the 'centre of Catholic unity,' or, as Protestants at present think, like a satellite round the dusky orb of Saturn, the impediments stated in this article, and which we know operate extensively on English minds, require to be fairly met. They are scarcely less in magnitude, and certainly not less worthy of consideration, than any of a purely theological nature—if, perhaps, we except the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and that stupendous fundamental thesis of the whole papal system, that, because Christ said, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church,' *therefore*, every Bishop of Rome, through all time, was to be venerated as the supreme, and, as millions will have it, the infallible head of the universal Church! The chasm between the first and last proposition in the sorites into which this enthymeme is usually developed, is

pendent state or public body represents the political importance of the Governments on which it may depend. Where is lodged the political weight of the Greek Church at present? and how wielded?

prodigious; and even were all the intermediate propositions — that Peter had some sort of primacy; that Peter was ever at Rome; that he was bishop there—as certainly true as they have every one been fiercely disputed, that chasm hardly seems, to the eye of the Protestant, diminished by these few trivial arches; and the remainder of the bridge, he declares, is the unsubstantial segment of a rainbow supplied by fancy alone.

We have solicited the aid of the Romish Church in solving some of our difficulties; yet, when all is done, we feel that there will be a whimsical difficulty in knowing how to deal with the solutions, — unless she will further enlighten our *judgment* as to how we are to refrain from exercising our *judgment* in the process of receiving or rejecting them. She tells us that the ‘right of private judgment’ is by no means to be exercised in matters of religion; but the moment her advocates have said this, they begin, in a certain way, to *reason* with us. This presents a difficulty scarcely felt by one born and bred a Roman Catholic, because, from his infancy, the exercise of his private judgment in such matters has been reduced to a *minimum*, or altogether superseded; but when addressed to a Protestant, the maxim sounds very like a contradiction. The maxim is one, from which a Protestant, in case he infer anything, is apt to infer, either that every man must remain in the religious *caste* in which he has been born, and that proselytism is an impossibility; or that the Roman Catholic should *not* give us any reasons for submitting to his Church — which, perhaps, is the safest course; or, that, though he gives us reasons, he should at the same time tell us that they are *not* submitted to our judgment, and that we are to believe them without judging of them. The difficulty is well put in one of the ‘Cautions for the Times.’ The author says, ‘But the point which Roman Catholics love most to dwell on is the *weakness of private judgment*, which they represent as a prevailing reason why we should rather give ourselves up to the direction of an infallible guide . . . . Before a man can rationally judge that he should *submit his judgment* in other things to the Church of Rome, he must first have judged; 1. That there is a God; 2. That Christianity comes from God; 3. That Christ has promised to give an infallible authority in the Church; 4. That such authority resides in the Church of Rome. Now, to say that men who are competent to form sound judgments upon these points, are quite incompetent to form sound judgments about any other matters in religion, is very like saying, that men may have sound judgments of their own *before* they enter the Church of Rome, but

‘ that they *lose* all sound judgment entirely, from the moment  
‘ they enter it.’\*’

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\* The ‘*Cautions for the Times*,’ now in course of publication, are well worthy of the attention, not only of Protestants, as a quiet, lucid, pithy statement of the principal difficulties on which they must seek the aid of the Roman Catholic Church, if they are ever to be converted at all, but they might repay the attention also of Roman Catholics themselves. The latter will there be enabled precisely to ascertain the perplexities in which their anticipated proselytes are at present involved, and will be qualified to shape their course accordingly. The extreme cheapness of these Tracts brings them within the reach of every one; and the candour and ability with which they are written ought to secure for them a very extensive circulation. There are many other publications, which the recent most voluminous controversy has called forth, well deserving of commendation; but we cannot enumerate all, and it were invidious to make a selection. A little book by Dr. Nevins, of Baltimore, called ‘*Thoughts on Popery*,’ contains an excellent chapter on Infallibility: It was written some ten or twelve years ago, but has been just published in this country by the Protestant Association.

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